WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Poetry.

A Merry Heart that Laughs at Care.

A merry heart that laughs at care,
Is wisdom's beacon light;
It maketh dreary prospects fair,
And gloomy pathways bright.

A merry heart that laughs at care,
Needs neither rank nor pelf;
Content its native crown to wear,
And rich within itself.

A merry heart that laughs at care,
Smiles in the face of fate;
Nor Fortune's frown, nor winsome air,
Can change its equal state.

A merry heart that laughs at care,
Finds good in everything;
Where e'er it goes the sky is fair,
And fragrant blossoms spring.

A merry heart that laughs at care,
Life's lesson best will know,
And scent the violet in the air
Beyond the winter's snow.

A merry heart that laughs at care,
Is Faith's familiar friend,
And hand in hand will walk with her,
Serenely to the end.

Selected.

A TRUE STORY.

My cousin Benjamin Foster and I sit together in the old-fashioned porch of an old-fashioned country house. Through the brightness of the June twilight lingering round us the early roses flame redly and smell sweetly. A full moon, bright and saucy, mounts on her golden steed up the broad highway of heaven, while a few stars twinkling merrily, canter behind her like a guard as she goes.

My cousin Benjamin, wrapped in his purple silk dressing gown, in the gray and rosy twilight, quotes pensive passages from Wordsworth as he looks out over the silvan scene, and talks of evenings passed in wandering by silver Shannon and the sounding sea; of summer afternoons dreamed away in the shadow of the cloud-kissing Appenines; while I, listening, draw my scarf about my shoulders, and answer absently, keeping up an undertone of—

"When the young May moon is beaming, love,"

words redolent of airs that have blown from the days that are no more.

Now, after reading the above paragraph over, I take it all back. I wrote it just for fun. My cousin Benjamin and I are no such sentimental noodles. He wears, as he always does in the evening, a cashmere dressing gown of a great, sprawling, original pattern, and one foot, wrapped in flannel, is extended on a footstool before him, for he has a touch of unpoetical gout. As he leisurely smokes his evening pipe, he nurses his invalid foot, and tells me that Jenny, the sorrel colt, has a swelling on the knee which will most likely unfit her for work through the summer.

I, who am five years younger than my cousin, sit opposite him in the covered porch, with a thick gray shawl folded round my shoulders to ward off possible attacks of rheumatism.

I am knitting socks of bright crimson wool, and while I give one ear to the ailments of Jenny, the colt, with the other I listen anxiously for the returning footsteps of Alice and young Benjamin, who have gone for an evening stroll.

It is now many years since my cousin (by the way, although we call ourselves cousins, the Foster blood in my veins has been so diluted with alien stock that the original fluid is hardly recognizable) offered me the shelter of his great, warm heart, and brown brick house, left vacant by the death of Mrs. Benjamin. I, who was poor and homeless, gladly accepted the home so kindly proffered, and have never but once left it for a protracted absence.

Three years after that I journeyed hundreds of miles westward, for the sole purpose of rescuing from the cold charity of the almshouse, Alice Ford, the infant daughter of John Ford, convicted felon, lying in a prison cell under the ban of penal servitude for life.

I had been the betrothed wife of John Ford in my youth, and we had been very fond of each other in those days of romance and roses, in those evenings of song and sentiment, "when the young May moon is beaming, dear," when we had dreamed of love in a cottage with nothing a year to support it; but that day when he grovelled at my feet, kissing my hands and feet and blessing me for giving his baby girl the shelter of a Christian home, I was not sorry to think I was an old maid.

I had not concealed from my cousin Benjamin the antecedents of Alice's father. I had even offered to go out into the world and begin the battle of life over; but he only opened his great warm heart and brown brick house the wider, bidding us stay and welcome.

Ah! you do not know how many wanderers a house will hold when Charity opens the door. The roof seems to go up, the walls to widen and lengthen, warmth and light to flow through the rooms, and manna seems to come in through the windows, spreading the table with bountiful feasts. If you do not believe me, just you try it once.

So the children grew up together and as I watch them sitting and walking side by side, I should be perfectly happy but that I, in my turn, have kept a little secret from my cousin Benjamin.

A few weeks after my return home I read in a newspaper that the corpse of a man, shockingly mutilated, but supposed to be that of John Ford, the escaped convict, had been taken from the shallows of a western river and given prison burial. The words haunt me. Supposed to be John Ford. What if it were not him? What if he were still living and should some day come back and claim Alice and make us trouble?

Thinking of such possibilities, I tremble with dread, and forget those other sweeter times when John Ford was an innocent lad, "When the moon was beaming, love," and we walked by the borders of the calm Bendemere. But this is nonsense, and I take it all back again.

While I am explaining these things, or, rather, while I am going round and round the stitches of my crimson wool sock, my cousin Benjamin has finished his pipe, and is growing tired and hungry.

"Where can the children be?" he says, peering out into the dark. It is time we had our tea."

I do not answer, for just then we hear the click of the garden gate, and sweet Alice comes up the walk. Her paly-gold hair shows bright yellow in the open air, her white dress gleams, and her little high-heeled boots made a pretty "tack-tack, tack-tack," as she runs up and seats herself at my feet.

"Mercy, child, where have you been?" I exclaimed, passing my hand over her damp curls. "You will have a cold, with fever, to-morrow, and there is not a stem of pennyroyal in the house to make hot tea for you."

"It isn't a case of pennyroyal tea at all, mammy," she answers, rubbing her little nose against my knee. "I think it will require a dose of thoroughwort at the very least. Isn't thoroughwort good for blighted hopes, mammy,—with hot flannel and a good deal of petting?"

This smart speech trips glibly forth, but, under its swaggering, braggadocio air, Love, whose name should sometimes be Fine Ears, detects the sigh of a hidden pain, the sob of a wounded heart, quivering and skulking lest it be betrayed by a quaver of the fresh, sweet voice.

"Where is Benjamin, my dear?" asks my cousin. "I thought he went with you."

"He walked into the village," replies my Alice. "I left him at the bridge, and came back by the river path. I think he will be here soon."

There is a moment's silence, and then the gate clicks again. This time they are a man's steps that come up the walk—quick, eager, heavy steps, whose music Fine Ears decides is jangled and out of tune.

Young Benjamin's face is pale and eager as he comes up and seats himself by Alice's side.

"Have I kept you waiting?" he asks. "I went into the village, and was detained a few minutes waiting for a friend at the depot. Here are the evening papers," and he lays a package on his father's knee.

"*Times*, *Tribune*, *Telegram*" says my cousin, sorting them over. "No letter?"

"No letters," echoes young Benjamin, looking down at his dusty boots. Ben is six feet high and handsome.

"We shall not have the trouble of answering any, then," says his father, cheerfully. "However, I thought the Rochester Company would have written about those trees before now. Remind me to send them a line to-morrow. Now let us have tea."

And "let us have peace," I suppliment, inwardly, for while we have been talking sweet Alice has risen, and is standing with her back to us, leaning over the rail and looking into the distant night.

When my cousin Benjaming rises, groping for his cane, she runs forward and slips her hand through his arm, not waiting to fall behind and chat with young Benjamin, as is always her pretty habit.

My cousin does not see anything out of the way in this action. He stumbles on with my brown-eyed Alice: but I feel the shadow of a cloud, and involuntarily turn to look at young Benjamin. His face is serious, and set with a certain firmness that draws a deep wrinkle across his noble forehead.

He and Alice are to be married this day fortnight, and I do not like these symptoms of lovers' pouts.

What if anything were to happen at this late day, when everything is in readiness for the wedding?

My cousin had made over the farm for young Benjamin to manage, and I propose to transfer them considerable property, which has been lying on interest for years in the bank of Universal Love.

"Property—what, have you got property, mammy?" says my cousin, when I first speak of it.

"Ay, millions on millions!" I tell you in confidence, my dear friends—and you need not all get up and begin to whisper, saying that I am not sound on the money question—if you once make friends with the directors of this bank, you can draw on it for incredible sums, and its promises to pay are always good. Good Will is the president, Faith is the cashier, and Trust the praying teller; while of messengers you can have your choice between Truth and Charity. One thing, however,—unless you approach them in the right spirit, your paper will be accepted only at an immense discount.

We were rather a silent party at the supper table. The tea is good as boiling water and pure Oolong can make; the bread is sweet and the butter unexceptionable. But we dawdle, and finally Alice, finishing her cup, says, "Good night." She is tired, and goes to her room.

I make little uneasy remarks about my garden, about the strawberry and asparagus beds; vague and senseless speeches, that waste their sweetness on the silent air, eliciting neither attention nor interest.

At last young Benjamin, drawing back from the table, and putting his hands in his pockets begins to whistle "Champagne Charlie."

My cousin turns to him with a look of rebuke in his fine old eyes.

"Whistling, sir, here?" he says.

Young Benjamin flushes redly all over his handsome face. "I beg your pardon," he replies, getting up out of his chair and coming up close to us. "The fact is, I have something disagreeable to say, and I have been hesitating how to begin. But I might as well tell you now that I have a journey to make. I am going west to-morrow."

I drop my teacup and my cousin, falling back in his chair, sits helplessly staring up into his son's face. Then he recovers his presence of mind.

"Going on a journey—west—to-morrow!" he says. "I don't understand you. Perhaps you have forgotten that you were to have been married in a few days."

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it. I have told Alice and asked her to wait, and she is offended; perhaps just as she ought to be. She will not be reasonable; but she must be reasonable if she is to be my wife, she must trust me fully and unreservedly."

"What is the cause of this sudden journey and how long are you to be gone?" asks my cousin, quietly.

"That, sir, I cannot tell you," answers young Benjamin. "I have reason for going, but I cannot at present tell you; only you may be sure, if it were not a serious one I should not go now. Neither do I know when I shall come back. I may be here in time to be married on the day appointed. I hope I may; but if I am not, our wedding must be postponed. It will be but a few days at the farthest."

"Well, Well!"

My cousin is staggered; he is half angry, half amused. But I can see that, through it all, he is proud of his boy—proud of his firmness and quiet decision. Once assured that nothing is amiss, he will trust him under any circumstances to do what is right and keep to his work.

Young Ben turns to me.

"Dear mammy," he says, "won't you talk to Alice? I must go to-morrow, cruel as it seems, and she will not see me again—she will not bid me good bye. I suppose it is no more than natural that she should be hurt at my going away now. But all I have to say is, that she must trust me, and believe me when I say that I am only acting under the spur of a great necessity."

So it is all settled. John, the head man of all work, is told to be ready to accompany his young master to the station at five o'clock in the morning, and I go up stairs to help the young lad pack his portmanteau.

He had rather a lonely leave taking in the morning, for Alice does not make her appearance. She comes down later in the forenoon, with a white, sad face. She does not ask if Benjamin has gone, but I doubt not she was standing at her window in the early morning, straining her eyes out in the dawning light to catch a parting glimpse of him before he goes out of her sight, as she believes forever. Her poor little heart is torn with vague fears, distrust and jealousy, and my own heart grows sad in watching her.

Now follow some uncomfortable days. Kindhearted neighbors drop in to talk over the wedding, for which invitations have already been profusely issued, and I am obliged to explain awkwardly that young Ben has gone on a journey, and that it is uncertain when he will be home again. We are not quite sure whether the wedding will take place on the day appointed or not.

Miss Prim calls and sits so long, and stares so stonily, looking about as if she expected our poor, little miserable secret to start up in a corner like a Jack-in-a-box, that I feel like sticking pins and needles into her.

I begin to wonder, too, if anything is wrong with our house. It seems to me that never so many people went by before. Women in groups of two and three, men with their hands in their pockets, and they all walk slowly, and look us over from roof to basement, with lingering greedy eyes.

Once or twice I step out and take a surreptitious look at the outside of our brown brick house, half expecting to see some mysterious anathema written in flaming letters on the wall, some strange banner or beacon waving on the roof.

But, no! Everything is as usual without. It is only within that things are changed.

The wedding cake which has been ordered comes, beautifully decorated, from the confectioner's in the village, but Alice cannot bear to look at it. The misty white dress and veil aae sent home from the city, and Alice puts them away without once trying them on, or so much as touching them.

Thus the time goes by and no letter or tidings come from the absent Benjamin, sweet Alice's face grow's paler, her eyes prouder and more hopeless.

"He will not come back! he did not mean to come back when he went away," she sobs.

And such is the contagion of despairing grief, that I, too, begin to waver in my faith, though my natural good sense should have told me better.

My cousin Benjamin wears a stern face, indicative of the displeasure in his heart.

"The boy should have written us," he says; "he should remember not to try our patience too far."

And he looks with tender eyes at Alice.

So the evening preceding the wedding day that was to have been, comes round. We are all in the parlor, pretending that it was not quite time to have our tea. We are not exactly waiting but hoping.

When John comes in with the evening papers, Alice looks up from her low seat in the window, with a half expectent face, but immediately droops again, seeing there is no letter.

Then, as the darkness gathers, I rise to light the lamps, but before I have succeeded, the door opens softly, and without warning our wanderer stands among us. Ben has come again.

He does not speak, but looks around him. Then, as a little figure starts up out of the gloom, he runs forward and catches it in his arms.

"Oh, Ben, Ben! I am glad you have come. I thought you were never coming back again! Oh, Ben!"

And Alice's little head goes down on her lover's breast.

He gives her a gentle shake.

"You little goose!"

But he kisses her over and over.

He kisses me, too, when my turn comes to welcome him. And I am not sure but he would salute his father if there had not been so many eye witnesses present. As it is, they shake hands with an affectionate "How are you, dad?" "Home again, eh?" and gaze at each other benignly from their different standpoints.

I make haste to get tea ready, while my hands tremble from very joy.

Alas! the poor people of the earth who have no speech of their own in which to tell their deep emotion! Who have to employ the words of other and more fortunate ones when they wish to express suitably their own overwhelming joys or sorrows?

Thus I, moving from parlor to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlor back again, am moved to sing my joy in such appropriate terms as—

"Little Betty Prindle had a little pig—
It wasn't very little, and it wasn't very big."

interspersed with variations of "When the young May moon is beaming, love!" and merrily the hours go by.

While we are still lingering round the table, John comes in, and with a face indicative of awful and abject shame, lays a letter—Benjamin's missing letter—by my plate.

"I got it on Wednesday, ma'am," he says, solemly. "But comin' back I found that cussed red steer broke loose, and runnin' wild in the street, and in a-chasin' him I forgot it."

So the last cloud disappeared from sweet Alice's face.

After we were left alone that night, young Ben tells his father and me the object of his sudden journey. First he hands a letter to read—a letter closely written in fine characters and signed "John Ford."

"I got it the day before I went away, said young Benjamin. "I suppose it was meant for you, father, and I opened it by mistake. I suspected something like this about Alice, father, and after thinking it all over I made my mind that, for her sake I ought to go and see what sort of a man and in what condition he was. I found him lying at the point of death in a little village in the southern part of Kansas. He seemed to be very grateful that I came to him, and he asked a great many questions about Alice and about you, mammy. He died the night I got there."

"Poor John! come to life and dead again!"

"He gave me this," said young Benjamin, taking a small leather case from his pocket. "He declared they were genuine diamonds which he had found in the mountains in Mexico. He wore them in a belt about his waist, and to please him I promised to bring them to Alice, though I don't believe they are worth anything. Crystals, most likely."

"Poor John! Was he comfortable? Was he changed much?"

"I got him eveything he needed; but he was too far gone to want much. He was changed, I should think, a good deal. If he had lived I should have given him money to go to Australia. I had three thousand dollars mother left me, you know. I invested it in land in Minnesota. Splendid lots—right in the centre of a thriving village. They will double their value every year I live."

"Speculating in land, hey?" says my cousin, amazedly. "Go to bed, young man. You are ahead of my time altogether."

But I can see how proud he is of Ben.

"I thought you and Alice were contented to stay here with mammy and me in our old age. But going West! That is too far. I was just making the farm over to you for you to manage in your own way," he continues, half pathetically.

"I will take the farm too," says young Ben, cheerfully. "Alice and I shall always stay with you and mammy, I only bought the land in Minnesota for a sort of playground, in case we get too big for this country."

And rising, he stretches himself to the full height of his six feet.

"Go to bed you young speculator!" is my cousin's answer. Then as the boy lights his candle, "Mammy," cries out my cousin Benjamin, "isn't this the first time you ever heard of a bridegroom making his wedding journey beforehand all alone, and coming back just in time to be married?"

"The very first time," I answer, sweetly. "Coming back by way of Niagara, too." (He told us that at the table.)

"Ah, what a Fall is there, my countrymen!" says young Benjamin, oratorically, as he disappears up the stairs.

So we have our wedding after all, and merrily the world goes round. For it is true that love moves it and makes it whirl so smoothly.

P. S.—It chanced that a few weeks after the wedding, as I was going to the city, I bethought me to take the box of poor John's "crystals" to Jaquard, the great jeweller. He told me there were some pure diamonds "in the rough" among them. Young Ben went down to see about it, and came home with a check for fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. I doubt if he got the real value of them; but as he and Alice are satisfied I suppose I ought to be.

P. P. S.—I have just discovered, at this late hour, that my story has no moral, and hardly any point. *Must* every story have a moral in order to be entertaining? There is not so much as a shadow of a one to mine, unless, indeed, there can be perceived in it a cloudy indication of warning young men to exercise their own will before marriage as well as after; in which case the bride will not be too much disappointed when the honeymoon has lost its sweetness. However, my couple lived happily forever after, which is a good point gained, even if it is not a moral.

◆

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEDDED LIFE.—There is a good deal of philosophy about the words of the cool reflective individual who smokes and talks to his better half in the annexed: The girl generally educated on novels, and her first disappointment comes in on the quiet indifference of the husband after the honeymoon. "You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half in gown and slippers. "Why do you say that, Puss?" he asked quietly, removing a cigar from his lips. "You do not caress me nor call me pet names; you no longer seek so anxiously for my company," was the tearful answer. "My dear," continued the aggravating wretch, "did you ever watch a man running after a car? How he does run—over stones, through mud, regardless of everything till he reaches the car, and he seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seats himself and reads his paper." "And what does that mean?" "An illustration my dear. The car is as important to the man after he has got in as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have shot any one who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you, as I would now shoot any one who would come between us, but as a proof of my love you insist upon my running after the car. Learn to smoke my dear and be a philosopher. The two combined clear the brain, quiet the nerves, opens the pores and improve the digestion."

◆

LEARNING TO PREACH.—It is said that a prominent New York pastor has freely declared that he learned more about preaching the gospel in three weeks from Henry Varley, than he ever learned before in his life. We believe Mr. Varley has had no theological training. We know little of his methods, but we know that such men as he, and such men as Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who belong on our own side of the Atlantic, have a power over the popular mind of which the theological schools seem absolutely to deprive men. The fact goes to show that there is a kind of knowledge of methods and of men which the theological schools do not teach—have not, indeed, in possession. Would it not be well, now that these schools have begun to impart instruction, to procure for their uses some of the wisdom possessed by the lay element? Why is it that a layman, turned preacher, has the power to move men so wonderfully? Why, except that he knows men better—knows their minds and the motives that stir them better—and gets a little nearer to the three or four essential truths of Christianity, and enforces them and stands by them better—than those trained in the professional schools? His work is to save men, and he drives directly and persistently at it. His method is simple, and he knows little and cares for little outside of it.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

◆

"RARITY OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer specimen than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and small? We all know now a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are in what they call the inner circle and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list."—*Thackeray.*

◆

COLOR ARRANGEMENT.—A few simple rules in the arrangement of flower beds will materially enhance the effect produced. Among these are:—

Avoid placing rose color next to scarlet, orange or violet.

Do not place orange next to yellow, or blue next to violet.

White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow.

Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet.

Rose color and purple always go well together.

◆

☞A young fellow, whose better half had just presented him with a bouncing pair of twins, attended church on Sunday. During the service the clergyman looked directly at our innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence, "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The newly fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes, I have two of 'em."

◆

☞ There is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

◆

GRATITUDE.—A bachelor made a will leaving his property to the girls who had refused him; "For to them I owe all my earthly happiness."

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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Mortgagee's Sale.	3	1	5

THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

We are glad that something is to be done in Woburn this year to celebrate the 99th return of the Glorious Day of Independence. Although the burlesque enters largely into the arrangement, there is no need to hold back on that account, and let us laugh and be merry, if we can't grow fat. Last Monday evening the preliminaries were arranged and committees appointed to carry out the joke. The meeting chose W F Davis, chairman; A. P. Barrett, secretary. It was determined to have a parade and the 99th Battalion of the Woburn Centennial Dismounted Cavalry was organized with Horace J. Allen, Major; A. P. Barrett, Howard E. Strout, Warner W. Flanders, W. C. C. Colegate, and Alden Knights, Captains. The captains were empowered to appoint their lieutenants and recruit their men, and they have done so, the people responding with marked enthusiasm. Mark Allen has been appointed orator, M. T. Allen, commisary; E. W. Gray and M. Littlefield, commisary sergeants, A. Bancroft is Adjutant, C. K. Conn is organizing an efficient police force. It is proposed to have salutes fired on Meeting House Hill, and the church bells rung, at sunrise, noon, and sunset. At half past five Monday morning the horrible procession will start from the foot of Summer street and move through Main, Green, Mt. Pleasant, Fowle, Warren, Pleasant to Nichols's Corner. Countermarch to Winn, Franklin, Johnson, Main to Bedford, counter march Union and Railroad, to the Common where the oration will be given from the band stand. At 9 o'clock there will be a tub race and regatta on Horn Pond, and sack, potatoe and doughnut matches near the Pond on the Wyoming Base Ball Grounds, which is at the terminus of Lawrence street, on west side of Academy Hill. In the evening the Mishawum Club will display fireworks at the lot corner of Bedford and Chestnut streets. The hungry raiders will be fed at 119 Main street, about 7 o'clock, and all well disposed housekeepers are invited to contribute cold meats and other edibles for the occasion. All owners of hand hose are requested to sprinkle the streets before their residences on that morning, that the raiders may not get too dry. It is believed that there will be some very good hits, and we advise the citizens to get up early and see the parade. We hear that the Irish Band will be in the procession, and also the famous Amazonian Band from Chelsea.

The meeting on Thursday evening was fully attended. Reports of different committees were read. It was voted to appoint Mr. W. B. Harris as President of the Day. The Finance Committee are as follows: A. Bancroft, John I. Munroe, S F Trull. Mr. E. W. Gray has been appointed Treasurer. The rolls now show 171 men enlisted, exclusive of the perlice and staff. J. I. Munroe was appointed a committee to ask the Town for officers to preserve order on the base ball grounds while the races are taking place. But two companies have appointed all their officers, Co. A and C, and they are as follows: Co. A, Capt. A. P. Barrett; Lieuts. S. F. Trull, J. I. Munroe, W. F. Davis, Geo. H. Conn; Orderly Sergeant, G. M. Buchanan. Co. C, Capt. Warner W. Flanders; Lieuts. Warren Clark, and Wm. Flanders. They will be known as the "Molligin Guards." Orderly Sergeant, Silas Corbett.

The companies will assemble as follows:—A on Salem, B on Union, C on Broad, D on Everett, E on Walnut. Co. C has headquarters on Church Avenue. The Perlice are getting up a uniform regardless of cost, and their headquarters is at 113 Main street.

A new company of Cavalry was added Friday morning, to be known as Co. F, Capt. T. J. Peirce. They will form on Walnut street.

IMPROVEMENT.—The office of the Collector of Taxes has lately been very much improved, and it now has the appearance of a banking institution. A counter has been erected, surmounted by an ornamental wire screen, terminating in a wooden partition and door. Behind the partition is the Collector's desk, and there are convenient apertures in the screen for the transaction of business. In the counter are drawers for the reception of the Assessors books. Altogether the arrangement is neat and convenient, just what Mr. Simonds needed, and we congratulate him on his excellent quarters. Thursday he opened his office, and invited visitors to examine the arrangements while they partook of a collation, both of which met with entire approbation.

PICNIC.—The "Woburn Workers," a society of children connected with the Orthodox Society, held a picnic at Horn Pond on Saturday last. The "Gen. Sherman" and several private teams conveyed the party to the grounds, where the afternoon was pleasantly passed in swinging, playing croquet, and other amusements.

SELECTMEN.—At the regular monthly meeting all were present but Cummings. George E. Parkhurt was appointed a weigher of coal. Several petitions for the right to sell fireworks were received, but it was voted not to grant them. It was voted to fire a salute and ring the bells, at sunrise, noon, and sunset. The usual bills were approved.

SCHOOLS.—Most of the teachers have been re-appointed, but there are fewer scholars this year, and some of the schools may be discontinued. Until this is determined, a few of the appointments will be withheld.

RE-ELECTED.—Mr. E. H. Davis has been re-elected Superintendent of Schools for the coming year.

REUNION.—The class of '73 of the Woburn High School, held their annual reunion on Friday afternoon and evening of last week, at the residence of Jacob Brown, Esq., on Canal street. Twenty members of the class were present. In the afternoon boating, croquet, etc., were indulged in. Tea was served at eight o'clock, after which a business meeting was held, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Fred J. Brown; Vice President, Miss Helena Thompson; Secretary, Miss Josephine Flanders; Historian, Miss Jessie A. Dimick. An entertainment committee of six were also chosen. After the meeting, there were readings, singing, and social converse for a short time, the members separating at a seasonable hour, all feeling that it had been one of the best times they ever enjoyed.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE.—On Sunday last the Sunday School connected with the Unitarian Society, was closed for the season, and will not resume its sessions again until September. The morning exercises were devoted to a children's service. The organ gallery was trimmed with oak leaves, with large bouquets in the centre. On and in front of the platform, were large baskets of flowers. The members of the school were seated in the centre of the church with their teachers. The choir occupied their accustomed place, and sang the opening piece, the singing afterward being by the school. The rite of baptism was administered to fourteen children, after which the pastor, Rev. Mr. Barnes addressed the school on the importance of having a good model from which to work in the formation of character. He spoke of a sculptor who wished to make a statue of a perfect horse, and in order to do so he studied the animal carefully, and after months of study, by taking one good point from this one, and one from that, secured what was his ideal of a perfect horse. He told of a visit to the studio of a sculptor in Florence, and of seeing a model in clay of a man which the sculptor considered as perfect, he having been at work on it for seven years. Other instances were given, and he closed by asking all to take Jesus Christ, the only perfect man, as their model. The church was well filled, many of other denominations being present. In the evening a Vesper service was held.

BELLIGERENT.—The Bethesda Laundry being frequently set on fire, Mrs. Phelps determines to protect herself. She accordingly waited on Gen. Cunningham, and beguiled him into sending a box of muskets from the State Arsenal. They came in due course, in the care of Hait & Co's express, and were taken to Fort Aurora, and a charge of $1.50 demanded. This Aurora declined to pay, and the box went back to the depot Subsequently Mrs. Phelps went to the express office, agreed to pay the charge and asked to have the guns sent over. They were sent, but an extra charge of twenty five cents was required, and Mrs. Phelps would only pay $1.50. The expressman then took hold of the box to carry it back, when Aurora drew a pistol and presented it at the head of the expressman, ordered him to leave, which he did as gracefully as the circumstances would allow. At the last accounts Aurora was entrenched within her fortifications, and although the fort is not very well manned, it is well armed, and the garrison determined to holds its ground. It is not quite clear how she came by the guns, as it has been generally understood that the Adjutant General would not allow any to go out. But having flanked Gen. Cunningham, it is not impossible that Mrs. Phelps may be able to maintain her position. News from the seat of war is looked for with interest.

INSTALLATION.—At a meeting of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, I O O F, Thursday evening, the following officers were installed by D D G M, E H Adams, for the ensuing term:—

M Littlefield, N G,
E D Layton, V G,
C E Cooper, R S,
O M Brooks, Treas.
J W Francis, R S N G,
T G Ateriam, L S N G,
W H Reed, R S V G,
A Butman, L S V G,
J J Edmunds, Warden,
B Fletcher, Conductor,
F D Merrill, O G,
G L Tyler, I G,
J A Reynolds, R S S,
W Fish, L S S.

After the installation the brethren repaired to the lower hall, where they sat down to a well spread table of strawberries and ice cream, and had a very pleasant and enjoyable time.

CLASS OF '75.—The "Commonwealth" loaded with the "class of '75," left the High School building early Tuesday afternoon, for Miss Jennie Greenough's, at East Woburn, where the re-union of the class was to take place. After a pleasant ride through Winchester, they arrived at their destination. The afternoon and evening was very pleasantly passed in playing croquet, running races, swinging, etc. The class formed themselves into an association, and elected their officers for the coming year. It is their intention to have an annual re-union. Everything was agreeable, and everybody agreed that the first re-union of the class of '75 was a success. The class started for home at ten o'clock.

S. OF T.—The following officers of Mishawum Division were elected last Tuesday:

A Grant, W P,
N R McCormick, W A,
Nellie Stewart, R S,
Lida Simpson, A R S,
Warren Cutler, F S,
Russell F Ellis, Treas,
Eliza A Wheeler, Chaplain,
James Rogers, Con,
Susie McBurney, A C,
D C Stewart, I S,
Olive R King, O S.

DISSOLVED.—M. A. Tyler & Son have dissolved, and Albert A. Tyler will continue the business. The reputation of the firm for first class work will be maintained and we wish Mr. Tyler success.

"CHARMING BIRDIE MINE."—Both old and young will never tire singing or listening to this beautiful song. F. B. Dodge sells it.

MASS. PRESS EXCURSION.

Our party took an early start from Syracuse, much to the regret of some who would have enjoyed a stroll about the city. We were told that it contained 50,000 inhabitants. It is sometimes called the "city of conventions," from the fact that always some convention or other is in session there. The day we arrived the State Convention of the Prohibitionists was held there. The salt works are their great industry, and it is said that the annual product is seven million bushels, but whether this should be taken "cum grano" or not, I cannot say, as ours was not a statistical expedition. We saw the vats where the water from the salt springs was evaporating, and passed on to fresher scenes.

Our objective point was Cayuga, at the foot of the lake of the same name. Our conductor was the venerable John Houghtaling, who rejoices that he is the oldest running conductor in the country. The day he had us in charge was his 68th birthday, and he looked "just as young as he used to be," when, thirty six years ago, he began to shout "tickets," and illustrate how polite a man may be, and at the same time attend strictly to business. The State Prison at Auburn was on the line, and we, like everybody else who can, were willing to let it alone. The highest pinnacle of the building was surmounted by an effigy of the Lexington Minute-Man, which excited our wonder, some holding that the Chinese method of scaring the prisoners prevailed there. Arriving at Cayuga we left the cars, bade farewell to "Uncle John," and embarked on the steamer "T. D. Wilcox" for a sail up the lake. There was nothing very remarkable or interesting in this until we reached a landing place near the end of our journey, and set out on a pilgrimage to Taughamock Fall. This is a most remarkable curiosity. Clambering up a hill some five hundred feet above the level of the lake we come to a vast amphitheater, into one side of which a little stream has cut a channel, and pours itself over the brink into the chasm below, a distance of 215 feet. The volume of water is small, and that fact enhances its beauty, as it gives to the little sheet the appearance of wool in a carding machine, the snowy flakes of foam slowly and ever descending, almost noiselessly pursuing each other into the depths. Seen from above it is hard to realize the great height of the fall, and until one fixes the eyes upon a foam wreath as it passes over the ledge, and follows it in its downward course can a fair conception of the magnitude of this cascade be obtained. From the bed of the stream a glance upward reveals the fall in all its grandeur, and the beholder can only then realize the wonders and the beauties of the scene. As yet the hotel people have not provided a safe descent, and we reluctantly turned back to the steamer. From the hill a fine view of the lake was obtained, and the spot is a favorite resort for picnic parties for all the country round.

We next steamed into Ithica and dined at the Ithica Hotel. While engaged in that important duty, the familiar face of Rev. Dr. Stebbins illumined the door, and in charge of Gen. Burt, he entered the hall, and was warmly greeted by his numerous friends and acquaintances. After dinner the party entered carriages and climbed the hill to Cornell University. By invitation of President White the party entered the library where he addressed us, giving some account of the University, its foundation, distinctive features its achievements and its hopes. Seven years ago the grounds where now stand the college buildings were nothing but a wheat field. The south and North Buildings used for lecture rooms, and herbarium and veterinary collections are each 160x50 and four stories high, built of blue stone quarried on the grounds. The McGraw building so called from John McGraw, of Ithica who gave it to the University, is 200x60 with a tower 120 feet high, in which is the college bell and the McGraw chimes, which rang out a welcome to us as we entered the place. This building contains the library numbering 38,000 volumes, embracing ten collections, beside the pamphlet and newspaper collections. Above the library are the museums, containing many rare and curious specimens, to which days of examination and study might be profitably devoted. The building is supposed to be completely fire proof. The Sibley College named for the donor Hon. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, is of stone, of the same character as the other buildings. In it is the machine shop and printing office, lecture and drawing rooms. In the machine shop, those students who are pursuing the mechanical course work ten hours every week for four years. They make machinery, principally for testing surfaces, angles &c. These machines seemed to be as near perfection as it is possible to approach. The surfaces of one machine were so exact that when laid one upon the other the adhesion was sufficient to raise both when the upper was lifted. The edges of another were so perfect that a hair placed under one end would raise it enough to show a line of light. After the hair had been so employed it was placed in another machine to determine its thickness, when it was found to be thirty-one ten thousandths of an inch. The professor had guessed it would be thirty-two, and explained his error by the probability that the straightedge had squeezed it a little. We afterwards learned that the hair would weigh one-tenth of a milligramme. In this building we found the printers at work; girls at the cases and boys at the presses. They also do stereotyping, having in all departments of the office novel and ingenious machines. The Laboratory is a wooden building containing three laboratories, and the draughting room of the civil engineers.

The Sage building is quadrangular, 168 x41, with wings respectively 85 and 112 feet long. It is of brick with stone trimmings and quite ornamental. The wings are connected at the back by the gymnasium. This building is occupied by the young women, and has rooms for one hundred. These rooms are 18x14, with a low board partition dividing it into sleeping and study rooms. Besides these rooms it contains an elegant parlor, lecture and recitation rooms, museum, green houses, &c., for the pursuit of floriculture and ornamental gardening. President White remarked that their experience in the co-education of the sexes had been so far entirely successful. The young men were more easily controlled, as many things which other universities are obliged to wink at, even if they do not encourage them, are unknown at Cornell, the natural gallantry of the young men making impossible what elsewhere is deplored, and in language and behavior the tone is high. The University Chapel, also the gift of Hon. Henry W. Sage, for whom the Sage College is named, is a short distance from the College for Women. It is of brick with stone trimmings quite ornate without and within. It contains two audience rooms which may on occasion be made into one; the smaller is used for Episcopal services. Daily chapel services are held, to which the students are invited, though not compelled to attend. The college is unsectarian, and discourses are delivered in the chapel by clergymen of various denominations. The building nearest the town is called Cascadilla Place. The building is of stone, 180x100, four stories high. It stands on the bank of Cascadilla Creek. Here many of the students and professors reside. It is connected with the University buildings by a footpath and drive across an iron bridge which spans the stream 80 feet above the bed. There are at Cornell 532 students. The University takes it name from Ezra Cornell who gave two hundred acres of land and half a million dollars. The State also gave the proceeds of its land grant from the United States, concentrating it all at this point, rather than giving a little to each of the colleges in the State, thereby making a gift which should be important and useful, and from which more could be derived than in any other way. The theory of the president is dissemination of primary and secondary instruction but concentration of appliances for advanced education. We turned from the University with regret, for its many objects of interest would repay an extended visit. The enthusiasm of President White was magnetic, and the resolve was often uttered in the party "My girl and my boy" shall know more of this.

Cornell possesses natural beauties not to be unheeded. Finely situated upon a hill which rises several hundred feet above Ithaca, it overlooks the Cayuga lake, which is spread out in matchless beauty before it, and stretching to the northward a distance of forty miles. Behind the colleges a gorge in the hills gives scenery said to be unsurpassed in the world. We did not explore it, remembering the words of Dr. Stebbins. "I would like to take you through the gorge," said he, "but whoever attempts it to-day will return in a liquid form." Not being prepared for such an emergency, we restrained, and contentedly taking his word for the charms of the place, slid down the hill to Ithaca. On the way we passed his church, a beautiful little temple on the hillside. At the hotel we met Wong Chin Foo, whom our people will remember as Redpath's Civilized Heathen, who lectured in our churches and Lyceum Hall, last year. Ithaca is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, has several churches, a fine public library, and a daily newspaper. A great deal of coal is shipped here.

We left Ithaca late in the evening for Watkins, over the Utica, Ithaca and Elmira R. R., of which Postmaster Burt is President. Gen. Burt and his son were with us. We reached Watkins at a late hour in the midst of a thunder shower. The entire party was booked for the Glen Mountain House, but agents of another hotel beset us at Ithaca, and used every argument to induce us to cancel our agreement with the Glen Mountain and go to the other house. On our arrival the most distracting babel of sounds greeted our ears, as if the entire population were engaged in an attempt to deafen us. Noticing that the depot side of the train was clear of these importunate people, a bolt was made for shelter until we could find out "who was who and what was what." Some of our party fell into the hands of the Philistines and were spirited away to strange quarters, from whence they were forced to make other moist and annoying journeys after the discovery of their error. By midnight the last passenger was taken from the depot, and the last prisoner rescued from the banditti, and in the cosy parlors of Messrs. Lytle & Co., we forgot the discomforts of the day. Friend Lytle is a Quaker, and means to keep an orderly house. His rooms are comfortable, and his table satisfactory, but neither for love nor money can you get a drop of rum in that place. My room was on the first floor, and with windows open on the verandah; through the closed blinds I could hear the complaints of two mourners who, firm in the belief that no temperance hotel was worth stopping at, were cursing their unhappy luck that had brought them to so dry a spot. One of the party had had a bottle of brandy in his carpet bag, but on the way up the hill the bag fell out, and the hack wheels passed over it. It is seldom the lot of any one to hear so sad a conversation, and when sleep at last overcame me they were still lamenting their condition and planning for the morrow. It afterwards came out, that the first streak of daylight saw them on the downward path, and they came not back until the abstinence of the previous night had been duly atoned for, and ample provision made against a similar misfortune.

The dawn revealed to all us a pleasant and convenient hostelry on the brink of a chasm, the terrors of which were partly overcome by a luxuriant growth of forest trees. Spanning the gorge some hundred feet above a stream was an iron bridge, over which the hungry visitors trooped for breakfast which was served in a charming hall built like a Swiss chalet, and clinging to a shelf of the rock like a veritable eyrie. From the verandah of this romantic dining room, the view though not extensive is at once beautiful and grand, but the real joys of the place are hidden to the casual observer and can only be discovered by the patient toiler. We were kindly aided in our pursuit of the beautiful by Mr. M. Ells, who is the pioneer manager of Watkin's Glen, and Messrs. L. M. Gano and Johnson Brigham of the Watkins *Express*. Going down to the foot of the gorge we arrive at the entrance ampitheater, into which the Entrance Cascade plunges 60 feet to the pool below. Up the stairs and across Sentry Bridge, we take our last look of green fields. The air is deliciously cool, the beetling rocks, from whose crevices spring the most delicate ferns, the dashing stream, tumbling and rushing through the rocky pathway produce an invigorating and inspiring effect. Turning our backs to the outer world and grasping firmly the railing which renders the ascent a safe one, we pass through Stillwater Gorge, and soon catch a glimpse of Minnehaha cascade. It is beautiful, but another name would be better. The Fairy Cascade leaps into Neptune's Pool. Through the Labyrinth we reach the Cavern Cascade. Here a cavern in the rock makes room for half a dozen people to stand directly behind the cascade which plunges over the shelf fifty feet to the Stygian Pool. Ascending fifty feet by a flight of steps we reach the boulevard on which the Swiss cottage rests. Passing it, a fews rods brings us to the Art Gallery of Capt. J. Hope. Here we obtain rest from the fatigues of the ascent, and feast the eyes on some of the finest paintings in the country. Capt. Hope was in the Vermont Brigade, and one side of his gallery is adorned with a large cartoon showing the Army of the Potomac at Cumberland Landing in '62 He is sometimes called the "Father of Realistic Art," and the pictures in his gallery have stood the test of the severest criticism. His "Gem of the Forest," "Rainbow Fall," "Artists Dream," and many other smaller, though not less noticable would well repay an hour's study. One woman in our party strolled in and examined the pictures and other curicsities, asking questions with great freedom. Finally she began to price the paintings and on being told that $5,000 was the value of one, she rudely gave her opinion that "it will be a good while before he gets it." As Capt. Hope sold one for $10,000 he can wait. He follows no school of art, but holds the mirror up to nature with astonishing fidelity.

Passing the art gallery we again descend the Sylvan Path to the Rapids, and up the Sylvan Gorge to the Cathedral. This is an immense amphitheater, over the floor of which the stream spreads out, and hardly moves. The floor is of limestone, and as level as if the great flat pavements were laid by human hands. The rocky walls of this remarkable spot, tower 300 feet above the base, adorned with flowers and ferns, and crowned with stately trees, over all of which the blue arch forms a fitting dome for one of Nature's grandest temples. Leaving the cathedral with the Central Cascade chanting its eternal orison, we press on to the next scene in this Elysium which is the Rainbow Falls. A little stream attempts to enter the gorge from the bank above, and tumbling over the brink spreads out on the face of the rock and conceals the pathway with a veil of sparkling gems. At certain hours of the day the visitor who enters this rocky gallery beholds almost within his grasp a bewitching rainbow. Approaching the spot, splashed from above, slipping on the moistened pathway, the fall seemed commonplace, and I was disposed to murmur at the friend who had sent me so far to see so little. [We had been through in the morning when it was cloudy.] But passing behind the sparkling veil, all changed in a moment, and a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded, which more than repaid the exertion to see it. Afterwards I induced many others to make the second trip, and it was amusing to note the change from deep disgust to highest pleasure as they entered the gallery and realized the full extent of the glories of the place. They would go up grumbling and come down shouting and singing. The pools, the cascades, the shadows shimmering through the trees on the banks, the many formed ferns that fleck the rocky walls, all prepare us for the crowning picture known as the Artist's Dream. Here all the features of the glen seem to have combined to make one of those sublime pictures which artists in their wildest dreams have fancied, but which the Sublime Artist of the universe has here spread to show his children how much more beautiful is nature than the highest conception of art. This is the culmination of the beauties of the region, and although the path lead onward some distance farther, and we explored it to the end, there was nothing to inspire, and nothing to equal the Artists Dream.

At the end of the pathway we climbed up the steep sides of the ravine which had here lost their perpendicular form, and strolled along the edge of the rift, to an observatory in the village cemetery, perched like a lookout, hundreds of feet above the town. The beautiful Seneca Lake for the first time burst on our vision. The verses which in school days gave us so much vexation in our crude attempts at parsing, now returned with pleasure, and we could realize with Percival

> "How sweet, at set of sun, to view
> Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
> And see the mist of mantling blue
> Float round the distant mountains side."

Tumbling down the steep path from the observatory we found ourselves once more at the Chalet, where a rest on the verandah, with the cool breeze sighing down the Glen, was a pleasant termination of the visit to the elfin land.

The Glen is believed by some to have been caused by the outburst of a lake once located on the table land above, which on the subsidance of the waters once covering the region, were deprived of the lateral pressure, and burst open the mountain making the rift from end to end. Subsequent action of the water, and the rocks, ice, and logs that annually whirl through the gorge have worn out the chasms, pools, and galleries, giving the glen the fantastic shapes which is its special charm. In October the view must be one of surpassing loveliness, and we know of no place where a week could be passed so pleasantly.

The evening of our stay at the Glen Mountain was passed with music and social chat. The colored boys from the chalet came over with a guitar, and sang some songs, and the whole company joined in the music of some of the royal old tunes that will never die. Next morning we bid farewell to Watkins. At the wharf, which is just behind the depot, we learned that the uncivilized hackmen had the night previous torn up a section of the horse railroad track, which they thought encroached on their domain. Hereafter, any one wishing to ride to the Glen for five cents will have to reach the cars through or over a hackman, an enterprise we have no desire to attempt.

Seneca Lake is "all my fancy painted it," and the sail down to Geneva was one of the pleasantest parts of our journey. We made a short stop at Ovid, where is located the Willard Asylum for the Insane. There are 930 inmates, and by invitation of the superintendent Dr. John B. Chapin, those of our party who chose to do so went through the buildings. It was an unwise thing to do, as many of the patients became excited, and several of our party narrowly escaped injury. The corridors and rooms were scrupulously neat, and the arrangements for the comfort and the care of the unfortunate inmates were most complete.

While on the lake we experienced a heavy shower, and it was still raining when we arrived at Geneva. Mr. S. H. Parker, of the *Gazette*, came down the lake with us from Watkins, and pointed out many places of interest. At Geneva we took the cars again which Charley McCammon had brought up from Syracuse, and trundled off to Rochester, where we got the best supper of the trip at the Brackett House. Embarking again, we turn our faces to Niagara, where we arrived about nine o'clock, and were not long in availing ourselves of the comfortable quarters provided by Gale & Fuller of the International Hotel.

Next morning the party took carriages and proceeded to explore the wonders of the region. As we slowly passed over the new suspension bridge, the Falls in all their grandeur appeared before us. But little was said, each being content to quietly gaze at the wonderful spectacle. We alighted at the verge of Horse Shoe Fall, and the more venturesome gathered flowers which grew over the cliff. Descending the spiral staircase we stood in the spray and gazed upward at the world of waters which plunged from the overhanging rock. Re-entering the carriages we passed the Clifton House, made famous by Burlingame's challenge to Brooks, and re-crossing the bridge drove to the Whirlpool rapids. Here we found an elevator by which the party were lowered in groups of eight to the banks of the river. The waters at this point are forced through a narrow channel, and the center of the plunging current is several feet higher than the banks. The tumbling waves, rushing onward at the rate of thirty miles an hour, send ever and anon a side wave to shore, so that standing on the rocks one sees the waves rush in and then recede like breakers of the ocean on a rocky shore. It was through this terrible cauldron that the intrepid Robinson steered the "Maid of the Mist." A little summer house is built on one of the boulders which are strewn along the shore, and the tourist may sit and gaze upon the wonders of the mighty flood. Its ever changing form, its mad speed, the lateral ebb and flow, and the weird surroundings exert a magical influence on the beholder and it is with regret that he turns from the fascinating scene, and returns to the upper world.

Prospect Park next claimed our attention. This is a regularly laid out park, inclosing the angle of the American Falls and the Ferry stairs. A strong parapet is built along the verge of the cliff, so that the visitor may gaze without danger into the depths below, and may safely stand at the very edge of the American Fall. From this battlement a magnificent view of the entire Fall may be had, and the beholder never wearies of the sight. Seats afford a convenient resting place, and a stroll along the walks beside the rapids is a romantic pleasure. From the Park a short walk brings us to the bridge spanning the rapids, by which we reach Goat Island. At the extremity of Goat Island a bridge leads to Luna Island, where is another fine view of the American Fall. We were shown the spot where a few years ago a young man lifted a little girl with the remark, "Shall I throw you in?" She struggled in terror, and fell from his arms into the rapids. He immediately plunged after her and both went over the Fall. We descended the staircase that leads to the Cave of the Winds, but did not explore its terrors. Here the pulsation of the flood is witnessed, the same as at Whirlpool rapids. The roar, though at all times tremendous, is intermittent. The walk from the stairs to the Cave is not a safe one, as the large pieces of stone recently fallen in the path, gave warning. At the other side of Goat Island the path leads out to the verge of the Horse Shoe Fall, where formerly stood the Terapin Tower. This tower having become unsafe, was removed a short time ago. From the parapet we beheld the rainbow that always greets the sun from the mist at the foot of the Fall. A stroll along the path soon brings us to the Three Sisters. These are three islands in the great rapids, connected together and to the main land by suspension bridges. From the outer Sister is obtained the best view of the rapids as they come dashing onward for the final leap. Returning from the Sisters we sought the main land, and re-entering the path went down the inclined railway to the ferry. Here is a ferry which has been used for more than a century, and never had an accident. But we had no use for the ferry, so passing to the left we were soon in the embrace of the mists of the American Fall, and although drenched to the skin, we would not retreat, until we had gone far enough to see the most remarkable sight of all, the circular rainbow, or as it might more truly be called, the rain wheel. For it described a complete circle, not reaching entirely across, but occupying about one half the Fall, with its lower edge resting on the rocks, and floating like a halo of iridescent glory. Slowly we returned to the hotel, filled with the wonders and the glories, and the beauties of the place. We would not advise any one to attempt in one day to see so much as we did. It would be better to devote a day to each of the wonders we have bestowed so short a time upon. We can appreciate the feelings of some whom we saw, who, taking a position near the Falls, gaze upon them for hours. But our time was limited, and we forced ourselves away.

At the hotel during the evening a package of hymn books was received from the Methodist Church, and for an hour a praise meeting was held that would have done Dr. Tourjee's soul good. We must not forget to mention the kind offices of Dr. S. S. Southworth, of the Niagara Falls *Register*, who was our "guide, philosopher, and friend," during our stay, who procured us entry to places otherwise inaccessible, and protected us from the extortioners who regard every stranger as legitimate prey. His paper has already accomplished a revolution among the hackmen and storekeepers, and it is possible to see all the sights as reasonably as in any other city in the land.

Next morning we turned our faces toward home. We had seen all we wanted to see, and the party settled down in the cars, mindful only of comfort. We dined at Syracuse, and reached Albany early in the evening. After supper we drove up to the Capitol grounds, saw the model of the new Capitol now constructing, passed around the Park and the Penitentiary, and wound up with a drive to the Lumber Districts. Later we walked out with our former townsman Mr. Cyrus W. Pollard and his wife, and saw other of the famous places of which the city has reason to be proud. On the morrow we resumed our homeward journey, lunched in the cars, and reached Boston in time for the 6.30 train to Woburn, where we safely arrived not wholly free from fatigue, but filled with the impression that the Sixth was the best of the annual excursions of the Massachusetts Press Association.

CO. B.—Read the notice of Co. B. in another column. Its ranks ought to be full, and we have no doubt Schweigart's heart will be gladdened by the sight next Monday.

PICNIC.—Four excursion barges took the Unitarian Sunday School to Nahant on Thursday, where they enjoyed the day in a pleasant manner.

DEAD.—Prentice, the insane man, who has given the officers considerable trouble, was taken to Worcester last week, where he has since died.

GRADUATED.—Jonas Edward Bacon, A. H. Barrington and Francis Carter, graduated at Harvard, on Wednesday.

POLICE.—Thomas Haverty for single drunk was fined $3 and costs.

DR. DREW.—In President Abbott's address to the Middlesex East District Medical Society, reference was made to the late Dr. Drew, and we reproduce it here.

Of the twenty-five honored names which stand upon our Records as the first members of the Middlesex East Medical Society, four only remain as members in active practice within the limits of this district. Of the larger portion, a part have removed to other fields of usefulness, and a still larger part have gone from us forever.

We have been called, during the past winter, to part with one of our brethren, who had walked among us for more than thirty years, the picture of health and activity. Having had a long acquaintance with him, during several years of which we dwelt together under the same roof, it is fitting that I should devote a closing word to his memory. I remember the very day when I first saw him, as he alighted from the cars at the Watering Station, and made some inquiries of my father in relation to this town and its people. I was then a boy of only seven or eight years, and his fine, manly form made a lasting impression on me.

The first act, which I remember of his life in Woburn, was of kindness, and the same may truly be said to have been an essential element of his character throughout his professional life. A man of remarkable activity and physical vigor, he became a successful practitioner, and continued up to the time of his death, to enjoy the confidence of a wide circle of families in Woburn and the adjoining towns. He was struck down in the midst of his usefulness, dying with the harness on, while battling with the very foe of all mankind, to whose blows he himself fell a victim.

Dr. Drew had an open, generous nature. In all my acquaintance with him, I never knew him to speak ill of a professional brother; a trait which we may all emulate with advantage. The strategies and petty devices, unfortunately so common to every profession, were beneath his notice.

He was one of the original members of the Middlesex East Society, and took an active interest in its foundation, having been its first permanent Secretary, and also having filled other important offices in its trust.

He could not be said to have been a book-worm, though he remained a constant reader of our Medical Literature until his death. He trusted much to a wide and long continued experience, through a successful practice of many years. His gentlemanly bearing and kindly spirit inspired confidence in the sick room, and won for him a more than ordinary degree of success. His faithful attention to duty is evinced by his patient, and persistent continuance in the town of his adoption for so many years.

In the first months of the rebellion, Dr. Drew volunteered his services as Surgeon of the 9th Mass. Volunteers, and for many months, performed arduous work along the banks of the Potomac, untill illness compelled him to return to his home.

His last appearance at any of our meetings was more than two years since, when we enjoyed the hospitalities of his own table, and yet it seems but yesterday.

East Woburn.

PRESENTATION.—We always knew that Mr. Charles Porter was popular in East Woburn, and last Friday evening he was made to realize it. Being sent for to go to the house of the Charles Porter Hose Co., No. 4, he found the company assembled, and Capt. Thomas H. Lord presented him with a heavy gold Engineer's badge inscribed as follows:—

FACE.	BACK.
ASSISTANT ENGINEER. WOBURN F. D.	Presented to CHARLES PORTER by C. P. Hose Co., No. 4 of Woburn June 25, 1875.

Engineer Porter was thoroughly surprised, and thanked the donors for their valuable gift. It is in the form of a shield, quite plain, but heavy.

North Woburn.

S. O. T.—The following are the officers of Rumford Division, S of T, for the coming quarter:—

W P,—G S Holt,
W A,—S Moulton,
A R S,—G S Dickson,
F S,—A Moreland,
Chaplain—M Holt,
Treasurer—A Gustin,
Conductor—E McQuesten,
A C,—B M Corbett,
I S,—M Merrill,
O S,—G O Gleason.

The meetings have been changed to Thursday evening in place of Tuesday.

Burlington.

BASE BALL.—The Sweepstake base ball club, "Amateurs" of this place, went over to Wilmington to play a friendly game with the second nine of the Unions, but instead met a picked nine from Reading and Wilmington, and were defeated by the score of 39 to 16, which was not FAIR PLAY.

ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday the two daughters of the late D. H. Tillson, of Woburn, were thrown from a wagon at Abner Shed's house, by the horse becoming frightened at some box covers. Marcia Tillson had her collar bone broken, but her sister escape uninjured.

BIG EEL.—Orto Portalles caught an eel weighing 5 3 4 pounds, in Wedge Pond, last Monday evening.

Winchester.

☞ By some fatality our Winchester items were omitted last week. Although a little old we produce them in this issue.

☞ Winn's stable is the place to get a good team, and if you want a party carried to the beach, engage the "Queen of Winchester." Remember his express when you have parcels to go or come. Read his card in another column.

ANNIVERSARIES.—The 34th anniversary of the First Congregational Sunday School occurred Sunday, June 20, and also the same day the 26th anniversary of the Baptist Sunday School. Samuel W. Mason Esq., and Rev. Asa Bullard spoke at the former, and Rev. H. A. Cooke and Rev. Dr. Gardner spoke at the latter.

DISBANDED.—At a special meeting of the Waldmyer Hose Co., No. 1, held on Friday evening last, it was voted that by the recent action of the Selectmen, whereby the pay of its members was reduced from $35 to $10 per annum, this company value their services too much to run for the small remuneration and do hereby disband, the action to take effect, and the company's services cease, at 12 o'clock, P. M., Wednesday, the 31st instant. It is to be hoped that the Selectmen will weigh well the matter, and consider that the services of the tried and true are of two fold value to any volunteer company that can be raised. Last Wednesday evening the final meeting of the company was held, and the effects divided among the members. Perfect harmony prevails and it is only to be hoped that it will continue to exist.

BATH HOUSE.—The boys are enquiring the location of the bathing house which was to be built for their use this season. Can the Committee appointed at Town Meeting answer?

☞ C. M. Rust, Esq., has left town, and gone to Nantasket Beach for the season. We understand he has taken a cottage, intending to accommodate a few boarders as well as provide meals for any transient trade.

DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—The habit which a number of boys have of jumping on the cars at the crossing, when in motion, and riding to the depot, will probably be attended by serious results before they stop. It is not those who go to Boston on the cars, only, but boys who attend school here, and merely do so for the "fun of the thing," and their parents should know of it.

"STRIKE."—One of the clerks in the Post Office, and one in a grocery store, were practicing with a base ball, Thursday afternoon, when a "mild throw" by one of them sent it through Mr. Raymond's barber shop window.

OPEN LATE.—One of our most cautious storekeepers went home the other evening neglecting to lock the store door. It was fortunately discovered early and attended to.

ON A BENDER.—Wednesday afternoon P. W. Swan, and his assistant were drawing water from the hydrant on Church street, near the crossing, when the force of the water proved too much for them, and their hose got away making numerous gyrations before it was conquered. We thought our worthy Chief of Police was temperate, "clear through," and did not think that he would let *water* "get the better of him."

ACCIDENT.—As Dr. Chapin was driving up Washington street, his horse made a misstep and fell, breaking both shafts to his chaise.

INSANE.—Peter Young, a laborer, (who has previously been in an asylum), was again taken to Taunton Insane Asylum last Saturday.

REFORM SCHOOL.—Richard Young, the boy held for breaking into Mr. Milliken's house, was sent to the Reform School. The others implicated with him were let off on probation, on account of their youth.

FALL.—Mr. Geo. D. Moore, who is building a barn for Mr. McNeil, on Walnut street, fell from a ladder last week Wednesday, and injured himself severely.

BLAST.—Mr. Hadley was here again Monday forenoon to try the effect of his dualin on a ledge in the hill on High street, near Cambridge street. The stone had to crumble.

MISSIONARY.—Miss Andrews a returned missionary from China, delivered an address at the Cong. Church, Tuesday afternoon.

WOUNDED.—One of our worthy physicians (Dr. Winsor,) had the misfortune to have a stick of wood he was splitting, fly, and strike in the face, inflicting an ugly wound.

Bedford.

MY STAY IN PLYMOUTH.

The lovely picture which absorbed my attention when last I wrote is changing fast for that mighty orb of day, is buried from our view beyond the western hills, whose tops are yet radiant with his golden halo. Come, and in the few moments that remain before night shall shroud this sacred spot, let us trace the lives on these sunken slabs, "Which, like spirits of the past, do whisper,"

History tells us those who died the first winter were buried on "Cole's Hill," and the graves were leveled so that the Indians might not know of the loss and weakness of this exile band, and in a subsequent year there came a great freshet that carried the precious dust to the bosom of the sea; hence there is no slab to tell of the resting place of Rose Standish of White Mullens, or the many others who aided in planting the seed, but were not spared to rejoice over the success of the enterprise. But have they not a share in the "joy unspeakable."

The oldest stone that we find tells this story: "Here lies the body of Edward Gray, Gent., aged about fifty two years, and departed this life the last of June, 1681." We learn other ways that he was a respectable merchant.

On another we trace the following:—"Here lies ye body of ye Honorable William Bradford, who expired February ye 20 1703-3, aged 79 years.

> "He lived long, but was still doing good,
> And in his country's service lost much blood,
> After a life well spent—he's now at rest,
> His very name and memory is blest."

On another, erected to to the memory of a child, aged one year and seven months, who died in 1790, we find the following lines: "Heaven knows what man he might have made, but we, He died a most rare boy."

We find the following expressive lines to the memory of a child. "As young as beautiful and soft as young, and gay as soft, and innocent as gay."

On a stone bearing date of 1784, we notice a well executed cut representing Washington, with a space for the inscription in the shape of a heart surrounded by a representation of sun, moon and stars, here we read the following. "The spiders attenuated thread is cord, is cable to man's tender tie," and a reference to Job 7, 8, 9, 10.

On another bearing date March 24, 1697, erected to the memory of Thomas Clark, aged 98 years, said to have been mate of the "May Flower" when she made the famous voyage, whose story needs no rehearsal here "A nation's self is its founder's monument."

The Cushman monument, which was erected to the memory of Elder Robert Cushman, who died in 1625, occupies a very prominent position on the western slope of the hill. It is an obelisk of Quincy granite, about 27 feet in height; it was procured through the efforts of one of the descendants, who succeeded in forming an association of the large company of the descendants of this faithful leader, and was consecrated September 16, 1858.

A small marble monument erected over the resting place of sixty sailors who were wrecked in the bay, is not as noticeable for its artistic beauty as for the sad story that it tells. But it is growing dark and night with her dampening breath reminds us that another day is gone. In front of Pilgrim Hall we find the portion of the "Rock" that was brought here and enclosed for preservation, with a high iron railing, on which are to be seen the names of that noted crew who commenced the first settlement made by Europeans in New England on the "stern and rock bound coast," Pilgrim Hall is of unhewn granite, it is 70 by 60 feet, it contains the Town Library, besides the many relics of "ye olden time."

The painting of the landing of the fathers by Henry Sargent is a most expressive piece of work. Here are portraits of the Winslow's, of Penelope Pelham, and John Alden who died in 1821 aged 102 years. In the chair once the property of Gov. Carver, one takes a seat but not for rest, for its proportions are not calculated for a reeling seat, the gunbarrel with which King Philip was shot, and the sword of Miles Standish are more noticeable for their antiquity than beauty. One may linger here many hours and yet leave many valuable relics unnoticed, but adieu for this time and another week we will start in a different direction.

ABRAM.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

☞ The treatment which is fast gaining ground among the medical faculty for the eradication of Bright's disease dropsy, kidney, bladder and glandular complaints, gravel, diabetes, female irregularities, retention and incontinence of urine, and maladies of the urino genital organs is that of prescribing *Hunt's Remedy*. This valuable vegetable compound searches out and expels these complaints from the system.

Married.

In Billerica, June 26, by Rev. C. Fletcher, Charles Otis Blaisdell and Sarah Wilkins, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, June 30, by Rev. E. Mills, Samuel T. Eldridge, of Dartmouth, and Lizzie Neville, of Woburn.

In Cliftondale, June 30, at the residence of the brides father, by the Rev. Charles Wilder, Mr. D. Henry Carter and Miss Emma Hatch, all of Cliftondale.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, June 26, George Pool, aged 76 years, 6 months.

In Wilmington, June 28, Rebecca Flagg, aged 79 years.

In Concord, Mass., June 28, Emilyn P. wife of B. N. Hudson, 61 years.

Special Notices.

INDEPENDENCE COLLATION.

Contributions for the collation which it is proposed to offer the Antique and Horrible Battalion at the close of their parade next Monday morning are respectfully solicited. They may be left at the store in Allen's Block, No. 119 Main street, Saturday evening, or not later than 6 o'clock Monday morning. Cold meats, bread and crackers, are especially desired.

M. T. ALLEN, Commissary.
M. LITTLEFIELD, Com. Sergt.
E. W. GRAY, " "

Woburn, July 1, 1875.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of M. A. Tyler & Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The accounts of the late firm will be settled by Albert A. Tyler, who will continue the business.

M. A. TYLER,
ALBERT A. TYLER.

Woburn, July 1, 1875.

Ocean Excursion.

YACHT FROLIC

Capt. Sumner,

Will leave New Bedford, July 13th, for Fortress Munroe, and returning stop at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Jersey City, New York, etc.
For particulars apply to
E. A. SUMNER,
Box 196, Winchester.

Music Books

For the Seaside, the Mountains,

For hours of Leisure at Home or Abroad.

The following collections contain the best and most popular of all published Songs, Vocal or Instrumental Duets, Rondos, Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, etc., and furnish entertainment to all lovers of Music.

Musical Treasure. Vocal and Instrumental.
Moore's Irish Melodies. Vocal.
Gems of Scottish Song. "
Gems of German Song. "
Gems of Sacred Song. "
Wreath of Gems. "
Shower of Pearls. Vocal Duets.
Operatic Pearls. Vocal.
Silver Chord. "
Piano at Home. Four hand pieces.
Gems of Strauss. Instrumental.
Organ at Home. Reed Organ Pieces.
Home Circle. Vols. 1 and 2. Instrumental.
Pianoforte Gems. "
Pianists Album. "

Large Handsome Books, which are for sale by all prominent dealers.

Price of each book: Boards, $2.50; Cloth, $3.00; Full Gilt, $4.00.

Sent, post-free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Lewis W. Erskine to Nathan Morse, Trustee, dated the first day of July, 1873 and recorded with Middlesex South District deeds Lib 1267, fol. 307, and for breach of conditions of said mortgage deed, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on TUESDAY, the 20th day of July, 1875, at four o'clock in the afternoon,

All and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, viz: A certain piece or parcel of land situated in Winchester, on Pond street, so called, being Lots "Twenty-one" and "Twenty-two" as shown on a plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Easterly by said Pond street, one hundred and forty feet; Southerly by land of Sewell Pierce, two hundred feet; Westerly by land of Nathan Morse, as Trustee for Annie M. Allen, one hundred and twenty feet; Northerly by Lot "Twenty," two hundred feet to said Pond street, the point of commencement, containing twenty-six thousand square feet.

By order of NATHAN MORSE,
Trustee, Mortgagee.

C. E. CHASE, M D,

RESIDENCE,
Cor. Pleasant & No. Warren Sts.,
WOBURN, MASS.

NOTICE.

Owing to the transit of Venus, the length of the Beecher trial (the jury still out), and mistakes made by Robert B. Thomas and Josh Billings, the 4th of July will commence in Woburn this year on the 5th at 5:30 A. B. (afore breakfast). Therefore the members of Co. B are requested to fly from their roosts at 4:30 and sail up Railroad street to where Union and said Railroad streets interfere, then scull themselves down Union street to where it ebbs and flows into Main, the head of the line resting near the nitro glycerine shop, where they can circumperambulate. While they are being kicked into a crooked line, the catawaulian band (1775 pieces) will belch forth in most infernal harmony in (Don)key of 40 flats, Holme's Wheat Home, and after they have been hustled into perfect (dis)order they will "get up and dust" at the command. This company will be comprised mostly of crow-fodder quadrupeds, and no animals will be accepted unless they have four legs and wear hair. The infantry in this company, (if by accident any should struggle in) will report to their mothers immediately after parade. Every man who is to appear in any kind of a Vee-Hic-Cle will report at 5 o'clock, *sharp*.

HERR VON SCHWEIGART, Captain.
A. HIGGINBOTTOM SCHUMACHER, 1st Lieut.
JHONNY SUSSENBERGER, 2d Lieut.

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.

Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103

Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

NEW COAL AND Wood YARD.

OFFICE,
113 Main Street,
near depot.

COAL and WOOD.

Now is the time to send in your orders for

COAL.

Lackawanna,
Excelsior,
Franklin,
Draper,
Wilkes-barre,
Hickory
AND
Cumberland.

Hard & Pine Wood
and SLABS,
Lime, Cement,
AND HAY.

WOOD SAWED IF DESIRED.

Conducting our business on the cash system we shall be able to furnish coal at the

Lowest Price

and very best quality.

A share of the trade respectfully solicited.

OFFICE:
113 MAIN STREET,
Ellis' Railroad Store building, next to centre depot.

CHA. K. CONN & Co.

Yard at Horn Pond Station. 15

ESTABLISHED 1846.
R. MARSTON & Co.'s
DININGROOMS
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST.,
BOSTON.
Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

GEO. W. NORRIS,
Counsellor at Law,
16 And NOTARY PUBLIC.
Offices: { Woburn, Mass., and
16 Pemberton Sq., Boston.
Residence—Cor. Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

ROACHES, RATS, and MICE
are effectually destroyed by the use of
Parsons & Co.'s Exterminator!
20 All dealers in medicine have it.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover st., Boston.

The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges,
The Best Ranges in the Market, at
C M STROUTS,
Stoves Stored for the Season.
22 Tin Roofing promptly attended to.

Collector's Notice.

TO BE SOLD FOR UNPAID TAXES.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the taxes assessed for the years hereinafter specified, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said town, by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of Real Estate, or such undivided portions of them as may be necessary, will be offered at public auction for sale at the office of the Collector, Bank Block, on Tuesday, July 20, 1875, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

J. M. BAILEY.—Buildings and about 2¾ acres land, southerly side of Wyman street, adjoining the estates of D. D. Hart, C. A. Wyman and T. J. Pierce.
Tax for 1874, $88.48.

JAMES BOVIARD.—Buildings and about 3¼ acres land, between the estates of William Callahan and Geo. W. Allen, and adjoining the estate of William Boviard.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

WILLIAM BOVIARD.—Buildings and about 1 acre land, between the estates of Patrick Callahan and Geo. W. Allen and adjoining the estate of B. F. Flagg.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.

EDWARD CALLAHAN.—Buildings and ½ acre land easterly side of Grove street between the estates of Lackey McDermott and Mary Eaton.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

MICHAEL CALLAHAN, 2D.—About ⅜ acre of land on the south side of a private street leading from Willow street, between the estates of James Maguire and Matthew Coyne.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

THOMAS R. CORBETT.—Buildings and about 1-16 acre land, between the estates of James Marrinan and George Flagg, adjoining the estate of Hugh Dever.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

JOHN COKELEY.—Buildings and about 1¼ acre land, easterly side of Wood street, adjoining the estates of George W Allen and Phineas G. Hanson.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

OWEN COLLINS.—Buildings and about 5¼ acres land on westerly side of Winn street, between the estates of Thomas Caulfield and O. Griffin, and adjoining the estate of Dennis Shields.
Tax of 1874, $18.96.

Buildings and about ½ acre land on westerly side of Dublin street, between the estates of Patrick McDonald and William H. Cushman.
Tax of 1874, $23.70.

WILLIAM C. C. COLEGATE.—Buildings and about ½ acre land on westerly side East street adjoining the estates of Frederic Gage and Alexander Brown.
Tax of 1874, $17.38.

JOHN CURLEY.—Buildings and about 1 acre land south side Rag Rock Avenue, adjoining the estates of Stephen Dow and Mary McLaughlin.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

JOHN CURLEY.—About 6¾ acres land south side Rag Rock Avenue between the estates of John Qualey and Geo. W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

JOB CURTIS.—House and about 1 acre land on north side School street between estates of James McFeeley and J. M. Eaton.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

JAMES DEVINE.—House and about ¼ acre land on west side Belmont street, between estates of Lewis Shaw & Co., and James E. Abbott.
Tax of 1874, $9.48.
Tax of 1873, 1.18

PATRICK J. DEVER.—Buildings and about ⅜ acre land, corner Burlington and Sheridan streets, adjoining the estates of James Doherty and James McCaverty.
Tax of 1874, $43.45.

About 5 acres land near Sheridan street, between estates of John Winn and John K. Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $9.48.

HUGH DEVER.—Buildings and about 6,544 feet land on east side of Main street, between estates of Joseph Kelley and Trustees Methodist Episcopal Church.
Balance tax of 1874, $137.19.

HUGH DOHERTY 2D.—House and about ⅜ acre land, north side Elijah street, between estates of James Nolan and John Moloy.
Tax of 1874, $5.53.

MICHAEL DOHERTY HEIRS.—Buildings and 1 13-16 acres land, on south side Elijah street, adjoining estate of Bernard McElheny.
Tax of 1874, $33.18.

JAMES DOHERTY.—Buildings and about 5-16 acre land, northerly side Sheridan street, between the estates of Ann Doherty and John Conway.
Tax of 1874, $25.27.

About ½ acre land easterly side Burlington street between estates of Patrick J. Dever and Philip Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $2.77.

MARY DOLAN.—House and about ½ acre land on a private street leading from Main opposite Buckman street and adjoining land of Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $37.92.

MICHAEL FOLEY.—House and about 9,000 feet of land on easterly side Winn street, adjoining estate of Joshua Seward.
Tax of 1874, $22.12.

JOSIAH L. FOWLE.—About 1-16 acre land between estates of George H. Noble and Newell Z. Tabor.
Tax of 1874, .79.

WILLIAM FOSS ESTATE.—House and about ¼ acre of land, south side of Nichols street, corner of Minot, and adjoining estate of Albert Thompson.
Tax of 1874, $16.59.

DENNIS GIBBONS.—House and about 3-16 acre of land on westerly side of North Warren street, and adjoining land of town of Woburn.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

MRS. LUTHER AND STOUGHTON B. HOLDEN.—Buildings and about 1 acre land on North side of Railroad street, adjoining estate of Stephen Dow.
Tax of 1874, $63.20.

House and about 2½ acres land on North side Railroad street, between the estates of John Smith and Lyman W. Lincoln.
Tax of 1874, $37.92.

House and about ¼ acre land off south side Railroad street, adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

About 1 acre of wood land south side Railroad St., adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $4.74.

Unimproved land, about 3 acres, south side of Railroad street, adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

About 2¾ acres unimproved land, being Lots Nos. 10 and 11, on a plan of land as surveyed by Edward Buckman, June 6th, 1853, and known as the Joshua Converse land.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 1 acre wood land on Dragon Court.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

GEORGE HOMER.—Buildings and about 11 (eleven) acres land between Washington and Mill streets, adjoining the estates of Martin Hayward and Manuel Small.
Tax of 1874, $91.64.
Balance of tax for 1873, 5.00.

WILLIAM H. HUNT.—Buildings and ⅜ acre land on west side Main street, between estates of John Quealey and Joshua E. Littlefield.
Tax of 1874, $47.50.

ELI JONES ESTATE.—Buildings and 1¼ acres land on west side Warren street, between estates of John Robinson and Michael Harney, adjoining estate of Thomas Richardson.
Tax of 1874, $127.98.

MRS. ANNA KENDALL.—Buildings and about 13-16 acre land on northwest side Salem street, adjoining estate of Walter Fowle.
Tax of 1874, $15.40.

LYMAN W. LINCOLN.—Buildings and about 1-2 acre land north side of Railroad street, between estates of Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden, and Hannah G. Tucker, adjoining estate of Edwin Story.
Tax of 1874, $13.43.

MARY LANNIGAN.—About 1-2 acre land on east side Houghton street, between the estates of James C. O'Neal and Anthony Doherty, adjoining estate of Martin Ellis.
Tax of 1874, $1.98.
Tax of 1873, 1.96.

HUMPHREY LYNCH.—House and about 1,680 feet land on corner of Centre and Mann streets, adjoining estate of Michael Looney.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

PATRICK MALONEY.—House and about 1,750 feet land on east side Centre street, between estates of George Flagg, and Garvin heirs, adjoining estate of Patrick Ferrin.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

MICHAEL McCOLGAN.—House and about 19,376 feet land on north side of a private way, leading from Water street and adjoining estate of Stephen Dow.
Tax of 1874, $26.44.

JAMES McDONALD.—House (being No. 231) and about 2,815 feet land on west side Main street, between estates of Thomas Salmon and Michael Ferrin, and adjoining land of town of Woburn.
Tax of 1874, $6.64.

House and about 3,055 feet of land off Church St., and adjoining estates of John Halloran, Mrs. Healy, and others.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.
Balance of 1872 tax, 61.38.

MRS. CHARLES A. McDONALD.—House and about ¼ acre of land on east side Beach street, and adjoining estates of John Nelson and Mrs. Mary Parker.
Tax of 1874, 15.80.

GEORGE McDERMOTT.—House and about ¼ acre of land on corner of Houghton Street, and Rag Rock Avenue and adjoining estate of John Bacon.
Tax of 1874, $8.69.

MRS. PATRICK McDERMOTT.—House and about ¼ acre of land on Grove Street, between the estates of Michael Maguire, and Barney McConologue 2nd, and adjoining estate of Andrew Grantfield.
Tax of 1874, $25.28.

MRS. MARY McLAUGHLIN.—House and about 3-16 acre of land, south side of Rag Rock Avenue, between estates of John Curley, and Michael Feeney.
Tax of 1874, $14.23.

PETER MEEHAN.—House and about 1-16 acre of land on east side of Everett Street between estates of John Kelley and Richard Henshaw, adjoining estate of Benjamin Richardson.
Tax for 1874, $11.85.
Balance of Tax for 1872, 11.97.

About ⅛ acre of land on on north side of Railroad street, between estates of Rufus Smith and heirs of William Floyd.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

W. R. MERRILL.—Buildings and about ⅜ acre of land on south side of Ward street, between estates of Noah Edgecomb and Henry Thompson.
Tax of 1874, $31.60.

MICHAEL MULHERON ESTATE.—House and about 11-16 acre of land on east side of Washington street, between estates of Charles Porter and Samuel T. Hooper.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

PETER MURRAY.—House and about 9-16 acre of land corner of Albany and Railroad Streets, adjoining Stoneham Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $20.54.

About 1 acre of meadow land on a private street leading from Railroad Street, and between estates of Joseph Woodrough & Co. and Stoneham Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $1.58.

JOHN NELSON.—Buildings and about 58 acres of land on Beach Street bonded as follows:—north by land of Town of Woburn, south by said Beach Street, east by land of Augustus W. Brooks, and west by land of Alden Knight.
Tax of 1874, $101.91.

LEWIS W. NEVILLE.—Buildings and about ¾ acre of land on west side Hart Place, so called, leading from Lowell street, bounded westerly by land of Luther B. Wyman, northerly by land of George R. Baldwin, southerly by owner unknown.
Tax of 1874, $3.60.

MRS. DEBORAH PAGE.—House and about 3-8 acre of land on corner of Cambridge and Locust sts., adjoining estate of John Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

WM. E. PHILLIPS.—House and about 7-16 acre of land on corner of Thorn and Washington streets, adjoining estate of Owen Lennon.
Tax of 1874, $16.59.

OLIVER S. QUIMBY.—Buildings and about 6,390 feet of land, on east side of Auburn street, between estates of S. O. Pollard and heirs of Christopher C. Stowers.
Tax of 1874, $13.43.

MRS. MARY REDDY.—Buildings and about 3-16 acre of land on east side of Dublin street, between estates of George Flagg and James Rogers.
Tax of 1874, $34.76.

J. B. SAWTELLE.—Buildings and about 1 1-16 acre of land on east side of East street, between the estates of Patrick McGlennon and Thomas Quinn, and adjoining estates of S. S. and Lemuel Holton, heirs of Rufus Wyman, and L. Houghton Allen.
Tax of 1874, $35.18.

Buildings and about 3½ acres of land on south and north sides of Green street, between estates of Joseph G. Pollard and Dunckleе and Holton, and adjoining estates of Lewis Farrel and George W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, $51.35.

NATHAN J. SIMONDS.—Buildings and about 2 7-16 acres of land, on east side Main St, between estates of Simon Holden, Moses A. Tyler, and E. N. Blake, and adjoining Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $181.70.

Buildings and about 7,000 feet of land on the east side of Main Street, adjoining the estate of J. B. McDonald, and the Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $347.60.

DANIEL H. SKELTON.—House and about ½ acre of land on corner of Green and Valley Street, adjoining the estates of Andrew Fickett and George W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, $27.65.

MRS. JOHN J. SKINNER.—About 7,000 feet of land off East Street, between estates of George J. Munroe, and John T. Hill, and adjoining estate of G. R. Gage.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

EDWIN STORY.—House and about ¼ acre of land on west side of Wood Street, between the estates of Lewis Farrell, Mrs. Hannah G. Tucker and Lyman W. Lincoln, and adjoining estate of Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

WILLIAM A. WILSON.—About 14,257 feet of land corner Bacon and Nashua Streets, being part of lot No. 8, Ayers plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $3.16.

House and about 31,562 feet of land, east side Beacon street, being lot No. 11, Ayers plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $14.22.
1872, 6.65.
1871, 6.25.

About 12,500 feet of land west side Beacon street and adjoining the estate of Wm. H. Burges being part of lot No. 26, Ayer's plan of Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $3.16.
1872, 2.66.
1871, 10.00.

About 19,170 feet of land on corner Railroad and Tremont streets, being lot No. 31, Ayer's Plan of Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $2.37.
" 1872, 2.00.

About 20,230 feet of land on east side of Tremont street, adjoining the estate of G. M. Fletcher's heirs being lot No. 32, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $2.37.
" 1872, 2.00.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 27,750 feet of land on east side of Tremont street, and adjoining the estate of Miss Eliza W. Philbrook, being lot No. 35, Ayers Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.
" 1872, 2.66.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 21,468 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being part of Lot No. 36, Ayer's Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, $6.32.

About 34,280 feet of land corner Tremont and Nashua streets, being part of lot No. 37 Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

House and about 25,408 feet of land corner Tremont and Nashua streets, being part of lot No. 38, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $54.51.
" 1872, 6.65.
" 1871, 6.25.

About 49,640 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being lot No. 40, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.
" 1872, 3.33.

About 53,244 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being lot No. 41, Ayer's Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, 4.74.

About 40,080 feet of land on north side of Lowell street, being lot No. 43, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 10,756 feet of land on corner of Lowell and Tremont streets, being lot No. 44, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $4.74.

About 87,668 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 45, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.

About 54,187 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 46, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 56,250 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No 47, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 58,187 feet of land on west side of Tremont street being lot No. 48, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 61,968 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 49, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 64,218 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 50, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 67,375 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 51, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 37,500 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 54, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 37,500 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 55, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.
Tax of 1872, 2.00.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 19,700 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 56, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 19,100 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 57, Ayer's Plan, Emerson's lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 18,500 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No 58, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.
Tax of 1872, 1.66.

About 58,072 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 59, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 62,816 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No 60, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

NON-RESIDENTS.

OWEN DOHERTY, of Boston.—About 1½ acres of land, corner of Bedford and Houghton streets adjoining estates of Neil McLaughlin and Anthony Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $6.32.

About 1-4 acre of land being lot No. 14, Carter and Winn land.
Tax of 1874, 1.98.

JOSEPH GARDNER, of Boston.—About 5½ acres of land on easterly side of Lexington street, and adjoining the estates of Stephen Dow and Martha G. Lincoln.
Tax of 1874, $8.69.
Tax of 1873, 8.64.
Tax of 1872, 7.32.

OWNERS UNKNOWN.—About 10 acres unimproved land, westerly, northerly and easterly by land of heirs of Jacob Pierce, and southerly by land of town of Woburn, being part of the Horn Pond Mountain Lot.
Tax of 1874, 15.80.

EDWARD C. McFARLAND, of Chelsea.—House and about 11,532 feet of land on easterly side of Tremont street, adjoining the estate of Wm. A. Wilson.
Tax of 1874, 52.14.

EDWARD SIMONDS,
Collector of Taxes.

Woburn, June 19, 1875. 13

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.
I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE
Bought and Sold by
WOBURN AUCTION CO.,
Store, 224 Main St., Office, 159 Main St.,
WOBURN.
E. PRIOR, 32 A. A. FISH.

DR. SWEET'S
"ROOT BEER."
This healthy and pleasant drink is prepared from the best selected medicinal Roots, Barks and Leaves, among are the Life of Man, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, etc. A good spring medicine. Packages of the material to make five gallons for 25 cents. Prepared and put up at the New England Botanic Depot, 107 Washington street, Boston, (next Herald office). GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor. 17

WANTED.—Agents for best, cheap, summer-selling article. A perfect fitting, complete, neat, well-finished, folding, adjustable Window Screen. Self-fastening, used at top or bottom. Sample doz. $6. Send measures; returnable if not satisfactory after examination. Adjustable Screen Co., 14 Pemberton Sq., Boston. 18

OPERATIC GEMS.
A new collection of beautiful Vocal Melodies from late and popular Operas, superior to any collection of Opera Music ever offered. Handsomely produced. Sent by mail. Price—Boards $2.50, cloth $, gilt $4. To be had of book and music stores, or of
LEE & WALKER,
19 Philadelphia.

TOWN OF WOBURN.

Board of Health Regulations

Issued June 8, 1875.

The Board of Health, believing a timely and energetic abatement of all nuisances to be the most economical preventive of sickness, hereby make and publish as required by law, the following Regulations for the public health and safety:

(Extract from General Statutes, chap. 26, section 5.) "The Board shall make such regulations as it judges necessary for the public health and safety." * "Whoever violates any such regulations shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars."

REGULATION 1. No privy, vault, sink or sewer drain shall empty into any pond, stream, or water source, nor upon any street, lane or alley; or be established or maintained, except made water-tight, within three rods of any well, spring or water course used for culinary purposes.

REG. 2. When surface drainage is employed to remove the water from sinks, cellars, etc., fresh loose soil must be frequently substituted for that receiving such drainage.

REG. 3. No garbage, house or store offal, refuse animal or vegetable matter, shall be thrown upon or into any street, lane, alley, yard, ditch, pond or stream; and all families, hotels, restaurants, stores, boarding houses, factories, etc., accumulating the same shall deposit it in tight vessels having a tight fitting cover; and if not properly buried on the premises, the same to be removed not less often than once in every forty-eight hours at least ten rods from any house or highway, and covered with fresh earth.

REG. 4. All persons removing night soil, garbage offal, or refuse of any kind, must have their carts tight to prevent leakage; and if emitting an offensive effluvia must be effectually covered and not stop more than five minutes on any street except for loading and unloading.

REG. 5. No hogs shall be kept in the thickly settled parts of the town except in pens free from standing water, frequently cleansed and thoroughly disinfected. The Board will order the removal of hogs, goats, or other animals, where they may appear to be prejudicial to the public health or comfort.

REG. 6. No diseased animal shall be brought into town; and there shall not be sold or offered for sale any adulterated milk, or milk from animals diseased, or improperly fed; or any decayed, diseased or unfit meat, fish, vegetables, fruit or other article of food.

REG. 7. All putrid or decaying animal or vegetable matter must be removed at once from all cellars, stores and outbuildings; if not properly buried must be deposited at least ten rods from any house or highway and covered with dry earth.

REG. 8. Tanneries, glue factories, slaughter houses, and all manufacturing establishments from which arise offensive odors, must be kept clean, and efficient means provided by their proprietors to receive all deposits or accumulations of filth, and prevent the same from being conveyed to adjoining property.

REG. 9. Parties can have their vaults and cesspools cleaned by leaving their order and $2 for each with the Chief of Police; where more than one load is to be taken from each, $2 for each load must be left.

REG. 10. The Chief of Police is instructed to enforce the foregoing regulations.

The inhabitants are earnestly requested to keep their premises clean by removing and avoiding the accumulation of filth, by whitewashing cellars, outhouses and stables; also to purify by cleansing and disinfectants all vaults, drains, cesspools, etc.

The Board earnestly bespeak the co-operation of every individual in securing healthy sanitary conditions, to promote which the foregoing regulations are framed. By order of the Board of Health,

34 J. I. MUNROE, Chairman.

J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
No. 96 MAIN ST.,
Nearly opposite } the Depot, } Woburn.
35

SHERIFF'S SALE!

MIDDLESEX, ss. JUNE 23, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of July next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Margaret R. Pierce, of Winchester, in said County, had on the twenty-sixth day of May last, (when the same was *especially attached*), in and to the following described real estate, the record title of which stands in the name of Margaret Pierce, viz:—A certain lot of land containing about one acre, with the buildings thereon, situated on Pond Street, in Winchester, in said County, near Winter Pond, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the southerly corner of the premises, on said Pond Street, at the fence, at land of Stephen M. Allen; thence the line runs northwesterly by the fence by land of said Allen to the wall; thence northeasterly by the wall, still by land of said Allen, to a corner of the wall; thence southeasterly by the wall, still by land of said Allen, to said Pond street; thence southwesterly on said Pond Street, to the point of beginning; being the same premises recorded in Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, Book 1243, Page 248.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
25 Deputy Sheriff.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.
Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the Journal Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and on short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
HARD & SOFT COAL,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement.
36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

TAKE NOTICE.
ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,
all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.
H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 7th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M.
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‡7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.15, 4, 5.45, 7 P.M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 12.15, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 8.30† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.32,* 8.30‡, 9.35* A. M., 12.17* 2.15, 5.35, * 9.00*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.18, 9.52 A. M., 2.33, 5.53 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.28, 8.13 10.01, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 8.50, §10.05, A.M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, ‡ 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‡ P. M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‡ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‡ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
§ Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

Cheap Butter Store.
Cheapest place in Woburn to buy
Butter, Cheese, Tea and Coffee,
AT F. H. CLARRIDGE'S 27
Butter & Tea Store, 190 Main St., Woburn

CARPETS.
Best Lowell Extra Superfine $1.00
Fine Style Philadelphia Supers .75
All Wool Ingrains .62
Hand some Two-Ply .50
Elegant Tapestries, from $1.00 up.
Floor Oil Clothes .25 "
Canton Mattings .17 "
The above are strictly first class in every respect and are the cheapest goods to be found in this market.
New England Carpet Company,
85 HANOVER STREET,
Opposite American House,
BOSTON. 28

RICHARDS' OLD CORNER
THE
GRAND SUCCESS
That has attended our GREAT SALE of selected Ready-Made Clothing, at 24 and 25 Dock Square has far during the month of MAY, 1875, has been highly satisfactory, and we now have to state that the entire assortment has been re-arranged the present week, so that parents will find it very convenient to select from OVER FIFTY NEW STYLES of Boys' or Children's Suits at marvellously low figures, any size or pattern of the *latest designs* that are in the Boston market.
We have never had so full and complete a supply in stock to choose from. We have never been able to offer such qualities of *Boys' or Men's Clothing* at the figures we can sell them to-day. We never so confidently presented to the buying public our immense variety of desirable Wearing Apparel, and we never could assure such *Bargains* in Clothing as we now can!
Purchasers in the city or buyers from the country will find upon our counters a rare display of durable and seasonable
SUITS,
LIGHT OVERCOATS
—OR—
Single Garments,
At prices such as these qualities of goods have never been offered at hitherto in New England. And the GREAT SALE inaugurated May 1, 1875, will continue for six weeks, until the Spring supply is cleared out.
Call and see these Goods,
and satisfy yourselves before buying.
Geo. H. Richards,
24 DOCK 24
25 SQUARE 25
RICHARDS' OLD CORNER
44

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS,
45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

AETNA INSURANCE Co.
Incorporated 1819. OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Cash Assets, over $6,000,000.
B. T. H. PORTER, AGENT, Woburn, Mass.
Over Savings Bank.
Office hours—8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M. 38

Two Tenements for Rent.
Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 43

SINGULAR MATHEMATICAL FACT.—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answers, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5 and the answer will be 2320; dividing the same number by 2 and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 357, and multiply by 5; there is 1785. Divide the same number by 2, and you have 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is 1785.

☞A few brief years, and all of us will have exchanged these mutable shores for the land where our loved ones have gone. Then, as we gaze back upon this life's journey, the light of the good deeds we have done, the kindness and the love we have bestowed upon our fellow beings, will shine along our pathway and make it radiant with joy. Let us, then, seek to do all the good in our power; to do good to all.

☞Peace is better than joy; joy is a very uneasy guest, and is always on tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us forever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so; it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious, forecasting thought. Therefore, let us have peace.

☞The latest anecdote brought to light by the Centennial celebration is rather amusing. While the British troops were marching through Old Cambridge, one of them said jestingly to a farmer sowing seed:

"You may sow, but we shall reap."

"Well, perhaps you may," was the reply, "for I am sowing hemp."

☞The present rage in Paris for floral decorations as a part of female embelishment is such, that to look at some of the ladies as they move along, one would imagine that they had poked their head and waist through a bed of garden flowers and were bearing off the spoils over half their persons.

☞Among the Revolutionary relics displayed on the 17th of June was an old three-cornered arm-chair owned by Gen. Putnam. It was suspended in front of 37 High street, Charlestown, the owner's great-grandfather, Squire Perley of Boxford, having received it many years ago from the General himself.

☞Here are the heads of a sermon once preached by a quaint old minister on the text, "Adam, where art thou?" First, all men are somewhere. Secondly, some men are where they ought not to be. Thirdly, if they don't take care, they will soon find themselves where they had rather not be.

☞"Paddy," said an employer to his laborer, "you are to begin work at five in the morning, and leave at seven in the afternoon. "Sure, sir," said Paddy, "wouldn't it be better to begin at siven in the morning, and lave at five in the afternoon?"

☞When an affectionate man in Mount Vernon, Ill., published a "personal" soliciting correspondence with "yonng cultured ladies," the type fiend set it up "*colored* ladies," and the poor fellow is in much trouble,

☞Customer—I want a mourning suit. Shopman—What is the bereavement, may I ask? Customer—my mother-in-law. Shopman—Mr. Brown, show the gentleman to the light affliction department.

☞Red Cloud says, "The great father sends commissioners out here to tell the truth; but they all lie and steal; I don't understand it." The trouble with Red Cloud is that he isn't civilized.

☞Miss Nilsson has been ordered by her physician to a warmer climate; but Mr. Nilsson says if there is a warmer climate than he has been living in for some months back, he isn't aware of ti.

☞A boy who will yell like a Tartar if a drop of water gets on his shirt band when his neck is being washed, can crawl through a sewer after a ball and think nothing of it.

☞Japan will have six commissioners at the Philadelphia Centennial.

TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.—A good natured man says:—"It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can be to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who was constant and tender; and when a woman loves she always tries to please. The great men of this world have been wretched in their domestic relations while men and common men have been exceedingly happy.

The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves, those who desired the world's applause were careless of the little world at home, while those who had none of the egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own, and were happy in their tenderness. No woman will love a man the better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will only be prouder, not fonder; and if she loses him through his renown as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and the man who loves her well is her hero and her king. No less a hero to her though he is not one to any other, no less a king though his only kingdom is heart and home.

A MISTAKE.—A funny incident lately occurred in the gas office in Chicago. The wife of a member of the Illinois Senate entered to pay her bill, carrying her portmonnaie, as was her custom, in her right hand. Having occasion to write her signature, she changed her pocket-book to her left hand, then started to go out. Noticing that her right hand was empty, she missed her pocket-book, and turning to a rough looking individual who had been standing by meantime, exclaimed angrily:—

"I'll thank you for my pocket-book, sir."

Two or three of the book-keepers rushed out, expecting to see the man try to escape, but he stood still and calmly answered:

"I haven't it, ma'am."

"You certainly have; I laid it down a moment ago here, and you are the only person who could have taken it."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the stranger, "but I am no thief. I have not got your pocket book."

"I'll have you arrested and searched," cried the irate lady.

"As you please," responded the man.

And as the madam tried to open the door to call a policeman, she discovered her purse in her left hand. The stranger smilingly listened to a profuse and prolongod apology.

LOVING THROUGH DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.—They were married in the morning, and immediately stepped aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon ways, and created a goodly amount of quiet fun among the large number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and all for a few minutes were enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms, and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took in the situation in about a second, and a shout went up which nearly threw the train from the track, and brought the conductor to the scene on the double quick. "Pass it around," yelled a big man who was on his way east to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor; and as the newly-made husband settled back in his seat he was heard to say, "Sarah, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railroad company, anyway."—*Salina City (Cal.) Union.*

☞Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

☞An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady declared that she knew a rock of which he was ignorant. "Name it, madame," said he. "It's rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady.

FOREWARNING.—The census man will be on his rounds in a few days. Heads of families or households will be prepared to give all the required statistics, and also to respond to a few miscellaneous queries suited to the times, such as the following:—How do you spell census? How many s's and how many c's are there in it? and why?

Are you in favor of hanging Jesse Pomeroy, or otherwise? State how you would wish to have him disposed of.

Do you spell traveller with two l's or with one? and why?

State your views in full on the third term question, elaborating your arguments in support of them.

Has any member of your family had the *tic douloureux* or the *cerebro spinal meningitis* during the past year? (Answer in writing, as the inquiry has particular reference to the orthography of those words.)

Has any member of your family ever walked more than 117 miles in 23 hours, 59 minutes and 59 seconds? If so, state the name, sex, age, color, weight, occupation, personal habits, political bias, and denominational belief of such person.

Do you understand clearly the respective functions and duties of an enumerator and a denominator?

Do you firmly believe in "two boats a day" as a beneficent institution?

Are there any members of your family over one hundred years of age who are still able to chop wood, shoe a horse, and read the Beecher trial without spectacles?

How much stock do you propose to take in the Weeweeder Railroad? In this connection, state whether you spell the names of home localities on the authority of Obed Macy or of Dr. Ewer.

We have had no access to the printed forms to be used by the census taker, and it is possible that all these questions may not be asked, but we say it is well to be prepared for them.—*Nantucket Mirror.*

A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.—Let a man fail in business and what an effect it has on his former creditors. Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff perhaps meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas—the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or do this thing or the other. There are spies all about him; a writ is ready at his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop payment once in his life time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral seive. It brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute true friendship.

WANTED HELP.—A stranger came into Crosby's seed store on Monday. He was a wan-faced man, with a painfully perplexed expression.

"Can I do anything for you sir?" asked the polite Crosby, as he bustled up with a winning smile.

"Yes," said the man, "I want your help. You see I have got a bit of a garden this year, an' thought I'd plant it."

"And a very good thought it was," observed Mr. Crosby, glancing pleasantly from a row of polished spades to a pile of glittering rakes.

"An' so I dug it up," continued the stranger.

"Ah, I see," said Crosby, as his gaze left the rakes, and toyed expectantly with the seed boxes.

"An' then I planted it in a careful manner."

"Umph!" carelessly ejaculated Crosby.

"That was a week ago," exclaimed the stranger: "an' now what I want to know," he added, looking anxiously at the seed man, "is just this—will the comm' man keep hens?"

HERDS GRASS,
Cheap for CASH, at 46
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Pro Bono Publico.
A. A. CLEMENT
Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured
1000 TONS OF ICE,
which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.
For further particulars leave address at C. S. Adkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431 Main street. A. A. CLEMENT.
Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875. 47

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"
Will make the season for a limited number of Mares at
WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,
WOBURN, MASS.
For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.
Board for Horses
At all seasons of the year. 48

GEORGE H. CONN
INSURANCE
AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN St.,
WOBURN.
49

KNAPP & ADAMS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Rooms 21, 26 and 27 Barrister's Hall,
No. 7 Court Square, Boston. 50
O. S. KNAPP, Residence, Somerville. CHAS. D. ADAMS, Residence, Woburn.
Evening Office,—172 Main Street, 7 to 9 o'clock.

Pianos & Organs
TO RENT.
The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand
PIANOS and ORGANS
To Let on Reasonable Terms.
O. GREEN,
No. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN, 51 MASS.

Manhood, How Lost, How Restored
Just Published, a new edition of Dr CULVERWELL's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c; also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.
☞Price in a sealed envelope, only six cents.
This celebrated author, in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years successful practice, that the alarming consequences of Self-Abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps.
Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York
Post Office Box, 4586. 52

ONCE MORE
The attention of heads of families and the public generally is called to the large sale of Boots and Shoes now taking place at MANSFIELD'S old established Boot and Shoe Emporium, 14 Tremont Row. Having a large consignment of Boots and Shoes for Gent's, Ladies' and Children's wear, sent to them by the manufacturers to be sold for cash, the prices have been marked down 10 to 25 per cent. lower than the regular retail prices. These goods are not Shop-worn, but Fresh, Stylish and Warranted. The following are a few of the kinds offered in this sale:
FOR GENT'S WEAR. A full line of Calf Boots, made on different widths and fulnesses, and at prices from $3.50 to $9.00, consisting of Hand Sewed, Pegged, Cable Screw Wire and Machine Sewed. A large lot of Double Sole Calf Boots, left from the winter stock, will be sold at bargains. The stock of Congress Gaiters is the most extensive ever offered in this city, of all grades and styles, at prices from $2.00 to $7.50. One large lot fine Calf Congress Gaiters, sewed, at the low price of $4.50, which is $1.00 less than the retail price. Also Button Boots, Prince Alberts, French and Oxford Ties, in various styles and prices. In the stock of Gaiters and low cut Shoes is a full line of pointed toe style which is now so much adopted by the young men.
FOR THE LADIES, are French Kid Button Boots at from $4.25 to $6.00 per pair. Ladies' American Kid Button Boots at prices from $2.75 to $4.00 per pair. A large lot of Foxed Boots, buttoned and laced, comprising 13 different kinds, at prices from $1.75 to $4.00. Also, a full stock of Serge Button Boots, at prices which cannot fail to be satisfactory. A large lot of Serge Polish and Serge Congress Boots. One large lot of Serge Congress Gaiters, single-sole, hand-sewed, just the thing for house wear, which will be sold at $1.00 per pair. One lot of Button Shoes at $1.50 per pair, and a full line of Newport Ties and Slippers, among which are 1500 pairs of Kid Slippers, at $1 per pair. Also, a stock of Misses' and Child's Boots and Shoes which will be sold at the same rates.
All are invited to call in and see these goods, as it is seldom so good an opportunity is offered to buy good Boots and Shoes at such bargains.
MANSFIELD'S,
14 Tremont Row, Boston.

RED TOP,
54 Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.
Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the
BOOT AND SHOE
BUSINESS
—AT—
No. 209 MAIN STREET,
And will keep on hand a full line of
SERVICEABLE GOODS
to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as
CHEAP FOR CASH
as they can be bought for anywhere in town.
We are now prepared to make
LADIES
AMERICAN and FRENCH KID
Buskins and Slippers
TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.
MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS
also made to order, and
REPAIRING
promptly and neatly done.
We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of
BURKE & MUNDY
—AND—
TYLER & SON.
Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future. 55
C. W. NUTE & Co.,
209 Main street, Woburn.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 56
Meat and Vegetable Market.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 100

Dow's Green Mountain BEER
Nos. 41, 42 and 43 Washington Sq., BOSTON. 57

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

G. R. GAGE & Co.,
MERCHANT
TAILORS
And Dealers in
Gents' Furnishing Gods,
171 Main Street,
59 *Woburn.*

PHOTOGRAPHS
ALL SIZES, at 60 STROUT'S.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER
—AND— 70
Real Estate Broker,
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Lawn Grass,
61 Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

J. O. GOODWIN
Civil Engineer
—AND—
Surveyor.
Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for WATERWORKS, SEWERAGE & DRAINAGE, Streets surveyed and graded.
☞All work guaranteed to be accurate.☜
Office,—Richardson's Block, Winchester,
Office hours from 7 to 9 P. M., Tuesdays and Thurdays, and every day when not at work outside. All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to. 62

The Greatest
COMBINATION
Of the Age!
Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:
Style,
Grace,
Elegance
AND A GOOD FIT,
Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at
A. GRANT'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.
P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order. 63

The Middlesex County Journal
HAMMOND'S
CLOTHING
HOUSE,
161 Main Street,
WOBURN,
MASS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Spring and Summer Styles
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c
AT 64
J. W. HAMMOND'S.

Oil Carpets.
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 65
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
66 L. THOMPSON, Jr.

R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Cutler.)
Express and Job Wagon.
Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.
Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co's Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 67

Soles's Market.
E. O. Soles,
Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD ts.
where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.
E. O. SOLES, 68
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St. Soles' Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn P. O., will be promptly attended to. 69

Alice E. Bancroft
Would give notice to the Ladies that she will receive all orders for
HAIR WORK
AT MR. F. S. BURGESS' STORE,
No. 136 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
ALL KINDS
Ladies Hair Work done to order
SWITCHES
Made from Combings at 75 cents per ounce.
Woburn, April 16, 1875 53

CLOVER SEED,
Cheap for CASH, at 71
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, JR. 72

A. B. COFFIN
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
79 No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 73
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
WM. WOODBERRY'S,
74 Opposite Common, Woburn

James Buel & Co.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
STEAM ENGINES,
Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing,
and all kinds of Machine work.
130 MAIN STREET.
J. BUEL. 75 J. R. FLINT

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 76
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Chas. A Smith,
DRY GOODS.
77
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Uphoster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 78
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 213 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

S. W. TWOMBLY & SONS,
FLORISTS,
At the Seed Store of D. T. Curtis & Co.,
161 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON, - - 79 - MASS.

CHARLES BOUTWELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
Residence, Bedford St.,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
Sales of Personal and Real Estate promptly attended to. 80

DON'T YOU FORGET IT.
LARGEST
Variety of
New and Pretty
House Paper,
Borders & Corners,
EVER SEEN IN WOBURN,
ON FREE EXHIBITION
AND SELLING
At LESS than Boston Prices.
81 —AT—
WOBURN BOOKSTORE,
195 Main Street, - - Woburn.

REMOVAL.
B. R. HARMON, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
AND SURGEON,
PLEASANT ST., 2 doors West of Bennett St.
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
☞Particular attention paid to Surgery. 82

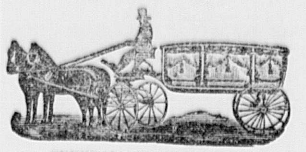
White Corn Flour,
White Corn Meal,
White Brf'k. Hominy,
White Coarse Hominy,
—AT— 83
ELLIS' RAILROAD STORE.

A Card.
On account of ill health, I have this day disposed of my entire stock and trade to
Mr. CHARLES E. COOPER.
I would most respectfully recommend him to all my former patrons and the public generally, as a reliable and responsible person to deal with.
I would also thank my patrons for their kind favors to me, and ask them to continue their patronage of the old store.
Woburn, Mar. 22, 1875. C. S. ADKINS. 84

W. N. GRAY,
(Successor to N. A. Hopkins,)
SOLE AGENT FOR THE
N. E. Felt and Gravel Roofing.
Wright Street, near Maple Street,
85 STONEHAM.

Vegetable Seeds,
ALL KINDS, 86
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

L. H. ALLEN,



FUNERAL AND FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
Railroad st., near corner of Main
WOBURN.
CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
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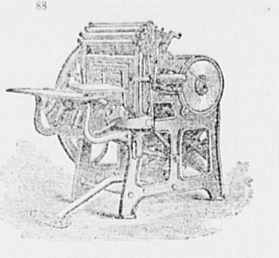

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VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875. NO 43.

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Poetry.

DON'T SHUT THE DOOR BETWEEN US, MOTHER.

"Don't shut the door between us, mother!
For night is gathering fast,
O, through the darkness and the gloom,
Stay with me to the last.
Don't shut the door between us, mother,
But let me gaze once more,
And bear the impress of your face
On to the shining shore."

"Stay, mother, stay! don't leave me, now!
Don't shut the door between!
I hear such strains as none have heard,
See sights as none have seen;
I see the angels, mother, now,
I hear their voices call,
Stay, stay, don't leave me mother, now,
The joyfulest hour of all."

"Don't shut the door between us, mother,
Heaven's gates are open wide,
And when I leave this mortal form,
I'd have you near my side;
And when I'm dead and laid to rest
Beneath the vernal green,
Dear mother think me ever near,—
Don't shut the door between."

"For I shall come again, mother,
And make my presence known;
'Tis but a step between, mother,
Your dwelling and my own.
No gates confine the spirit's flight,
They roam where e'er they will;
Don't shut the door between us, mother,
I would be near you still."

Selected.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Wasn't that a glorious sermon?"

So spoke Mr. Moses Draper, on a clear, cool Sabbath afternoon, as he emerged from the church with his wife leaning on his arm. And others beside Moses Draper had been deeply moved by the sermon. A new minister had preached—a man with large heart and noble impulses—a man who was not only up with the times, but who was able and willing to lead society onward and upward,—a man who not only had in his soul to feel, but who had the power of language to impress his feelings upon others.

"Wasn't it a glorious sermon?" repeated Mr. Draper, this time speaking to a friend who was passing.

"Grand!" was the response.

Aye,—it had been grand, for it had been an able, eloquent application of the Golden Rule to the affairs of every day life—a reproduction, with no change save that of language, of some of the simplest teachings of the Saviour.

"What do you think of it? Wasn't it the best thing you have heard this long time?" Mr. Draper spoke once more to his wife.

"Let us talk of it when we get home," she said.

Moses Draper gazed down upon his wife in astonishment. Was it possible that she could find fault with such a sermon? Would she dare to do such a thing as to criticise the speech of such a man as Rev. George Gordon? He did not believe it.

"Seth, what a good man he must be!"

Janet Twombly said this, as she and her husband walked away from the house of God. They were very poor and humble, and had sat in an extreme corner of the church, under the gallery, where the sexton had given them a seat free.

"What makes you think so?" returned Seth.

"Because a bad man couldn't have preached such a sermon as that."

Seth Twombly shook his head.

"Ah, Janet, we can't always tell what dwelleth in the heart by that which droppeth from the lips. Yet I am willing to confess the minister impressed me favorably. I think he is a good man. But how many were there in that church to-day who will go home and praise the sermon, and yet never feel one heart throb of new impulse to duty from its teachings? I tell you, Janet, I am almost tired of this church going, it opens to me so much hypocrisy; and were it not that the old sexton is our friend, and has really troubled himself to provide for us a seat, I think I would never go into that church again."

"But our children, Seth?"

"Yes, yes, Janet—you have me there! For their sake we ought to do something. But still I don't know. Before another Sabbaah we may not be here."

"How, Seth?"

"We may have no home in that time, Janet."

"Oh, Seth, you don't think so. Surely Mr. Draper will not turn you out from the house we have occupied so long. You tell him how sick our children have been. How weak you have been since you got hurt in the summer. No, no. Moses Draper is not heartless enough to do that."

"Ah, Janet, Moses Draper is much like other men. He wants to make the best use to himself that he can of his property. I am not only behindhand in my rent, but he has many offers for the house better than I have ever done. It's all up with us, I fear. I have received notice to quit."

"No, no, Seth. Mrs. Draper will help us. Think how tenderly I nursed her when she was sick. She will not see us suffer, if she can help it. She is good and kind."

"So she is, Janet. I think she is a true Christian woman; but we will not beg. If Mr. Draper chooses to put us forth, we will go."

The fire glowed cheerfully in the well filled grate, and Moses Draper seemed to feel particularly comfortable after he had removed his overcoat and drawn his large easy-chair up to the soft rug that was spread upon the hearth.

"Now, my little woman," he said, as his wife came in and took a seat near. "I should like to know what you thought of Mr. Gordon's sermon this afternoon?"

"Perhaps you would be disappointed if I should tell you," replied Mrs. Draper. She was delicate; but in her way she was strong."

Mr. Draper laughed.

"Upon my soul, Louisa, you are serious."

"I feel serious, Moses."

"Was it the sermon made you feel so?"

"The sermon gave me serious thoughts."

"Well, will you let me have some of them?"

"In the first place, Moses, I thought what a waste of eloquent language it was."

"What, Louisa! A waste? I don't understand you."

"I mean, my husband, that the preaching of such sermons as that to our society, is a melancholy waste of time and labor. And I measure the waste by the value of the thing thrown away. Mr. Gordon's sermon was a beautiful production in its way; and his subject was most forcibly illustrated and eloquently presented, but what good can such sermons do here?"

"Louisa!" called Mr. Draper, in utter astonishment.

"I mean what I say," continued the mild-faced woman. "The effect of such preaching can only be to make hypocrites."

"Louisa! Are you crazy?"

"Not at all, Moses."

"Why, bless my soul! I never heard such talk. No need of such preaching! No good from it! Make hypocrites! My dear woman, will you enlighten me?"

"I will if I can," replied Mrs. Draper. "First, you must tell me where the text was."

"I forget where it was, but not what it was. It was the Golden Rule: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them.'"

"And," pursued his wife, "do you remember how he applied it?"

"Why, how could he apply it? Of course there was but one way. He applied it to—to—our—our lives."

"But in what way? How did he apply it to our lives?"

Mr. Moses Draper did not hesitate because he had forgotten, but he hesitated because he was trying to find language in which to fit the idea so that there might be no rough edges against which to scratch himself.

"Don't be alarmed, Moses. It won't hurt you much."

"Won't hurt me! What won't hurt me?"

"The fall."

"What fall?"

"The fall from the summit of your admiration of that sermon down to the sober facts of your life."

"Well!—bless me!"

"Come, come, husband, you have not yet told me how the minister applied his subject, and I think I'll do it for you."

"Really, my perfection, I'd like to have you."

"Then listen: He applied the Golden Rule to all the departments of active life—to the social life, the moral life, and the business life. He would, in sort, have it underlie the whole social structure. Am I not right?"

"Yes Louisa. And now I'd like to ask you where was the humbug of that sort of preaching?"

"O, Moses, I did not say it was a humbug."

"Well, you said just the same, and now I want you to explain yourself."

"Very well, then here you have it: The grand lesson of that sermon will not live in the hearts of the hearers until Monday morning. The eloquence was fine and entertaining, like the music upon the organ, but no more."

"Shame, Louisa! O, I did not think you uncharitable. Why, I fancied that I possessed one of the most gentle, and forbearing and sypathetic little wives in the world."

"And how have I proved myself otherwise."

"Think of the sweeping assertion have just made."

"I do think of it, Moses, and I am willing to test its truth."

"How will you do that?"

"By commencing right here at home. What effect had the sermon upon you?"

"Upon me?"

"Yes."

"Really, Mrs. Pungent, I don't see what you're aiming at."

"I am aiming, my dear husband, to find out how much of the principal lesson of this afternoon's sermon, which you call grand, and will be remembered to-morrow, and in order to satisfy myself that I am right, I propose to make the first trial of yourself. Now let us see: You will get up to-morrow morning, and enter upon the business of the week. Among the first items that will be presented is the affair of the cottage in which Seth Twombly lives. What will you do with him?"

Mr. Draper was for a moment very uneasy, but he managed to compose himself, and then he answered, very gravely.

"That is a matter of business, you will remember, between Mr. Twombly and myself."

"Exactly, Moses. I understand it, and that is what I meant when I spoke of the waste of breath. He gave you the Golden Rule for your guidance in business, but you see it won't work."

"Don't be foolish, Louisa? What has the Golden Rule to do with such business as that? Seth Twombly is not only unable to pay his rent, but there are those who are ready and anxious to pay more than he has ever paid. John Smith will take the house to-morrow, and pay me ten dollars more per quarter, and I should be sure of my money, too. Am I to lose that?"

"I find no fault, Moses. I was not blaming you. I was only trying to prove that the minister made a mistake when he advanced the idea of squaring our business transactions by the Gold Rule."

"O, there's no use in your flinging out in that way. You mean to hit we: I see it. But what have I to do with Seth Twombly?"

"You know he has been unfortunate, Moses. You know he has had much sickness in his family, and that he has himself been sick; and then think how kind his wife was to me when I was sick."

"She nursed you, and I paid her for it," said Mr. Draper, rather abruptly.

"Yes—you paid her for the labor she did, and for the hours she sat by my side; but you did not pay her for the kindness, and love, and sympathy she brought me. You did not pay her for the gentleness with which she bore all her toil. Ah! Moses, those are commodities which do not enter into the catalogue of your business purchases."

"Well, I suppose Janet Twombly was kind to you, and I think you have been kind to her; but I don't exactly see the point you would urge.

She entered into business relations with you, and brought to the performance of her duties just the qualifications she possessed: and I think, when she had done her work, she wanted her pay. Was it not so?"

"Ah, I thought so!" Moses Draper said this very stoutly.

"But," suggested the wife, very quietly, "suppose I had been poor and unfortunate and unable to pay, do you imagine that Janet Twombly would have held back her kind hand when I again needed it?"

Mr. Draper did not answer so stoutly and emphatically this time:

"Perhaps she wouldn't: but what has that to do with it? In mercy's name, what claim has Twombly upon me?"

"Do you remember, Moses, the words of Christ which the minister quoted this afternoon—words which immediately follow the Golden Rule, and which are, in part, its explanation? I will repeat them: 'For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again."

"That is all very well," said Moses, when his wife had finished the quotation, and sat waiting for his response, "It is all very well, indeed; but—but—"

"But," interrupted Louisa, "it doesn't apply to your case. You cannot square your business by any such rule. When about to turn Seth Twombly from the house that has been his home for years, you cannot ask yourself how you would like to be treated if you were in his place."

"Oh, but my dear woman, you must remember that the application of that rule would run society into ruin—it would knock all matters of property into a cocked hat! Every man must have a thing because he wishes it. If a beggar wants my house and lands, I must give them up because I might want the same if I were a beggar."

"You are too fast Moses. You know the Golden Rule can bear no such construction. You know very well all the teachings of our Saviour are based upon common sense. You should do unto another what it should be right and proper for you to expect him to do unto you under like circumstances; that is what you would have a right to expect of him as true Christian friend and brother. Now Seth Twombly is poor and you are wealthy—"

"No, no, Louisa—"

"Yes, Moses, you are weathy; for you possess more than enough to support you through life, while Seth Twombly—"

"O, bother Seth Twombly! Let him go for to-night."

"But," added Mrs. Draper, rising from her seat, "you will admit that I was right in what I said about the melancholy waste of our minister's breath."

"Look here, Mrs. Preachwoman, I shall be hungry pretty soon, and I'd like to have you do for me what you'd expect me to do for you if you were a husband waiting for his supper, and I was your wife."

"My dear Moses," cried Mrs. Draper, "you shall not wait long. See how spry I can be."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, and then hurried away to the kitchen, where she superintended the preparing tea.

Nothing more was said on the subject of the sermon, but the evening passed pleasantly away; Mrs. Draper seemed to do all in her power to make amends for the liberty she had already taken in that direction.

On the following morning Moses Draper left his house in a thoughtful mood and walked slowly towards his office.

The air was frosty, but he did not seem to notice it. By and by he stopped directly upon the sidewalk and smote his hands together.

"By the life and body of me!" he ejaculated, "Louisa shall not win her case so easily. Bless her dear heart, I'll make her glad by proving her wrong!"

An hour after that Seth Twombly entered Mr. Draper's office. He held his hat in his hand, and stood with downcast look. Very simple salutations were passed, and then the poor man said:

"Well, Mr. Draper, I suppose I must leave your house."

"Have you another tenement engaged, Seth?"

"No, sir," replied Twombly, perceptibly surprised by the kindness of the landholder's tone.

"Would it be turning you from a home, to turn you from the cottage you now occupy?"

"Indeed it would, sir."

There had been a slight spice of defiance in the poor man's look and bearing at first, but it was all gone now.

"Of course you mean to do the best you can? You will pay me the rent when you are able—when you can do so without robbing yourself or your family of the other necessaries of life?"

"Yes sir—yes sir? Of course I will. God knows—"

"Never mind any more now, Seth. I am very busy, and a man is waiting for me in the other room. But you can go and tell Janet that my wife has been urging upon me a practical application of yesterday's sermon. I have given the subject careful consideration, and have come to the conclusion that if I were in your place, and you were in my place, I should think it your duty as a Christian brother, to bear with me. So, Seth, keep your home, and so long as you do the best you can, you need borrow no more trouble."

Mr. Draper arose as he spoke; but he could not prevent the poor man from grasping him by the hand nor had he the power to stay the God's blessing that was breathed upon him. He saw the big tears rolling down Seth Twombly's cheeks, and had a faint perception that his own sight was momentarily dim.

Later in the day, when the press of business was over, Moses Draper called to mind words of the Saviour in connection with the Golden Rule which his wife had not repeated on the previous evening; and after a a little thought he remembered them as they had been spoken; "Do good and lend, hoping for nothing in return, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be called the children of the Highest, for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

In the evening Moses drew his great easy chair once more toward the cheerful fire, and stretched his slippered feet upon the rug. A warm glow was upon his face, and a soft smile gathered around his mouth, and sent its genial light up into his eyes. His wife looked at him a few moments in silence. What could be the meaning of that happy, self satisfied expression? She knew that this had been the day for a final answer to Seth Twombly, and she knew that her husband was not the man to put off his business. There could be but one solution.

"Moses," she said, moving to his side and winding an arm around his neck; "I know I have made a woful mistake. It was all wrong that I told you yesterday."

"What do you mean Louisa?"

"Oh, you can't deceive me. You have been squaring your business by the Golden Rule."

"How do you know?"

"I can tell by the golden glow upon your face. I can tell by the holy joy that beams in your eyes. Am I right now?"

"Yes precious wife—you are right now; and perhaps you were very near right yesterday. But let that pass. I have met Seth Twombly, and I believe I have done by him as I should have wished him to do by me had our relative positions been reversed."

"O, how bright his home must be tonight!" cried Mrs. Draper, with moistening eyes.

"Aye," added Moses, with deep feeling as he drew his wife upon his knee, "and how much brighter is my own home from that simple act. Surely there is a blessing and joy in living that simple Golden Rule."

Recent Railroad Decisions.—The Springfield Republican condenses from a huge volume of railway decisions, some of those most interesting to passengers. Extra charges for failure to buy tickets are universally sustained by the courts, but there must be full opportunity to buy afforded by the ticket seller. Coupon tickets cannot be torn off by the passenger with a refusal to show the main ticket; the passenger for such evasion may be ejected. Passengers must show tickets when asked for. As to "stopping off," there is only one decision, that of New Jersey, which is that a passenger cannot "stop off" and resume his journey, without the previous assent of the company. As to the words "good for this trip or this day only," the decisions clash. Maine, which is the only state regulating the matter by law, makes by statute all tickets good for six years. The Massachusetts decision is that the the ticket has no validity after the expiration of the time specified. As to the obligation of the road to furnish a seat to a passenger, a Missouri decision says: "A passenger who exhibits his ticket need not surrender it until he has been furnished with a seat." A railroad is not liable for things stolen out of a passenger's seat, there being no previous delivery to the company's servants; for the same reason the company is not liable for baggage in the passenger's own care. Baggage includes a reasonable amount ot personal jewelry, and in Illinois one revolver, but not two revolvers. The kit of instruments of an army surgeon, traveling with troops, is baggage; so is the kit of a harness maker, according to a New York decision. Passengers who neglect to look after their baggage on arrival at their destination, cannot recover, if it is lost without fault of the carrier. Baggage left in station houses for the passenger's convenience, after it has reached its destination, comes under a new class of rights and duties, the baggage master assuming the position of a "gratuitous bailee," who only becomes liable in case of gross negligence. The obligation of the railroad as carrier ceases when it has delivered the baggage to its owner at the place of destination, or when he has had reasonable opportunity of receiving and removing it. Many states hold that the price of the ticket covers the transportation of a reasonable amount of baggage. It will interest sportsmen to know that they may recover for the value of dogs when they entrust them to baggage masters for hire because of their exclusion from the passenger cars.

☞ This is a rather good thing from a Portland paper: "Last Sunday evening Miss Annie Louise Cary attended service at State Street church. She went after service had commenced, and walked quietly into the choir, where she took a seat. When the second hymn was sung she assumed the soprano part—which ran quite low—in the quartette, and afterwards a part in the last hymn. Of course her glorious voice filled the church, as few, if any, voices ever filled it before. When the congregation was dispersing the general topic of conversation was the strong voice, everybody wondering whose it could have been. One lady asked another, who evidently prided herself on her musical taste, what she thought of the singer, and if she knew who it was. The party questioned responded, 'I think it is one of that—street choir. She has a pretty good voice, but it lacks cultivation sadly.' And now the prima donna contralto's friends are all asking her if she isn't going to try and supply that lack of cultivation on her forthcoming visit to Europe.

Too Deep for Him.—"What's de occasion of dat big smoke over dar?" inquired one colored man of another at the market yesterday.

"Fire, sar," was the answer.

"And what's de occasion of de fire?"

"Combustshun."

"And what's combustshun?"

"My friend," replied the other, crossing his legs, "dar's heaps of things in this woruld that no nigger ever knowed, or ever will know, an' we'll change de subject to gooseberries."

☞ A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."

A Mean Man's Joke.—He was an awfully mean man. He carried a $50 counterfeit bill, to make a show of it sometimes when fingering for a little change. His poor hard working wife had been begging him for a nice gold chain she in a shop window down town. One day he felt in a merry mood, gave her the counterfeit bill and told her to buy the chain. Then he left home laughing, and he came home feeling full of jokes. It appeared to be the happiest day of his life. He made a fool of the old woman. But the old woman wore that gold chain at the dinner table, and called the brute her "dear old darling." This put another face on the whole affair. It had ceased to be a joke on him. The jeweler called before dinner, handing him the base note, told him to "shell out" fifty dollars if he wished to escape annoyance. He shelled out and has never been able to see the point of his own joke. But the poor woman enjoyed it.

Inward Peace.—Many say they have no peace nor rest, but so many crosses and trials, afflictions and sorrows, that they know not how they shall ever get through them. Now he who in truth will perceive and take note, perceiveth clearly that true peace and rest lie not in outward things; for if it were so, the evil spirit also would have peace when things go according to his will, which is nowise the case. Therefore we must consider and see what is that peace which Christ left to His disciples when He said:—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Christ meant that inward peace which can break through all assaults and crosses of oppression, suffering misery, humiliation, and what more there may be of the like, so that a man may be gentle and patient therein; and what was bitter to him before shall become sweet, and his heart shall remain unmoved under all changes and at all times.

☞ Sse-ma-nieu, affected with sadness, said, "All men have brothers; I alone have none." Confucius answered, "Let the superior man watch with a serious attention over himself, and not cease so to act. Let him carry in his commerce with men a deference always dignified, regarding all men within the four seas (in the universe) as his brothers. In thus acting, why should the superior man afflict himself at having no brothers?"

☞ A sermon by a preacher habitually learned, metaphysical, obscure and long, being under discussion by a party of lawyers, one of them pronounced it a "godly sermon." "Why?" asked another. "Because, like the peace of God, it 'passeth all understanding.'" "Rather, I should say," added a third, "because, like his mercy, it 'endureth forever.'"

☞ At a circus, while the rope walker was going through his performance, a boy about twelve years old turned to an acquaintance of the same age and remarked: "Tom don't you wish you could do that?" "Yes, I do," sadly replied Tom, "but my folks make me go to school, and are determined that I shan't never be nobody."

☞ "Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand. "Because, madam, if I had looked I could not have passed."

☞ According to the Chicago *Post*, Tweed will go to Saturn when he dies, so that he can join one of the rings.

☞ In a Woodstock, Vt., office hangs a sign with the following inscription: "People are forbidden to spite to baker juc on flor."

☞ The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

☞ A close observer says the words which ladies are fondest of are the first and last words.

☞ He who expects a friend without faults will never find one.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.—The following teachers have been appointed:—

High—James I Hanson, Everett A Thompson, Vanie B Robinson, Caroline G Grammer.

Central Grammer—A R Linscott, master, Susan A Russell, grammar.

Cummings—Edward P Fitts, master, Carrie A Wheeler, Ada A Bancroft, Mina J Wendell, grammar, Abby E Dimmick and Mrs. L H Boyd, intermediate.

Lawrence—Lizzie P Ingalls, primary, Josie A Randall, sub-primary.

Highland—Ella A Fowle, sub-primary.

Main Street—Martha A Russell, sub-primary.

East Woburn—George E Kimball, grammar, Lilian Miller, intermediate.

Cedar Street—Ina V Austin, mixed.

Union Street—Jennie E Skinner, intermediate, Philena W Johnson, primary, Charlotte E Converse and Brazillia Taylor, sub-primaries.

Rumford—Mary E Briggs, intermediate, Ella F Phillips, primary, Lucy G Danforth, sub-primary, Amanda Sevrens, assistant in Grammar School.

Cummingsville—Mary E Hevey, intermediate, Emily S Ward, primary.

Plympton Schools—P B Cathelle, intermediate, Sabra J Jaquith, training school, Helen E Brigham, intermediate.

Cambridge Street—Julia H Lincoln, mixed.

Pleasant Street—Marietta H Bowers, primary.

Several vacancies are yet to be filled.

BOY LOST.—On Wednesday morning Thos. Murphy, aged 7 years, left home to pick berries on Stone's Pasture, No. Winchester, and has not since been heard from. He was dressed in a grey suit, cannot talk very plain, and has a scar on his forehead. Any person knowing anything of his whereabouts will please communicate to Peter McGoff, Highland St Woburn. The boy was last seen about four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, going into Stone's Woods, and it is feared that he became bewildered and was unable to find his way out. There ought to be a combined effort made to at least settle the question whether or not he is in the woods.

Friday, 11 A M.—At half past nine this morning, Chief of Police Mann, in conference with Chief Engineer Brown, ordered an alarm to be blown from Dist. 5. In response to this a large party assembled at the Highland Hose House, and started on a search for the lost boy. The lad is a nephew of Peter McGoff, who with a boy named Mehan led the party to the woods above the Winchester reservoir in Turkey Swamp. Here a line was formed, deploying across the swamp, and they are now engaged in scouring the woods.

SAVINGS BANK.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Association was held at their rooms last Friday evening. The Treasurer's report was as follows: Capital, July 1, 1875, $489,150 58, an increase in six months of $28,610 19. Received during the past year, $55,789.02. Interest due July 1st, $13,321.34. Invested in bank stock, $185,344.25; loaned on bank stock, $350.56; on mortgages, $232,646.16; loaned on personal securities, $56,190; invested in government stock, $3,000; cash on hand, $11,619.61. The following officers were elected: President, Stephen Dow; Vice Presidents, James Tweed and Thomas Richardson; Trustees, Stephen Nichols, A. E. Thompson, G. R. Gage, William T. Grammer, William Winn, John D. Tidd, Nathan Wyman, M. F. Winn, P. L. Converse, Samuel Cook, J. Dexter Taylor, A. A. Dow; Investing Committee, Stephen Dow, Stephen Nichols, A. E. Thompson, J. D. Tidd, J. Dexter Taylor; Auditors, A. E. Thompson and John D. Tidd; Secretary, James N. Dow.

A NEW SUSPENDER.—Grant has at his store 169 Main St., a new style of suspender, called the Mohawk Patent Helical Suspender. The elasticity is furnished by spiral springs covered with webbing, and they seem to be a very nice article. It is claimed that they are the best and easiest suspender ever manufactured or sold in the world, having more elasticity than any elastic webbing suspender ever made. The elasticity is where the suspender is attached to the pants, thus leaving no draw or strain upon the shoulder. The suspender holds its elasicity until entirely worn out, there being not a particle of rubber in the same. Call and examine them.

S. OF T.—D G W P, S C Small, of Winchester, installed the officers of Mishawum Division, on Thursday evening. On the 21st the Grand Division meets in Woburn, and on that evening a public meeting will be held in Lyceum Hall, which will be addressed by some of the best speakers of the order in this country and Great Britian. D G W P Dorr, assisted by D G W C Stewart, installed the officers of Rumford Division, Thursday evening. The officers were slightly changed from our last week's list, Martha Carter being installed W P, and Lucy G Danforth, A R S.

CAMBRIDGE ST.—The county commissioners were in town on Thursday for the purpose of viewing Cambridge street, the widening of which has been petitioned for by John Cummings and others. It is proposed to widen it to 50 feet to correspond with the corresponding street in Winchester.

☞ Mr. William Bradley is building a two-story house 28x18 on Conn street.

OUR NATIONAL BIRTHDAY.

Soon after midnight of Sunday the irrepressible boy began to notify the citizens that Independence day had come. The first ray of the sun was the signal for the bells to ring out a glorious peal, and at a very early hour all Woburn was astir to see the sights which for thirteen years have been strange to her eyes. There was no public celebration, that is, no celebration at the general public expense, but several citizens had passed round the hat, and raised about $200, which paid the expense of the affair. A few days before the fifth it occurred to some one to have an antique and horrible parade, and the idea at once becoming popular, a grand turnout was the result.

At half past five the line was formed, and commenced winding its devious way through our streets. The pageant was gorgeous, numerous, various, hideous, and at times tremendous. There were some excellent caricatures, broad burlesques, gay costumes, and some not worth looking at, but most of the maskers had taken pains with their suits, and we have never seen one of these shows where the majority was so good. The police which cleared the way for the procession was a formidable body, capable of contending with anything. The commander of the battalion was attired in a fantastic manner, and armed with a sword of huge dimensions. The band was as various as could be desired. Near them marched a patriotic Dutchman who occasionally blew a call on an immense horn. A red devil with a three tined fork, controlled Co. A. Rip Van Winkle and the Fat Boy, the Wild Man of Borneo, Indians, clowns, and females swelled the throng. A black devil, carrying a banner, with attendant imps, was noticable, and Flora McFlimsey with the banner of Co. C., attracted general attention, by the creditable manner in which the part was taken. There were several extravagant burlesques of women, and babies came in for their share. One of the captains carried a sanguinary sword about five feet long. The teams were as good as any part of the show. Free love and Beecher-Tilton were not forgotten; the gun episode at Bethesda Laundry was represented Aurora with a pistol defending her box of muskets; four Chinamen in a wagon kept up a horrid discord with Chinese fiddles; Echo Glen Farm was drawn on for large quantities of milk which were served to a colored baby by other Africans with a force pump; the way they go down to marsh for hay was illustrated; the water cart was counterfeited but all were warned to "Post no Bills"; two industrious barbers shaved a long-suffering customer all the morning; the American rifle team was represented; a cart with the body under the axle, represented the recent political overturn. After passing over the route, the battalion was deployed on Main street near the Central House, and the judges who were to give prizes to the two worst looking subjects passed along the line on a tour of inspection. The judges were Col. Grammer, Capt. Wyer, and T. M. Parker. After the inspection, the troops wheeled into line, and marched to the band stand, where Col. Grammer announced that the judges had decided to give the prizes to the two who had best sustained their characterg, and named the Red Devil (Albert P. Barrett), and Flora McFlimsey (Master W. F. Bosworth), as their choice. These two then advanced to the stand and received $5 and $3 respectively.

The next thing in order was the oration. Mr. William B. Harris, president of the day, in a short address introduced the orator of the day, Gen. Jim Fenton, whom he said was 140 years old. The General wore a wig and false nose, but they did not so much change his appearance but that he was readily recognized as a party who had frequently harrangued the citizens from the Town House steps, and the Common fence, during the last century, before the laws against vagrancy were so strict. The address was mainly historical and biographical, spiced with thanks to benevolent individuals who had donated to him welcome articles of diet. It abounded in local hits which were well taken, and the General scored another triumph. With the single exception of Daniel Pratt, there is probably not another man in the country, who by his previous training and natural taste, could so ably fill the position assigned to the orator last Monday, and we congratulate the committee on making so happy a choice.

A portion of the army here dispersed, and some took breakfast in Allen's Block, where a generous collation had been provided. At 9 o'clock the banks of Horn Pond were lined with people to witness the aquatic sports. The first race was for two-oared boats, and three appeared, each with a coxswain. The entries were the "Dora," Fred and Horace Brown; Albert Munroe and W. G. Miller; "Nautilus," Charles H. Bowers and H. S. Dickinson. The race was closely contested by the Dora and Nautilus, and but for a bad "crab" by Bowers just at the finish, the latter might have had first place. The following is the summary:

HORN POND REGATTA, JULY 5, 1875.—First race. Whitehall boats, distance two miles. First prize, $3; second, $2.

Dora; Brown Brothers,	12:53½
Nautilus; Bowers & Dickinson,	
Nameless; Miller & Munroe,	dis.

The second race was for single sculls and a four-oared gig, the latter being admitted by mutual consent. There were three entries, the ———, pulled by Tracy W. Nichols, the ———, pulled by W. G. Miller, and the "Dreadnaught," owned by M. Mehan, manned by Patrick Shary, John Connolly, Frank and John Thornton, and Joseph Galvin. The crew was green, and it was thought the chances of their winning were small. The course was down the pond to the ice houses where the stake boat was placed, around the boat and return. The boats went off well, and the spectators were sure that Nichols had it, until near the stake boat. The Dreadnaught went round first, but Nichols clung to them well up the course, but surrendered opposite Hudson's and came in slow.

SECOND RACE.—Distance two miles. First prize, $3; second $2.

Dreadnaught, Mehan crew,	9:45
T. W. Nichols,	10:15
W. G. Miller,	dis.

The third race was for tubs and there were seven entries. J. M. Randall, P. L. Richardson, Edward F. Johnson, L. A. Sweetser, C. A. Wood, Edward Pinkham, Charles Lincoln. The conditions were to paddle the tubs across the cove, turn the stake boat, and return to land. If any one upset, he was to return to starting point and try again. The efforts of the navigators to start their crafts, and to keep them afloat, were quite amusing. Sweetser went round the boat first, but swamped soon after, and had to try it over. Richardson, who represented the *Journal*, went safely over the course, and came in ahead of all competitors. He then started a second time, and nearly overtook Wood, who was awarded the second money.

TUB RACE.—For Washing tubs. Distance 100 feet. Prizes $3 to first, $2 to second.

Blue Swan, P. L. Richardson,	1
Heron, C. A. Wood,	2

While the races were proceeding a boy slid off the boat house where the judges were located, and fell on Mr. Warren Fox knocking him into the water, but aside from a wetting he was uninjured.

The crowd then drifted up the Hill to the Wyoming Base Ball Grounds, where a small space had been roped off for the field sports. The first of these was the Potatoe race, in which nine potatoes having been placed two paces apart, the contestants were to pick them up separately and return them to the baskets. There were six entries:—B. F. Gleason, Michael Martin, Arthur Pierce, John Laighton, D. Sullivan, M. Driscoll. The race was run in two sections, there being only room for three to run at a time. The following is the summary:—

POTATOE RACE.—Nine potatoes to be gathered. $2 first prize; $1 second.

J. Leighton,	50 sec.
D. Sullivan,	55 "
M. Driscoll,	58 "
M. Martin,	1 min. 00 "
B. F. Gleason,	1 " 05 "
Arthur Pierce,	1 " 10 "

The next act in the play was a doughnut match, it being required to catch with the mouth and swallow, a doughnut suspended from a line stretched across the enclosure. There were ten entries, and the first to secure his doughnut was James Feeney, and his attempts to bolt it were very amusing. He finally succeeded, however, and took the first prize, $2, Dennis Sullivan taking the second. The other devourers were Arthur Pierce, Timothy O'Brien, John O'Brien, M Martin, J. Kerrigan, Daniel Hurley, B. F. Gleason, John O'Brien, 2d.

The sack race was the next recreation and eight boys entered the sacks as follows:—B. F. Gleason, J. A. Lamkin, M. Martin, George H. Dickson, A. Pierce, S. H. Bradley, William G. Cameron, D Sullivan. Nearly all fell down, and rolled over the others, but Cameron appeared first at the line, and took the $2, and Sullivan came in next and took the $1.

A three legged race followed, by J. Crosby and D. Sullivan, D. Hurley and C. Lynch, J. Kerrigan and J. O'Brien, M. Martin and J. Leighton. The latter were mismated, as Martin could not keep up with his companion, and finally falling was dragged to the line by Leighton by the leg. The first prize, $2, was awarded to Crosby and Sullivan, and the second to Kerrigan and O'Brien.

Another sack race was then run for $1. and for 50 cents, by J. Kerrigan, M Durant, J. O'Brien, C. Lynch, J. Bedee, M. Martin, D. McLaughlin, D. Hurley. O'Brien came in first, and Kerrigan and Martin tied for the second. Given their choice to run it over or divide the prize, they chose the latter.

This closed the sports on the hill, and for the day, as late in the afternoon a thunder shower caused the postponement of the fireworks. The celebration was a very happy one, and had the effect to keep at home a large majority of our citizens, and we are informed that there was less travel on the railroad than on ordinary days. The Mishawum Club did themselves great credit, and if they can at such short notice get up so good a celebration, and so cheaply, what may not the town do next year. We hope the lesson will be improved, and means taken to have a good celebration which will satisfy the people for remaining at home.

ACCIDENTS.—While observing the sports on the Base Ball Grounds, Monday standing in an open buggy. Mrs. Dr. Chase, and two Misses Stearns were thrown to the ground by the sudden starting of the horse. No bones were broken, but they all sustained heavy bruises.

While celebrating on Monday with a log for ani mprovised cannon Mr. Zezas M. Gilman was injured by the premature discharge of his log. Considerable powder was blown into his eyes and face.

A young man named Foster in the employ of R. P. Crosby had one hand badly jammed between his milk wagon and a tree, on Wednesday.

On Tuesday Mrs. Col. Hayes fell down stairs, and was considerably bruised about the head.

Last Friday, a son of S. W. Russell put his shoulder out of joint by a fall from a tree.

EXCURSION.—The Boston Young Men's Christian Association came out to Horn Pond on Monday for a picnic. There were about 300 in the party and they located on the Pierce land near the Cove. Rowing on the Pond, crquoet, football, baseball, and other games made up the time. Most of the party brought their own refreshments, and the others were supplied by a caterer. The day's exercises were enlivened by a match at baseball between the Green Stockings and the Yellow Rose clubs. A foot race was hotly contested by Messrs. Andrews, Chalmers and Moore, Mr. Andrews came in first, Mr. Moore second. It was announced that a salt water excursion would be arranged to take place two or three weeks hence.

FIREWORKS.—The fireworks which were intended for Monday evening, on account of the rain on Monday and Tuesday, were set off on Wednesday. Nearly the whole population of the town turned out to witness the display, and the sea of faces in Chestnut, Bedford and Main streets, and the portion of the field assigned to the public was an unusual sight for Woburn. The fireworks consisted of rockets, candles, mines, mortars, wheels and a set piece representing two flags surmounted by a shield, all of which were successfully fired. The North Woburn Band were present, and added much to the pleasure of the evening by their excellent music.

FIRE ALARM.—About two o'clock Sunday morning Moseley's whistle called out the Woburn Fire Department. They were stopped at Richardson street and sent home. The fire was in Moseley's yard, and is referred to in the Winchester items.

THE BETHESDA LAUNDRY.

Last Friday afternoon we visited the Bethesda Laundry. We found on arriving in the neighborhood of the laundry a reserve force with an express wagon, who stated that an officer from the State Arsenal, with the Chief of Police, had gone to the laundry to recover those guns, and the reserve was to await the discharge of a piece which would be the signal to come up. Pushing on to the building, with one of the reserve, we entered the open door without difficulty, and found the two officers engaged in a parley with a woman. She stated that Mrs. Phelps was out of town, that the guns were locked in Aurora's room, and she could not get at them, and even had she a key she would not open it in Mrs Phelps's absence. The Arsenal man explained his business, and its imperative nature, he having a requisition from A. A. G. Isaac F. Kingsbury to Mrs. Phelps to give up the guns, and he must not return without them. Finally the door was opened by the officers and we were ushered into a plain unplastered apartment, containing a bed and table, with bedding, wearing apparel, boxes, and other articles scattered about, and a general air of untidiness prevailing. Some pictures were on the walls, and a few books and reports were seen, and against the wall were four loaded muskets. On the table was a box of slugs, from which the guns had been charged in addition to the balls they carried. The guns were immediately discharged out of the window and the reserve came up. The ordnance man found his guns all right, and forty-two out of the fifty cartridges, and at once boxed them up for transportation to Framingham. The woman was not alone in the house, for we saw two children, and before our departure a man appeared who said he had loaded the guns and practiced with them at a target in the yard. We had anticipated trouble but no difficulty was experienced, and the identical expressman who figured in the scene with Mrs. Phelps carried away the guns. It might have been different if Mrs. Phelps had been at home, however. The "Laundry" is not a very inviting place, never having been finished, and apparently never having been cleaned up. At the northeast doorway we observed the marks of one of the fires of which Mrs. Phelps complains. It evidently had a good start, but was discovered in season. On the west side of the building is a projection like an elevator tower, and in the angle formed by this with the building another fire was started. The place, though new, is not inviting, and few would care to invest much there as at present situated. A *Herald* reporter interviewed Mrs. Phelps last week, and reports her as saying in regard to her land:

> "It was purchased of a man named John Nelson, residing in this town, who gave me an unsatisfactory bond, which I refused to accept. I had hard work to obtain an agreement that did not contain some unsatisfactory claise, but I finally secured it. He still withholds the deed of the place from me, but after what has happened I shall take immediate steps to force it from him. Many of the prominent citizens here were highly offended because I did not surrender the place into the hands of a board of trustees, who might rob me of it at their option, and when I proposed to bring a number of poor Irish children out of the impure air of the crowded metropolis to breathe the sweet, untainted atmosphere of the country, popular indignation assumed voice against me. The citizens said they would be damned if they would have a colony of Irish brats in their midst, and that they would burn the place down before they would endure it."

Mrs. Phelps must be laboring under an hallucination, to say the least, when she makes such utterances as the above. She also claims to have been poisoned. Mr. Nelson says that Mrs. Phelps has paid but about four hundred dollars for the land for which she agreed to pay $5,200. The workmen who put up the laundry have not as yet received their pay. When she started her enterprise, the public sympathy was aroused, and the raising of the buiding partook somewhat of the nature of a public affair. And to day Mrs. Phelps will find no one to molest her in any legitimate undertaking. The public is not concerned in her troubles with Mr. Nelson or her buiders, but they are concerned in threats to take the lives of citizens, for in her sanguinary moods she might shoot persons in no way involved in her affairs. We understand that on her return after the capture of the guns she came over to town and demanded protection of the Selectmen. At her request two policemen escorted her home. We wish she might get out of her difficulties, and establish a new industry in Woburn, but there are certain principles involved in the conduct of business, which no one can lose sight of and hope to succeed.

SONS OF INDUSTRY.—The following officers have been chosen by Rumford Council No. 132, Sovereigns of Industry:—

President,—J. K. Murdock
V. P.—G. H. Woodside
Secretary,—W. C. C. Colegate
Treasurer,—R. F. Ellis
Lecturer,—H. E. Chamberlain
Steward,—G. H. Ayer
A. Steward,—M. M. Shaw
I. Guard,—P. L. Eaton
O. G,—D. Weldon

POLICE COURT.—July 1st, Daniel Doherty, single drunk, fined $3 and costs. July 6th, Neal McLaughlin, single drunk fined $3 and costs; James Nash, single drunk, $3 and costs; Patrick Carroll, single drunk, fined $3 and costs; Patrick Gibbons, of Winchester, single drunk, fined $5 and costs; John McConlogue, single drunk, fined $3 and costs; Joseph Hoban, single drunk, fined $3 and costs July 7th, Mary Maloney, liquor selling, discharged.

RUNAWAY.—A horse belonging to W. W. Bartlett tied on Bedford street Wednesday evening was frightened at the first discharge of rockets, broke away and ran up the street. He was secured without his having done any damage, although the street was full of people on foot and in carriages.

DOG KILLED.—Tuesday noon a dog was run over by the horse cars, having a leg broken. It was decided to shoot him, and he was chased and fired at through the street, into stores, and into the stable, and was finally dispatched after receiving a large number of shots.

BAPTISM.—There were seven children baptised at the First Congregational Church last Sunday.

ABOVE PAR.—The Water Bonds are now in demand at 102. How is that for high?

New Publications.

Harper for August.—is out early. It abounds in poetry, the best of which, of course, is Longfellows, which was read at the anniversary of the class of '25 at Bowdoin College. Joaquin Miller contributes "Sunrise in Venice," and Joseph Cook a long poem on "Ticonderoga and Montcalm." Moosehead Lake as a summer camping ground is finely written up and well illustrated. New Mexico, the Stone Age, and Caricatures of Women are very readable. There are two good short stories, and well sustained editorial departments. Horton sells it.

Agriculturist.—The July number is here, with a yoke of mild-eyed oxen lunching in the field, for a frontispiece. It is full of entertaining and instructive matter, among which is an interesting article on the culture and preparation of coffee.

LITERARY NEWS.—Mrs. C. A. Warfield, author of "The Household of Bouverie," has completed a new novel, entitled "A Double Wedding: or, How She Was Won," which will be published by T, B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, on the 14th of July. She has also made an arrangement with this house, whereby they have become the future publishers of all her works, and they will issue at once a New "Author's" Edition of all her books, in uniform style with her new work, "A Double Wedding; or, How She Was Won." Each book will be complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, price $1 75, and the first one to be published of the new edition will be her celebrated work, "The Household of Bouverie."

Burlington.

BASE BALL.—The Sweepstakes of this place defeated the Rough & Ready's at Billerica, Saturday. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Sweepstakes,	6	12	3	10	13	12	4	1	5	—66
Rough & Ready's,	2	0	0	2	1	2	4	1	4	—16

H.

Winchester.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The closing exercies of the High School, C. L. Harrington principal, took place on Friday afternoon of last week, and was a season of very special interest to the graduating class and their friends. The exercises were held in the large room of the High School Buildiug, this was very tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and flowers, while on the boards were drawings by pupils of the second class in which much of skill was exhibited.

The graduating class numbered fourteen young ladies, the largest class which has ever graduated from this school. Their names are as follows:—Fannie Ayer, Nellie M. Cutting, Hattie F. Gibbs, Kate G. Lamson, Margaret E. Moynihan, Martha P. Richardson, Jennie R. Stone, Laura I. Carleton, Abbie M. Dunham, Julia A. Caler, Emilie C. Locke, Clara P. Norman, Hattie F. Ripley, Annie E. Symmes. The essays and recitations of the young ladies were well received and they may be well satisfied with their last public effort in this school.

At the close, Dr. Gardener, chairman of School Committee briefly addressed the graduating class congratulating them on their having completed the three years course of study. The Dr. expressed himself as favoring a more liberal culture for the young women of our land, and would gladly see each member of the present class entering upon a collegiate course. Then came the presentation of diplomas; after which prayer by Rev. Mr. Barnes. After the prayer Mr. Harrington requested the audience to remain seated a moment longer. At once Master Symmes, of the 2d year class, came forward and persented to Miss Barry, 1st assistant teacher, a very handsome Russia leather travelling bag, as a gift from the school. Miss Barry is expecting to go to Germany in a short time to pursue a course of study in German and music.

INDEPENDENCE—The fourth (or fifth) was celebrated in a quiet but very impressive way; the most noticable events being the attempts by the boys to ring the church bells, which were partially successful, notwithstanding the precautions taken of having the sextons at the churches, hoisting the flag on the staff on the common, ringing of the bells at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and sundry salutes by the "Winchester Infantile Battery," none of which drew very hard on the town treasury or private funds, which probably made it all the more agreeable to many, who have heretofore re-echoed each reverbation of the cannon with a miserly groan, but "every one has his own pleasures," and let us hope they have had theirs.

S. OF T.—The following officers have been elected in the Division of Sons of Temperance:—

W P—Robert Loughead
W A—B A Sawtelle
R S—Frank West
A R S—Carrie West
Chaplain—D S Coles
Cond—Frank Weeks
Asst Conn—Lottie Mason
I S S—Annie McKay
O S S—Joseph Loughead
Treas—A Cutting
F S—Henry W Plummer

INCENDIARY FIRE.—At about 2 o'clock Sunday morning, fire was discovered in the drying house connected with the tannery of Alex. Mosely. The watchman was on the alert, and with a Babcock Portable Extinguisher kept the flames at bay till the arrival of the department, when they were promptly extinguished. The fire was the work of an incendiary. It was discovered at the end of a pile of boards, near the door, where there was no chance for spontaneous combustion.

ACCIDENT.—Friday morning as the 8:15 express train from Boston, was approaching the depot, the noise of the steam brake frightened a horse belonging to Mr. McIntire, of Stoneham, and being blind he ran towards the track, breaking down the railing, and falling on the down track, on which another express train was coming, which was stopped in season to rescue the animal before he was run over.

TRAMPS.—If any one should see one or more men at work on the common, or around the lockup, let them not think they belong to the town gang who work on the highway and are not earning their wages, as the Selectmen have made arrangements to set tramps at work to pay their night's lodgings and breakfast, and who can blame them if they don't start the perspiration very freely.

FISHING.—Some of the young men have been blue fishing and had great luck. They say they caught the biggest blue fish yet taken in the harbor, all were sick but one, and all had a good time. The Winchester voyage this year will start from Marblehead, and go out until all have been sick, then fish until they have caught a load, and return. A great time is expected.

PICNIC—The Unitarian Sunday School held their annual picnic at Maolis Gardens, Nahant, last Thursday. A part of the company went in the barges "Queen of Winchester," "Commonwealth," and "Stoneham Belle," while some preferred the cars and steamboat. The party numbered over a hundred, and every one said they had a good time.

MISSED IT.—One of the police, having a woman in charge to be committed to jail was very much disappointed Tuesday evening that the cars moved off just as he was to take the train, He could only find utterance for his feelings in the song "Thou wert so near, and yet so far."

POLICE.—Sunday evening Policeman Taylor and Lyons arrested an intoxicated man name Barney Fitzgibbons of Stoneham, on the Railroad, near the "Plains." The man resisted and the police had to use considerable force, which has led to considerable talk.

SCHOOL HOUSE.—Mr. J. C. Whitcher, who has the contract to build the new school house on the "plains," is pushing it along rapidly and already has it raised and boarded in.

CAUGHT.—Sunday night about twelve o'clock Mr. Lowe the sexton of the Baptist Church caught four boys in the act of entering through a window they had broken. They were let off easy.

PICNIC.—The Unitarian Sunday School in the "Queen of Winchester" "Stoneham Belle" and "Commonwealth" went to Nahant last Thursday.

FIRE.—The fire Tuesday evening was seen in town, but the Department believing it to be outside the limits did not start. It proved to be in Arlington.

☞ C. O. Billings, Esq., has left town for a short recreation, around Umbagog Lake and Diamond River, New Hampshire.

☞ Read Mrs. Holden's notice in another column.

Bedford.

MY STAY AT PLYMOUTH.

While there are many buildings and places of note here that are well worth visiting with the same interest that we would arouse for the display of public spirit in any New England town, those that bear the impress of that Pilgrim Band have preference with the tourist. The corner stone of a national monument to the memory of the Pilgrims, was laid some years before the civil war. It was then proposed to erect a monument with entrance and stairway, similar to that at Bunker Hill; but, because of the reverses in the Nation's fortune, the plans were so changed that it is to be a solid structure, very much smaller than when first started, is of granite, and occupies a prominent position back from the village, from which there is a most commanding view of the surrounding country and the Bay as it reaches out its arms to grasp "Old Ocean." From this eminence can be seen, by night, the warning lights of Garnet, Highland and Sandy-neck, and by the clear atmosphere of day many of the sandy bars that are scattered up and down the coast. These are attractive to summer visitors, while the lazily undulating motion of the swell rolls gently over them, but have become a terror to thousands of mariners when the gentle waves have been dashed into fury by the anger of the storm. A few moments drive from the busy village will take you back to the broad expanse of woodland, of which there are 40,000 acres, which is almost as much of a wilderness as when the hunting ground of Samoset, Squanto, Massasoit and Quadequena, who entered into a formal treaty of peace with the Pilgrims, April 1621, which remained unbroken for more than a half century. In and about this woody tract are three thousand acres covered with fresh water, but not all in one body, for you can commence the year by visiting one each day and will not have compled the round until December draws to a close. These ponds vary in size, but vie with each other in their placid beauty. As we pass through woody lanes we halt now and then on an eminence to view the basin at its top, and gaze upon the lovely lake at its foot, in which are mirrored its woody sides with all their verdant beauty. A meal of fish for morrow's dinner may be gathered from almost any pond that you visit, providing your inducements are satisfactory to the finny tribe below. The waters of two of the ponds are utilized by the town in furnishing it a copious supply of nature's beverage. The fresh waters of Bellington's sea are connected with the salt of ocean by Town Brook, which, with two other small streams, furnish the motive power of the town. There is a small postal village at the mouth of Eel River called "Chiltonville," where some manufacturing is carried on, but the principal settlement is divided by Town Brook, whose plentiful supply of fresh water, no doubt, induced the "fathers" to commence their labor here.

Some of the added attractions of later days, are the Court House with a beautiful green about it, a handsome soldier's monument, an extensive boot and shoe manufactory, Old Colony depot, two fine public houses, the Lamont and Old Colony, and about a dozen churches. We attended worship on the site of the old church first presided over by Elder William Brewster. It was here that Robert Cushman preached the first sermon ever printed in America, December 12, 1621

Here was first established the public school system of New England, and the town now boasts of 29 well regulated schools, one of which is the High School. The Superintendent is also principal of the High School. Here we found scholars allowed to go in and out and communicate with one another when they pleased, yet quiet and order were maintained, and a spirit of love and harmony prevailing. Here are many other places of interest, but trusting your readers will search for themselves, I will gratify the longing of my heart by visiting the home of him who was New England's pride. We pass through Duxbury, where America shakes hands with France by the electric signal, and on over the sandy roads of Marshfield. In imagination we hear the sweet notes of song from the home of Adelaide Phillips, and draw near the beautiful residence of Webster, with its lovely avenues and graceful shades, by the ponds from which the statesman, with his friends, took the nimble fish, through the orchards nursed by his care, we pass to the resting place of the family. The voice is hushed, the step is quiet, for here the mighty of America sleep the long sleep of death.

ABRAM.

(Written for the Journal.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

It has been said of the human eye, after a long and tedious process, it is enabled to see objects quite distinctly in comparative darkness, and more; the process may be continued until, in no other condition, can it be of any service to its owner.

To charge such of an inability to see in the light would be folly. The law he has transgressed so gradually has not revealed its penalties, because ignorance forbids. The same truth holds goods in relation to the faculties of the mind. They all may be trained to serve in a low moral condition, flattered with a delusive hope they are doing God a service.

From this actual condition of society I wish to consider the subject, the present mode of punishment. There are many objections to the death penalty.

First,—Society has no God given right to inflict the death penalty for crime, until it shall have proved every other remedy for its prevention. To no extent has this been the case. But a few only have dared to charge society with the enormity of its crimes; their protests have been trampled in the dust by the populace howling for human blood.

Every means seems to have been exhausted to punish but not to prevent. The effects of crime rather than the causes it considers. The world is full of quacks prescribing for symptoms rather than specific understood diseases, and death is the inevitable result. The world has had its prophets, its martyrs, and and also would-have-been Saviours, but, alas! their views were conceived in a higher morality, consequently they were either stoned, burnt, or stretched upon a cross.

After eighteen hundred and fifty years of discussion upon the golden rule to the mass of mankind it has no significance; it is dead in its spirit and letter.

Retaliation has usurped its place and written its decrees upon the statutes of our nation. The croaking gibbet stands as a proof of this fact. Where is the Church in this matter? Does she stand up a true exponent of the golden rule, holding it up as a light from heaven? If she does, she has also baptized the gallows in her name (Christian), and relies largely upon its work for reformation.

A Christian civilization and the gallows, think of it! The golden rule and the gibbet. Are these social compeers? Is the gallows a Christian agent in the salvation of the world? Emphatically no. It is an insult to God and humanity. Preventive is worth more than punishment, and it is pertinent to inquire: Have all the possible means of prevention been tried? Are the laws so just and pure that there can be no discriminations among its subjects? Does it throw its strong arm around the poor and weak as well as the rich? Are all equally protected in their rights of life, liberty, and knowledge? Are the means of subsistence of knowledge and virtue placed equally within the reach of all? Are there no unjust monopolies of the equal blessings of Providence? Does wealth and power ask for impartial legislation? Are men to one another what they profess? If so why this indifference to the palpable teachings of Christ? To the above interrogations what can Church and Society answer, Will a plea of ignorance of a higher law prevail? (reflect.)

Society itself is responsible for all it produces. Temptations of every conceivable kind have been scattered in the pathway of the weak, by its members, and what is the result? Crime of course. It is a natural outgrowth from the low moral condition of society. Second. Each new-born is without any power to determine a single condition of existence, but finds itself in the midst of social conditions which previous generations have determined. No child ever chooses its parents, birth place, or surroundings; its constitution was no matter of choice, for these all it must accept. Some children are born into conditions of love, culture virtue, and trained with the tenderest care. Others are born into conditions of ignorance and vice, neglected by parents shunned by the self righteous, and left to stem the tide in their weakness. What moral strength they may have, is soon overpowered by the many temptations placed designedly before them. Society puts forth no arm to protect, but points her finger to the gallows. At the same time licensing its members to deal out damnation in the shape of rum and other kindred poisons. In almost every street and alley in our cities and large towns we may find palaces of intemperance and criminal temptations. Placards and hand bills of an alluring kind are scattered in every path. Every means that Satan can suggest, have been used to degrade and destroy the weak.

Honest poverty and laborious industry is nigh a disgrace, while it crowns the successful robbers. It exalts villainy, while it degrades unsuccessful virtue. Success is the cry, regardless of the means used to obtain it. From the unsuccessful our society is largely made up. The laws and customs they make and hold in their hands as a legitimate right. Society has scarcely conceived the idea of prevention.

Says Tenny, "A State that cannot govern men without killing them, has no complete and adequate title to rule at all. The power to protect, not the ability to destroy, is the one legitimate title to Sovereignty." The State that hangs while it fails to educate its children, is a bloody moloch of barbarism. Its indifference nurses ignorance into poverty and crime. Its courts of pretended justice are spotted with the blood of its poor neglected children, by its revenge, not justice.

Society, I know, tries to palliate its guilt by holding up an expedience; but it is too thin to answer as an excuse. It might as well hide itself in a fog.

Society, and especially the church, are doing with their might to strengthen their battlements by all the means that are available. Noah, with his bloody law, must be dragged down through four thousand years, and held up by the church as the only exponent of God's justice. Does this tenacity to obsolete ideas give evidence of moral progress? Does the idea of tooth for tooth, blood for blood, prove any advance from the point where it was first conceived? If it does not, why not get out of this quagmire of superstition and ignorance, and take views pertaining to humanity from a higher point, where rays of heavenly light will aid us to extend our vision, where we may see a degraded people in all their varied relations. Not till then can we comprehend the idea of love as expressed by our leader, Jesus Christ.

Wilmington, July, 1875 E.

COUNTRY PAPERS.—The Springfield *Republican* remarks "Let there be fewer and better country newspapers," to which the Danbury *News* responds: "City editors are rarely competent to give advice to their country brethren, but the advice from the *Republican* is solid gold. A poor paper is no advantage to its community. It is a positive injury. It claims to be a representative of its section and is believed to be so. The proprietor falls into the error that the public is obliged to support his enterprise, as if it differed from any other business venture. He has got together a few dollars worth of second hand type, and a battered, useless press. He is poor—dreadfully poor. He is too infernally lazy to dig, and too proud to acknowledge it. He is no more qualified to run a newspaper than he is to upholster a sunset. A citizen too stingy to advertise, gives him a half dozen apples, and he in return advertises editorially his whole crop, to the great disgust of the apple dealer who regularly advertises. He uses the columns for the benefit of his personal favorites, and to the damage of his personal enemies. He takes a twenty five dollar advertisement for two dollars cash, as it saves setting reading matter. He uses his paper as many a farmer does his land—getting all that is possible from it, and giving nothing to it. And so he goes on—claiming his paper to be a public enterprise, so that the public shall support it, yet using it all the time for his own selfish interests. The editor of the *Courier-Journal* says the country editor should hold the same position that the country doctor or country lawyer does. So he should, but the reason he quite frequently doesn't is because everybody with a hundred dollars cannot be a country doctor or a country lawyer."

☞ Conductor Blood on last Monday night put off two drunken passengers at Malden, had them arrested, and on Tuesday morning appeared before the district court, gave his testimony, and they were duly convicted and fined. Mr. Blood deserves the thanks of the whole travelling community for his prompt action in the matter. There is scarcely a late train out from Boston that does not have several of these nuisances on board. Their presence is a rank offence to all orderly and well disposed passengers, their conduct as a general thing being turbulent, and their language profane and indecent. There should be a regulation of the road forbidding conductors to admit on board a train any man in an intoxicated condition. Often these drunken fellows are so beastly drunk that they are carried on board by some of their boon companions, and the conductors are disposed to get along with them in the easiest way possible. To complain of them involves leaving their business to attend court and much other annoyance, and few conductors ar [illegible] e willing to become public benefa [illegible] tors under such circumstances. W [illegible] aen, therefore, we are able to note [illegible] an exception, as in this case, we ar [illegible] all the more rejoiced. This carle [illegible] tenderly for these besotted wretc [illegible] s, carefully helping them off at the [illegible] r destinations and handing their whiskey jugs after them, (as we have seen done), that they may go to their homes and finish out their debauch in the presence of their families, is stretching the law of kindness rather too far. A man who prefers the condition of a beast should not object to the treatment of a beast, at least he should not, any more than other beasts, expect to associate on terms of equality with decent men and women.—*Malden Tribune.*

☞ It wasn't Mecklenberg, nor Philadelphia, where Independence was first proclaimed, but in a letter from Mrs. John Adams to her husband. When the King issued his proclamation for suppressing rebellion and sedition, after a failure of the mission of Richard Penn, Mrs. Adams wrote to Mr. Adams in Philadelphia: "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent State, but tyrant State and these Colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and to bring to naught all their devices." This was a Declaration of Independence preceding by months that which Jefferson wrote.

☞ The power of the mind becomes depressed, and the body enervated by the presence of kidney, bladder and geandular affections, diabetes, gravel, dropsy, Bright's disease, incontinence and retention of urine, female irregularities, excesses, errors of youth or mature age, intemperance, prostration of the nerve structure and uterine complaints. Singular as it may appear Hunt's Remedy combats with and conquers these maladies and restores the system to perfect health.

☞ Pemberton did not visit the residence of Mrs. Bingham with the intent of killing her, but he was justly, we believe, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and the Governor and Council have named the day for his execution. The Pomeroy boy committed murder with premeditated malice, and yet the Governor hesitates as to his duty.

☞ The president's muscu'ar son-in-law Sartoris, who plumes himself on his pugilism, met a young stock brocker of New York, named Goicouria, in ex-Collector Murphy's stable at Long Branch, and had the conceit effectually taken out of him.

Dr Loring's next friends say that Mr A H Rice is good looking but he can't come in—this time. What a curious coincidence! Dr Loring is good looking and *he* can't come in either.—*Springfield Republican.*

Physical Training—At Amherst, on Wednesday, Dr. Nathan Allen speaking of gymnastics, said:—

"When we were first agitating this matter, the objection came up, that the Trustees and Faculty had no right to establish laws that would require students to go through with such exercises, or, in other words, that would direct the movements of the body. We might require of students certain hours of study and regular recitations, but could not require anything like physical exercises. Such a sentiment is still prevalent. Within one month, President Porter of Yale, in publicly advocating boating, said, according to newspaper report, that he had but 'little faith in enforced attendance upon physical exercises.' That is, I suppose, he would make a distinction between physical and mental exercises. President Porter has no hesitation in adopting certain rules that enforce regular recitations in metaphysics, and the performance of rhetorical exercises; to comply with these rules, certain laws of the brain must be exercised,—this is indispensable. Now, if in order to apply in the most efficient manner the laws of the brain, it is found necessary to exercise systematically the muscles of the arms, the legs, or other tissues and organs of the body, what should make the difference? Are not the limbs, the lungs, the heart, a part of the body, as much as the brain?

While boating and ball playing are peculiarly calculated to awaken public interest on the subject, even to a state of enthusiasm, and improve the physical condition of great numbers, yet as a means of health they are not the best adapted for the scholar, and consequently for literary institutions. They call into exercise chiefly certain muscles of the chest, the spine and the limbs, and when long continued they produce a predominance of muscular tissue, an abnormal development of these particular muscles at the expense of other muscles in the body. It is strength of muscle that is here sought above all other things, and not a harmonious development of the whole body, upon which health so much depends. In fact, just so far as these exercises develop an excess of the tissue, it detracts from the healthy action of the brain and nervous system. Besides, the exercise of boating and ball playing become at times so violent and protracted as to cause such a congested state of the blood in the vital organs or strain upon the heart and lungs as to result in serious diseases and to endanger life. Then these exercises can be carried on only by a few individuals, in pleasant weather and at particular seasons, circumstances which render them unpropitious to the student."

Amateur Incapables.—We notice a gentleman in a Western city has opened a school to give practical instructions in the art of printing. To the general public it may seem a excellent idea to be thus enabled in a few weeks or months to add to one's other accomplishments the knowedge of so useful an art as "the art preservative." To printers, however, who have given their lives to the business, this "course of sprouts," seems very ridiculous. While it is quite possible for any ordinary individual to master the "cases" in a few weeks, the learner can no more be considered a printer, than a person who has learned to finger the keys on a piano can be considered a pianist. As a matter of curiosity, or as a slight enlargement of one's circle of accomplishments or knowledge of the arts such a school of printing may have its use, and all is very well; but the fear is that, in the first place, it may create a false idea in the minds of people with regard to the art of printing, and in the second place that it may add to the already too extensive and ignoble army of amateur incapables.

There is not a department in all our arts and manufactures which is not suffering by reason of the inefficiency and incompetency of workmen. In many establishments boys are not allowed to enter at the plastic age when they may be formed and trained into skilled workmen. A jealous and selfish policy on the part of mechanics obliges the exclusive employment of men who are presumed to have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the work to entitle them to the rank and remuneration of journeymen. The trades unions, also, with a selfish policy, have opposed the instruction of youth as apprentices except in such limited numbers as they may direct, and have actually by their mistaken ideas excluded good native material the place of which has been often filled by foreign importation. Then again, there is an impatient disinclination on the part of our youth, where they have the opportunity to devote that amount of time and attention to all the details of a trade, and to acquire by long practice that skilful use of fingers and tools, and that artistic taste and judgment, which alone constitute a true workman. The consequences are, that, in the first place, the country is flooded with incapables. Secondly, the work turned out by such persons is of an inferior character; and lastly, good workmen have to be imported from abroad, where they are regularly and thoroughly trained.

We don't urge this last as an objection, because foreigners have as good a right to live and labor on American soil as Americans themselves, and a better right, if they are better men than natives; but it does seem, with all our educational facilities and opportunities, with all our innate shrewdness and ingenuity of character, as though the work in our factories and workshops should not be, to so great an extent, in the hands of foreignborn mechanics. There is nothing that is worth knowing and doing that does not demand labor and patience to know and do. A man cannot become a good workman by any amount of smartness or inspiration alone. Practice makes perfect. The repeated performance of the same act produces facility and precision. The human hand is the most wonderful of all mechanisms when properly trained: and proper training requires time. Formerly, seven years was the very least period that was considered essential to the mastery of a trade. Of course the vast introduction of machinery has modified all kinds of business; but still we know of no trade or art that a person can become proficient in in much less than the old fashioned standard. And above all, to become thorough, instruction must begin at that age when nature best adapts the human mind and muscle to receive impressions and to acquire form and force.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ A good rule to observe during the drowning season. Don't go near the water.

☞ Grant and Beecher get $100,000 a year now.

☞ New Hampshire's State tax is $400,000.

☞ Katie King is in 'Frisco.

Economical New Food.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of James Pyle. None genuine without.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, July 5, Mary Tidd, aged 83 years.

Special Notices.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of M. A. Tyler & Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The accounts of the late firm will be settled by Albert A. Tyler, who will continue the business.

M. A. TYLER,
ALBERT A. TYLER.

Woburn, July 1, 1875.

C. E. COOPER,
(Successor to C. S. Adkins), dealer in
BOOKS, PERIODICALS,
DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, &c.
156 Main Street, - Woburn, Mass.

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - - - - - MASS.

SALT GRASS
ON MYSTIC RIVER,
near site of old Mill. Thirteen acres of Salt Grass for sale in lots to suit purchasers. Inquire of
THOMAS EMERSON,
Powder House Farm, West Somerville.

Mrs. M. J. HOLDEN

Wishes to express her thanks, to the Ladies of Winchester and vicinity for their liberal patronage during the last three years; and would inform them that she will close her place of business Aug. 1st and after Sept. 1st will be prepared to work by the day. Please make engagements for the coming season as soon as possible. LATEST PARIS STYLES RECEIVED EARLY.

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
SUMMER
MILLINERY!
WITHOUT REGARD TO COST,
—AT—
MISS BANCROFT'S,
No. 175 MAIN STREET,
Bank Block, WOBURN.

TOWN OF WOBURN.

Proposals for Coal & Wood.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SELECTMEN,
173 Main Street, Woburn, July 1, 1875.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Selectmen until four o'clock, P. M., Thursday, July 15, 1875, for furnishing the Town of Woburn with about 400 tons of coal and 50 cords of wood, as may be ordered by the heads of the different departments, for the year commencing July 15, 1875.

The Coal to consist of Stove, Egg and Furnace sizes, to be well screened and delivered as ordered by the several departments, and all housed except that delivered to outside and military relief.

Separate bids are required for furnishing the following named kinds:

Best Harley Lehigh Coal.

Best Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Co.'s Wilkesbarre Coal.

Best Lackawana Old Company's Coal.

Best Draper Furnace Coal.

Also 300 tons first quality Cumberland Coal, to be delivered into the coal sheds at the Woburn Water Works, the weight to be determined by the scale at said Water Works.

The wood to be oak, maple and white pine, of the best quality, and to be delivered as ordered through the year.

The Selectmen reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Selectmen,
E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

NEW COAL
AND
Wood
YARD.
OFFICE,
113 Main Street,
near depot.
COAL and WOOD.
Now is the time to send in your orders for
COAL.
Lackawanna,
Excelsior,
Franklin,
Draper,
Wilkes-barre,
Hickory
AND
Cumberland.
Hard & Pine Wood
and SLABS,
Lime, Cement,
AND HAY.
WOOD SAWED IF DESIRED.
Conducting our business on the cash system we shall be able to furnish coal at the
Lowest Price
and very best quality.
A share of the trade respectfully solicited.
OFFICE:
113 MAIN STREET,
Ellis' Railroad Store building, next to centre depot.
CHA. K. CONN & Co.
Yard at Horn Pond Station. 15

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S, Prop's, Canton, Mass.

VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
AT AUCTION
IN WINCHESTER.

On SATURDAY, the 17th inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at auction, on the premises, that pleasant place formerly owned by Patrick Harkins, situated in Winchester, on Winchester street, within five minutes walk of the Richardson Row Depot, on the Woburn Branch Railroad, and eight miles to Boston. Said estate consists of a two-story house, barn and 1½ acres of land; the house is well painted and blinded, contains 8 rooms and in good condition. The land is of a good quality and is well supplied with fruit trees, such as apples, pears, &c. This sale affords a good opportunity to persons doing business in the city, to purchase a pleasant place in the country.

By order of JULIA CHALLIS.

Conditions at Sale. $100 to be paid at sale.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer. 112

GEO. W. NORRIS,
Counsellor at Law,
16 And NOTARY PUBLIC.
Offices: { Woburn, Mass., and 16 Pemberton Sq., Boston.
Residence—Cor. Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

Collector's Notice.

TO BE SOLD FOR UNPAID TAXES.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the taxes assessed for the years hereinafter specified, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said town, by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of Real Estate, or such undivided portions of them as may be necessary, will be offered at public auction for sale at the office of the Collector, Bank Block, on Tuesday, July 20, 1875, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

J. M. Bailey.—Buildings and about 2¾ acres land, southerly side of Wyman street, adjoining the estates of D. D. Hart, C. A. Wyman and T. J. Pierce.
Tax for 1874, $88.48.

James Boviard.—Buildings and about 3¼ acres land, between the estates of William Callahan and Geo. W. Allen, and adjoining the estate of William Boviard.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

William Boviard.—Buildings and about 1 acre land, between the estates of Patrick Callahan and Geo. W. Allen and adjoining the estate of B. F. Flagg.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.

Edward Callahan.—Buildings and ½ acre land easterly side of Grove street between the estates of Lackey McDermott and Mary Eaton.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

Michael Callahan, 2d.—About ¾ acre of land on the south side of a private street leading from Willow street, between the estates of James Maguire and Matthew Coyne.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

Thomas R. Corbett.—Buildings and about 1-16 acre land, between the estates of James Marrinan and George Flagg, adjoining the estate of Hugh Dever.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

John Cokeley.—Buildings and about 1½ acre land, easterly side of Wood street, adjoining the estates of George W. Allen and Phineas G. Hanson.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

Owen Collins.—Buildings and about 5¼ acres land on westerly side of Winn street, between the estates of Thomas Caulfield and O. Griffin, and adjoining the estate of Dennis Shields.
Tax of 1874, $18.96.

Buildings and about ¼ acre land on westerly side of Dublin street, between the estates of Patrick McDonald and William H. Cushman.
Tax of 1874, $23.70.

William C. C. Colegate.—Buildings and about ½ acre land on westerly side East street adjoining the estates of Frederic Gage and Alexander Brown.
Tax of 1874, $17.38.

John Curley.—Buildings and about 1 acre land south side Rag Rock Avenue, adjoining the estates of Stephen Dow and Mary McLaughlin.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

John Curley.—About 6¾ acres land south side Rag Rock Avenue between the estates of John Qualey and Geo. W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

Job Curtis.—House and about 1 acre land on north side School street between estates of James McFeeley and J. M. Eaton.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

James Devine.—House and about ½ acre land on west side Belmont street, between estates of Lewis Shaw & Co., and James E. Abbott.
Tax of 1874, $9.48.
Tax of 1873, 1.18

Patrick J. Dever.—Buildings and about ¾ acre land, corner Burlington and Sheridan streets, adjoining the estates of James Doherty and James McCaverty.
Tax of 1874, $43.45.

About 5 acres land near Sheridan street, between estates of John Winn and John K. Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $9.48.

Hugh Dever.—Buildings and about 6,544 feet land on east side of Main street, between estates of Joseph Kelley and Trustees Methodist Episcopal Church.
Balance tax of 1874, $157.19.

Hugh Doherty 2d.—House and about ½ acre land, north side Elijah street, between estates of James Nolan and John Moloy.
Tax of 1874, $5.53.

Michael Doherty Heirs.—Buildings and 1 13-16 acres land, on south side Elijah street, adjoining estate of Bernard McElheny.
Tax of 1874, $33.18.

James Doherty.—Buildings and about 5-16 acre land, northerly side Sheridan street, between the estates of Ann Doherty and John Conway.
Tax of 1874, $25.27.

About ½ acre land easterly side Burlington street between estates of Patrick J. Dever and Philip Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $2.77.

Mary Dolan.—House and about ½ acre land on a private street leading from Main opposite Buckman street and adjoining land of Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $37.92.

Michael Foley.—House and about 9,000 feet of land on easterly side Winn street, adjoining estate of Joshua Seward.
Tax of 1874, $22.12.

Josiah L. Fowle.—About 1-16 acre land between estates of George H. Noble and Newell Z. Tabor.
Tax of 1874, .79.

William Foss Estate.—House and about ¼ acre of land, south side of Nichols street, corner of Minot, and adjoining estate of Albert Thompson.
Tax of 1874, $16.59.

Dennis Gibbons.—House and about 3-16 acre of land on westerly side of North Warren street, and adjoining land of town of Woburn.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.—Buildings and about 1 acre land on North side of Railroad street, adjoining estate of Stephen Dow.
Tax of 1874, $63.20.

House and about 2¼ acres land on North side Railroad street, between the estates of John Smith and Lyman W. Lincoln.
Tax of 1874, $37.92.

House and about ¼ acre land off south side Railroad street, adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

About 1 acre of wood land south side Railroad St., adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $4.74.

Unimproved land, about 3 acres, south side of Railroad street, adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

About 2¾ acres unimproved land being Lots Nos. 10 and 11, on a plan of land as surveyed by Edward Buckman, June 6th, 1853, and known as the Joshua Converse land.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 1 acre wood land on Dragon Court.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

George Homer.—Buildings and about 11 (eleven) acres land between Washington and Mill streets, adjoining the estates of Martin Hayward and Manuel Small.
Tax of 1874, $91.64.
Balance of tax for 1873, 5.50.

William H. Hunt.—Buildings and ¾ acre land on west side Main street, between estates of John Quealey and Joshua F. Littlefield.
Tax of 1874, $47.50.

Eli Jones Estate.—Buildings and 1¼ acres land on west side Warren street, between estates of John Robinson and Michael Harney, adjoining estate of Thomas Richardson.
Tax of 1874, $127.98.

Mrs. Anna Kendall.—Buildings and about 13-16 acre land on northwest side Salem street, adjoining estate of Walter Fowle.
Tax of 1874, $15.40.

Lyman W. Lincoln.—Buildings and about 1-2 acre land north side of Railroad street, between estates of Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden, and Hannah G. Tucker, adjoining estate of Edwin Story.
Tax of 1874, $13.43.

Mary Lannigan.—About 1-2 acre land on east side Houghton street, between the estates of James C. O'Neal and Anthony Doherty, adjoining estate of Martin Ellis.
Tax of 1874, $1.98.
Tax of 1873, 1.96.

Humphrey Lynch.—House and about 1,680 feet land on corner of Centre and Mann streets, adjoining estate of Michael Looney.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

Patrick Maloney.—House and about 1,750 feet land on east side Centre street, between estates of George Flagg, and Garvin heirs, adjoining estate of Patrick Ferrin.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

Michael McColgan.—House and about 19,378 feet land on north side of a private way, leading from Water street and adjoining estate of Stephen Dow.
Tax of 1874, $28.44.

James McDonald.—House (being No. 234) and about 2,818 feet land on west side Main street, between estates of Thomas Salmon and Michael Ferrin, and adjoining land of town of Woburn.
Tax of 1874, $60.04

House and about 5,655 feet of land off Church St., and adjoining estates of John Haloran, Mrs. Henly, and others.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.
Balance of 1872 tax, 64.58.

Mrs. Charles A. McDonald.—House and about ¼ acre of land on east side Beach street, and adjoining estates of John Nelson and Mrs. Mary Parker.
Tax of 1874, 15.80.

George McDermott.—House and about ¼ acre of land on corner of Houghton Street, and Rag Rock Avenue and adjoining estate of John Bacon.
Tax of 1874, $8.69.

Mrs. Patrick McDermott.—House and about ¼ acre of land on Grove Street, between the estates of Michael Maguire, and Barney McConologue 2nd, and adjoining estate of Andrew Grantfield.
Tax of 1874, $25.28.

Mrs. Mary McLaughlin.—House and about 3-16 acre of land, south side of Rag Rock Avenue, between estates of John Curley, and Michael Feeney.
Tax of 1874, $14.23.

Peter Meehan.—House and about 1-16 acre of land on east side of Everett Street between estates of John Kelley and Richard Henshaw, adjoining estate of Benjamin Richardson.
Tax for 1874, $11.85.
Balance of Tax for 1872, 11.97.

About ¼ acre of land on on north side of Railroad street, between estates of Rufus Smith and heirs of William Floyd.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

W. R. Merrill.—Buildings and about ⅜ acre of land on south side of Ward street, between estates of Noah Edgecomb and Henry Thompson.
Tax of 1874, $31.60.

Michael Mulheron Estate.—House and about 11-16 acre of land on east side of Washington street, between estates of Charles Porter and Samuel T. Hooper.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

Peter Murray.—House and about 9-16 acre of land corner of Albany and Railroad Streets, adjoining Stoneham Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $20.54.

About 1 acre of meadow land on a private street leading from Railroad Street, and between estates of Joseph Woodrough & Co. and Stoneham Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $1.58.

John Nelson.—Buildings and about 58 acres of land on Beach Street bounded as follows:—north by land of Town of Woburn, south by said Beach Street, east by land of Augustus W. Brooks, and west by land of Alden Knight.
Tax of 1874, $101.91.

Lewis W. Neville.—Buildings and about ¾ acre of land on west side Hart Place, so called, leading from Lowell street, bounded westerly by land of Luther B. Wyman, northerly by land of George R. Baldwin, southerly by owner unknown.
Tax of 1874, $31.60.

Mrs. Deborah Page.—House and about 3-8 acre of land on corner of Cambridge and Locust sts., adjoining estate of John Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

Wm. E. Phillips.—House and about 7-16 acre of land on corner of Thorn and Washington streets, adjoining estate of Owen Lennon.
Tax of 1874, 16.59.

Oliver S. Quimby.—Buildings and about 6,390 feet of land, on east side of Auburn street, between estates of S. O. Pollard and heirs of Christopher C. Stowers.
Tax of 1874, 13.43.

Mrs. Mary Reddy.—Buildings and about 3-16 acre of land on east side of Dublin street, between estates of George Flagg and James Rogers.
Tax of 1874, $31.76.

J. B. Sawtelle.—Buildings and about 1 1-16 acre of land on east side of East street, between the estates of Patrick McGlennon and Thomas Quinn, and adjoining estates of S. S. and Lemuel Holton, heirs of Rufus Wyman, and L. Houghton Allen.
Tax of 1874, $33.18.

Buildings and about 3¼ acres of land on south and north sides of Green street, between estates of Joseph G. Pollard and Dunecklee and Holton, and adjoining estates of Lewis Farrel and George W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, 51.35.

Nathan J. Simonds.—Buildings and about 2 7-16 acres of land, on east side Main St, between estates of Simon Holden, Moses A. Tyler, and E. N. Blake, and adjoining Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, 181.70.

Buildings and about 7,000 feet of land on the east side of Main Street, adjoining the estate of J. B. McDonald, and the Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, 347.60.

Daniel H. Skelton.—House and about ¼ acre of land on corner of Green and Valley Street, adjoining the estates of Andrew Fickett and George W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, $27.65.

Mrs. John J. Skinner.—About 7,900 feet of land off East Street, between estates of George J. Munroe, and John T. Hill, and adjoining estate of G. R. Gage.
Tax of 1874, 7.90.

Edwin Story.—House and about ¼ acre of land on west side of Wood Street, between the estates of Lewis Farrell, Mrs. Hannah G. Tucker and Lyman W. Lincoln, and adjoining estate of Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, 17.90.

William A. Wilson.—About 14,237 feet of land corner Bacon and Nashua Streets, being part of lot No. 8, Ayers plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $3.16.

House and about 31,562 feet of land, east side Beacon street, being lot No. 11, Ayers plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, 14.22.
1872, 6.65.
1871, 6.25.

About 12,500 feet of land west side Beacon street and adjoining the estate of Wm. H. Burges being part of lot No. 26, Ayer's plan of Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $3.16.
1872, 2.66.
1871, 10.00.

About 19,170 feet of land on corner Railroad and Tremont streets, being lot No. 31, Ayer's Plan of Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $2.37.
" 1872, 2.00.

About 20,230 feet of land on east side of Tremont street, adjoining the estate of G. M. Fletcher's heirs being lot No. 32, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $2.37.
" 1872, 2.00.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 27,750 feet of land on east side of Tremont street, and adjoining the estate of Miss Eliza W. Philbrook, being lot No. 35, Ayers Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.
" 1872, 2.66.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 21,463 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being part of Lot No. 36, Ayer's Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, $6.32.

About 34,280 feet of land corner Tremont and Nashua streets, being part of lot No. 37 Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

House and about 25,408 feet of land corner Tremont and Nashua streets, being part of lot No. 38, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $54.51.
" 1872, 6.65.
" 1871, 6.25.

About 49,640 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being lot No. 40, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.
" 1872, 3.33.

About 53,244 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being lot No. 41, Ayer's Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, 4.74.

About 40,080 feet of land on north side of Lowell street, being lot No. 43, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 10,756 feet of land on corner of Lowell and Tremont streets, being lot No. 44, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $4.74.

About 87,668 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 45, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.

About 54,187 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 46, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 56,259 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 47, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 58,187 feet of land on west side of Tremont street being lot No. 48, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 61,968 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 49, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 64,218 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 50, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 67,375 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 51, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 37,500 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 54, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 37,500 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 55, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.
Tax of 1872, 2.00.
Tax of 1871, 1.87.

About 19,700 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 56, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 19,100 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 57, Ayer's Plan, Emerson's lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 18,500 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 58, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.
Tax of 1872, 1.66.

About 58,072 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 59, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 62,816 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 60, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

NON-RESIDENTS.

Owen Doherty, of Boston.—About 1¼ acres of land, corner of Bedford and Houghton streets adjoining estates of Neil McLaughlin and Anthony Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $6.32.

About 1-4 acre of land being lot No. 14, Carter and Winn land.
Tax of 1874, 1.98.

Joseph Gardner, of Boston.—About 5¼ acres of land on easterly side of Lexington street, and adjoining the estates of Stephen Dow and Martha G. Lincoln.
Tax of 1874, $8.69.
Tax of 1873, 8.64.
Tax of 1872, 7.32.

Owners Unknown.—About 10 acres unimproved land, westerly, northerly and easterly by land of heirs of Jacob Pierce, and southerly by land of town of Woburn, being part of the Horn Pond Mountain Lot.
Tax of 1874, 15.80.

Edward C. McFarland, of Chelsea.—House and about 11,532 feet of land on easterly side of Tremont street, adjoining the estate of Wm. A. Wilson.
Tax of 1874, 52.14.

EDWARD SIMONDS,
Collector of Taxes.

Woburn, June 19, 1875. 23

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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DEALER IN
HARD & SOFT COAL,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.

WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

TAKE NOTICE.
ON AND AFTER JAN. 1st, 1875,
all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.
H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 7th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M.
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 4, 5.45, 7 P.M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.50, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 8.30† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.32,* 8.30‖, 9.35* A. M., 12.17* 2.15, 5.35,* 9.00*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.18, 9.52 A. M., 2.33, 5.53 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.28, 8.13 10.01, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 8.50, §10.05, A.M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50,‡ 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‡ P. M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A. M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38 8.33‡ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‡ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH. ☜
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24

OPERATIC GEMS.
A new collection of beautiful Vocal Melodies from late and popular Operas, superior to any collection of Opera Music ever offered. Handsomely produced. Sent by mail. Price—Boards $2.50, cloth $3, gilt $4. To be had of book and music stores, or of
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For the Seaside, the Mountains,
For hours of Leisure at Home or Abroad.

The following collections contain the best and most popular of all published Songs, Vocal or Instrumental Duets, Rondos, Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, etc., and furnish entertainment to all lovers of Music.

Musical Treasure. Vocal and Instrumental.
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Gems of German Song. "
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Wreath of Gems. "
Shower of Pearls. Vocal Duets.
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Home Circle. Vols. 1 and 2. Instrumental.
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Price of each book: Boards, $2.50; Cloth, $3.00; Full Gilt, $4.00.
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OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
20 C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

ROACHES, RATS, and MICE
are effectually destroyed by the use of
Parsons & Co.'s Exterminator!
20 All dealers in medicine have it.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover st., Boston.

WANTED.—Agents for best, cheap, summer-selling article. A perfect fitting, complete, neat, well-finished, folding, adjustable Window Screen. Self-fastening, used at top or bottom. Sample doz. $6. Send measures; returnable if not satisfactory after examination. Adjustable Screen Co., 14 Pemberton Sq., Boston. 18

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS, 45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

C. E. CHASE, M D,
RESIDENCE,
Cor. Pleasant & No. Warren Sts.,
WOBURN, MASS.

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
No. 96 MAIN ST.,
Nearly opposite the Depot, } Woburn.
35

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.
I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

WANTED.
A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.
Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges,
The Best Ranges in the Market, at
C M STROUTS,
Stoves Stored for the Season.
22 Tin Roofing promptly attended to.

NUMBER 777.

There was a time when lotteries were very common things, quite legal, and by no means disreputable, and when very worthy people bought tickets and made no secret of the matter.

It was a good while ago, of course, and you would have to look long for the worthy gentleman who one night about dark walked into a lottery office for the purpose of buying a ticket. He had tight boots and light trowsers with straps, and the fur collar of his coat stood up above his ears, and he wore that awful thing, a stock about his throat, and he was in the height of that year's fashion, and was regarded by those who met him rather with admiration than with the stare of astonishment, with which we should greet him now—with which, we should greet any of the ladies and gentlemen of that year; the first habited as above, with curly bell shaped hats upon their heads, and twisted canes in their hands; the latter in coal-scuttle bonnets and leg-of-mutton sleeves, and two straight breadths and two gores in their skirts, which were short, and showed low slippers and silk stockings, and with long stringed work-bags on their arms, and big parasols over the long bonnets, before which hung, for modesty's sake, curtains of black or white lace, which they called veils.

Mr. Rogers, for that was this gentleman's name, stepping up to the counter, asked to look at the tickets. Perhaps he held the superstition that there was luck in odd numbers, for as soon as they were spread before him he decided on the number seven hundred and seventy-seven, paid its price and walked off with it in his waistcoat pocket. As he turned the corner the big poster on the wall seemed to be written especially for him.

“Capital prize, ten thousand dollars. Tickets, five dollars each. Don't delay.”

“I had a dream that meant luck last night,” said Mr. Rogers to himself; “and I have a fancy that I shall draw the great prize. That's a splendid number.”

Then he turned another corner, and spied a face peeping out of the window of a small brick house—the face of Mrs. Rogers, who feared that Mr. R.'s favorite dish was spoiling.

“That reminds me,” said Mr. Rogers, “I must not tell Esmerelda. The luck will be spoilt if one tells of the ticket; and she'd talk so much of it—women will talk so much.”

So Mr. Rogers drank his tea and said nothing of the lottery ticket, which he hid at the bottom of his trunk, a bulging, hair covered thing, with T. R. on the side in brass nails.

But, though he said nothing, his mind was full of it; he thought of that capital prize of ten thousand dollars while he ate his breakfast; he dined off it; he dreamed of it. He was a schoolmaster, and while ruling the boy's copy books and setting copies for them he was so filled with the idea that all the boys who had reached P had Prize written for them, and all the boys who had come to D had Draw, Drawn, Drawing before their eyes, while those with T's copied Tick, Ticket, Tick, Ticket, all the writing hours.

Little Mrs. Rogers, who was much younger than her husband, saw that something was on his mind, but did not dare to ask what it was. He tossed and turned in his sleep, and scribbled sevens on the newspaper, and on the backs of letters, and even wrote the magic figure on his nails with lead pencils. And once in a moment of excitement, caused by somebody asking the first day of the month, and with great fervor:

“And I only wish it was the first of next month!”

“Why, dear?” asked Mrs. Rogers.

“Oh,” said Mr. Rogers, “it's—it's my birthday, you know.”

“Oh, yes, so it is,” said Mrs. Rogers, “but I never knew you cared for birthdays, my dear.”

And Mr. Rogers did not tell her the lottery drawing took place on the first of September.

It was breakfast-time when this remark was made, and Mrs Rogers sat over table long after her spouee had left, wondering what sort of present she could make him for his birthday. She had not a penny of her own, nor had she any means of earning one; and to send a man a birthday present for which the bill must come into him might not be considered a delicate attentinn even from a wife.

“I don't suppose I can give him anything nicer than a pen-wiper or a pin-cushion,” she said with a sigh; “but I'll do that, at least.”

And then she rummaged out of her bag of odds and ends black cloth and scarlet velvet and a few gold beads—gilt, rather—and hid them at the bottom of her work basket. There were only three days between that and the first of September, and when she had remembered the design of a fine pen-wiper—a butterfly, gorgeous with red and black wings and the gold eyes and body, she set to work on it diligently; and needtng a card for the center of the affair, peered into boxes and drawers, until at the bottom of Mr. Rogers hair trunk she found the very thing she wanted, a yellow, dingy, thumb marked thing with 777 upon it, and made use of it at once. Then sweetly smiling and quite unconscious of what she had done, she finished off the pen-wiper with antennæ of gold thread, and hid it until the birthday should dawn.

On that day, the wonderful first of September, Mr. Rogers arose betimes; so did his wife. She presented him with his pen-wiper; he accepted it with a kiss, and pretended to feel thankful, though it only reminded him of his desk, his copies, the slavery of his life.

Now that the time had come, he felt sure that he had only squandered money—that 777 was a blank. He dreaded the knock of the news-carrier—the glance at the column of the paper in which the prizes would be published. He groaned and hid his face in his hands.

“Are you ill, dear?” asked Mrs. Rogers.

He only groaned again.

But at this moment came the paperman's knock, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling he rushed to the door. He took the paper into his shaking hands and spread it on the table, and the first words that met his eyes were:

777. CAPITAL PRIZE $10,000.

The effect of this announcement on Mr. Rogers was tremendous. He started to his feet and danced about the room. He shouted “huzzah!” and gave three cheers as though he had been at a political meeting. Then he rushed to the table where his boys' copy books lay piled, and seizing them one by one, flung them into the open grate, yelling:

“No more school teaching; no more slavery; huzzah!”

While Mrs. Rogers, weeping and wringing her hands, besought him to come to his senses, and felt fully assured that her husband had suddenly became a raving maniac. Finally he finished by throwing the butterfly penwiper on the top of the pyre, and falling into a chair weeping.

Then little Mrs. Rogers came out of her corner, and with both arms about his neck, besought him to tell her what ailed him.

“Seven hundred and seventy-seven! Capital prize!” said Mr. Rogers. “I've drawn it, Esmerelda.”

Esmeralda rushed for the paper, found the list of prizes, read the announcement, and sat down, gasping for breath.

“That's why you burnt the copy books,” she said. “But, oh, why need you have burned my pen-wiper? It was so pretty I thought you'd care for it. I declare I could save it. I believe it's only scorched.

But Mr. Rogers was not quite himself.

“Hang pens, pen-handles and pen-wipers,” he said, and jammed his boot-heel into the coals. “I'll never touch one again.” Mrs. Rogers felt hurt, but still she made allowance for her husband; and the fact of the prize was just beginning to dawn upon her.

“Are you sure?” said she. “Oh, do show me ticket. Perhaps you've made a mistake. Seven hundred and—Oh, dear, I can't find it.”

“I'll show you,” said Mr. Rogers, wiping his forehead. “Here Esmeralda.”

He walked into the little bedroom, and knelt down by his trunk. He felt down to the bottom. He felt at the sides. He tossed things out. He glared wildly.

“It's here,” he said. “I know it's here; but—I can't find it.”

“Oh, Rogers,” cried his wife, “what was it like?” Tell me.”

“Yellow—square—dirty. Esmerelda, you haven't done anything with it?”

Esmeralda gave a shriek. She flew towards the grate.

“The pen-wiper—save it.” she screamed.

“Hang the pen-wiper,” cried Mr. Rogers, and he jammed his heels into the coals once more, and the flames burst hot and red over the half-burnt butterfly and consumed it in an instant. “Can't you think of anything else but that confounded pen-wiper? The Ticket! Look for it, Esmeralda.”

“It's in the butterfly. How did I know? You never told me. I thought it was an old card,” said Esmeralda.”

“Oh, why didn't you save it.”

“In the butterfly? What butterfly?” cried Mr. Rogers, staring about him.

“Butterfly pen-wiper!” cried Mrs. R., and fainted away in the corner.

It happened to be a Saturday. The school had a holiday. All day long the master sat and stared at the fire. All day long his wife wept and bemoaned herself. He took no pity on her. He said:

“I hate you, and never can forgive you.” And she thought of suicide.

They had no dinner. At night she made tea and they drank it with averted faces. Then she crept away to her little spare bed-room up stairs, leaving him by the fire.

The church bells rang sweetly, but neither of that wretched pair went to church. It never could be forgotten, that miserable Sunday, by either of them; and worst of all, Monday was coming, and the school boys and the work of the day. About dusk Mr. Rogers bethought him to walk out. Generally they walked out together. Now Mrs. Rogers sat and heard the voices of the holiday making people in the street, and felt, as she said to herself. as though she were divorced. When Mr. Rogers returned his tea was on a stand, and Esmerelda was shut up in the spare bed room again.

Both arose next morning unrefreshed and miserable. She felt like a criminal; he as the very vengeful ghost of a foully murdered man might be supposed to feel. He asked himself aloud a number of singular questions.

As: “Why do men marry idiots who make pen wipers of ten thousand dollars?”

“Why don't she poison me; better than begger me,” he said, still to himself, still aloud, “but she shall suffer for this.”

And then Mrs. Rogers wept; her poor eyes bulged out of her head. There was a big swollen vein down the middle of her forehead. She was the most wretched of little women.

As he sipped his coffee, and she cried, the morning paper flew into the window, which stood open. It was the carrier's way of saving time,

It fell at Mr. Rogers' feet. He took it up and opened it with a bitter remembrance of his last opening of the paper. And these were the first words that met his eyes:

“Special Announcement.—The managers of the Eagle lottery desire to rectify a grave mistake in Saturday's report. No. 777 did not draw the capital prize. It was drawn by No. 775. The fault was the printer's.”

“Hang the printer!” cried Mr. Rogers. “Esmerelda.”

“Oh!” said Esmerelda.

“I forgive you, my dear,” said Mr. Rogers. “I'll never say another word about it, never.”

“Oh, how noble!” sobbed Mrs. Rogers.

Then Mr. Rogers went to his schoolboys and his copies, and the boy who had come to F had "Fool, folly, foolish, fooiishness," on the top line of his book; and the boy who had come to I, wrote “Idiot, idiots, idiot, idiots,” after his master's pattern, all he writing hour.

* * *

A Remarkable Centennial Incident.—The day following our centennial festivities the following incident occurred in a South End saloon: A friend had invited one the South Carolina soldiers into the saloon to put another turf on the buried hatchet. While standing at the bar a stranger came in. The Carolinian suddenly dropped his glass and closely eyed the stranger. His gaze was so steady and peculiar that the friend began to be alarmed and to fear that the hatchet was about to be dug up again. Directly the Carolinian asked the stranger if he knew him. There was no recognition, whereupon the Carolinian asked him if he was not in the late war. “Yes,” was the reply. “And you were once stationed at such a place?” “Yes.” “And took part in such a skirmish?” “Yes.” “Well, I thought so,” replied the Carolinian, and raising his hat showed a large scar on his forehead, saying, “There is your sabre mark, my boy; come up and take a drink.” And so then and there they decorated the grave of the buried hatchet.

* * *

☞One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

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25 SQUARE 25

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PIANOS and ORGANS

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Woburn, April 16, 1875 53

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Fine Style Philadelphia Supers	.75
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Elegant Tapestries,	from $1.00 up.
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BOSTON. 28

SHERIFF'S SALE!

MIDDLESEX, SS. JUNE 23, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of July next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Margaret R. Pierce, of Winchester, in said County, had on the twenty-sixth day of May last, (when the same was *especially attached*), in and to the following described real estate, the record title of which stands in the name of Margaret Pierce, viz:—A certain lot of land containing about one acre, with the buildings thereon, situated on Pond Street, in Winchester, in said County, near Winter Pond, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the southerly corner of the premises, on said Pond Street, at the fence, at land of Stephen M. Allen; thence the line runs northwesterly by the fence by land of said Allen to the wall; thence northeasterly by the wall, still by land of said Allen, to a corner of the wall; thence southeasterly by the wall, still by land of said Allen, to said Pond street; thence southwesterly on and by said Pond Street, to the point of beginning; being the same premises recorded in Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, Book 1245, Page 248.

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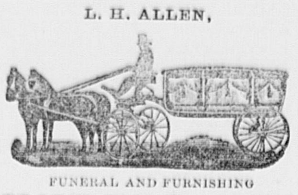

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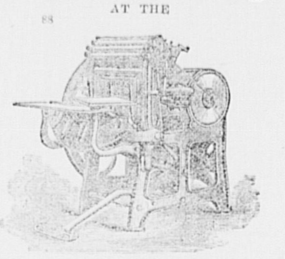

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Poetry.

NO DEATH.

There is no death, the common end
Of life and death we comprehend
Is not of forms that cease, but mend;
It was not death, but change.

When wastes the seed, the sower sows,
Beneath the clog of winter snows,
The autumn harvest plainly shows
It was not death, but change.

When science weighs and counts the strands
In economic Nature's bands,
She re-collects them in her hands
To show no loss from change.

They do not die, our darling ones;
From falling leaves to burning suns,
Through worlds on worlds the legend runs—
That death is not, but change.

When stills the heart, and dims the eye,
And round our couch friends wonder why
The signs ceased they knew us by—
It is not death, but change.

Selected.

THE BEST BED-ROOM.

If there was any of her worldly possessions in which Mrs. Burton felt she could most justly take pride, that is if pride of any kind or degree is allowed to a Christian, it was in her best bedroom. It was the largest room in the house, and the best furnished. The Venetian blinds were always kept down, lest the sun should fade the color of the curtains and the carpet. She would scarcely suffer her careless chit of a servant girl to set her foot in it; never unless she was herself present to see that she did not put her finger marks upon the polish of the mahogany, or the pure white paint of the casement or the chimney piece. When it was in use, as it was occasionally, in the event of of some distinguished guest visiting her, her head throbbed alternately with pride and anxiety; and she was never tranquil until her visitor had gone, and the key of her best bedroom safely locked up in a drawer in her own chamber.

Mrs. Burton was the widow of a respectable tradesman, nearly sixty years of age, a hearty Christian, simple minded and good natured, but with a hidden, hasty temper which was more frequently kindled to a brief flame by her best bedroom than by any other cause. The temper she mourned over, and confessed, sometimes by an additional indulgence to her servant, sometimes in a penitential conversation with her minister. But the bedroom remained the object of her greatest regard and also her greatest pleasure.

The youngest daughter of Mrs. Burton had married well, and was also, in consequence of being the last and youngest of her children, the darling of her mother; and nothing, absolutely nothing, could be too good for Sophy. When therefore she sent word that she was coming to spend a short time with her mother, and would arrive the next day, one of Mrs. Burton's first concerns was to set about a complete "cleaning down," as she called it, of her bedroom.

It was a labor of almost equal love and solemnity. Martha, the servant, put on a a clean apron and left her shoes at the door, when she entered it. Mrs. Burton stood over her as she brushed the carpet, to watch that the brush did not hit against any point of the furniture; and would not trust her to do any of the dusting. With her own hands she laid out the snow white sheets, pillow cases, and counterpane, touching them fondly as she placed them smoothly upon the bed where her Sophy was to sleep. When this was done she brought two illuminated texts, printed in many colors, which she had not long since bought at a fair, and hung them up, the one over the looking glass—which she had festooned with muslin lace—and the other over the chimney piece.

In hanging the latter her eye rested upon the mantel shelf, and detected spots upon its white surface. She could not make up her mind to pass them over; and after a little fumbling she dispatched Martha to the painter's for his pot of white paint, and then with great care and diligence gave the shelf of her chimney piece a new coat. It was getting near tea time before it was completed, and the old lady was getting tired with her busy day's work; so with a sigh of content, and a look of mingled satisfaction and pride around her best bedroom, she left it, giving strict orders to Martha not to think of entering it again that evening.

Mrs. Burton's house stood in a private street on the outskirts of the town, and it was considered so secure and respectable a neighborhood, that if Martha went out on an errand, she generally left the door just ajar, as if she was going away only a few minutes. It happened that evening soon after nightfall, she ran out to return the paint pot to its owner; and not a minute afterwards a man staggering along the streets in a helplessly drunken fashion laid his shaking hand upon the handle, found the door, open, stepped in, and by one of those unaccountable freaks of drunkenness, walked straight up stairs without making himself seen or heard—for Mrs. Burton was shut up in her back parlor, and Martha as we know was out—and opening the door, stumbled into the best bedroom. He flung his old battered hat upon the newly painted chimney piece, and steadying himself by it, drew off his heavy boots, and with all his soiled and dirty clothing upon him, crept in between the lavender-scented, blanched milk white sheets and pillows of Mrs. Burton's best bed.

It was no doubt a happy circumstance that the old lady was far too tired at bed time to care to take a look at her bedroom. She contented herself with locking the door and carrying away the key, resolved to see how the paint was drying the first thing in the morning. Before long she and Martha, with their unknown guest, were all quietly sleeping under one roof.

It was early in the morning when the drunkard's slumber was broken by some unaccustomed sound without. He opened his eyes and stretched himself drowsily, but the next instant he was wide awake and his outstretched arms remained outstretched in utter astonishment. The rising sun shone upon the window and its Venetian blinds, and a luxurious green light filled the room. His rough and grimy hands lay upon a counterpane of extraordinary whiteness, and his shaggy head rested upon the softest of pillows. He raised himself on his elbow to look round and sank back again in blank amazement. Where could he be? Who was he? Was it really himself, Tom Marshall, whose home was a miserable bare room, in one of the lowest of the back streets? Or was he somebody else who had a right to be there? How did he come into this place at all? He was so bewildered that he lay still for a while, trying his best to think. But it would not do. He raised himself again to take a survey, and his eyes fastened upon the illuminated text over the fire place. He had been brought up as an ornamental sign painter, and the fanciful letters did not puzzle him. The words did not remove his bewilderment, but they turned his thoughts into another direction.

"Thou God, seest me!" he read half aloud. "Thou, God, seest me!" he repeated. What! did God see him at that moment? He could see himself in the large looking glass, and he could not turn away his head from it.

There was he, in the sweetness, and cleanliness and purity, a wretched, be grimmed, vile object, not fit for his own eyes to look upon. Wherever his hand fell there was a stain upon the whiteness. The pillow upon which his head had rested—how different it was from the other pillow which he had not touched! He was disgusting even to himself. He could see his own face and form in that dainty room. And was it true that God saw him—just as he was, degraded below the beasts! Did God see that wretched hole of his, where his poor wife and children lay on straw and rags, while he had been sleeping in such luxury? Had God's eye been upon him last night, when he made a wager how much beer he could drink? He could not endure the thought of it.

Just then he lifted his eyes to the wall above the glass. There hung the second text, "he read aloud. "What!" he said; "love! Is God love? Does he love me? Oh no! that would be impossible. I hate myself; the children hate me; Jenny hates me. Oh, if he would but love me, or turn away his eyes from, that he may not see me! I cannot bear to think that he sees me."

"Thou, God, seest me,"—"God is love." The poor fellow was half distracted with the multitude of his thoughts, and the idea of getting up and making his escape did not once cross his mind. He could not have done it, for the key of the door lay safe at the bottom of Mrs. Burton's pocket.

She was dressing by this time, anxious ts see how her painting of the last day was drying; and as soon as she was ready, having scrupulously read a pslam and engaged in prayer, she hastened to her best bedroom, opened the door solemnly, and entered with a careful step.

It would be impossible to describe Mrs. Burton's first emotions. Marshall, who had lain down again, lifted himself up upon hearing the door opened, and met her horrified gaze with one equally aghast. Neither of them could speak for a minute or two; and then she saw him slowly drag himself out of the white linen, and stand trembling before her, the most abject, wretched creature she ever remembered to have seen.

"I don't know how I ever came to be here," he said; "I know no more than this bedpost; but I'm an honest man, Missis. I am, for certain. I don't mean no harm!"

"Harm!" gasped Mrs. Burton, who had not yet recovered her speech.

"I wish I wasn't here. I do," he continued. "I didn't mean to do it, I'm sure. Please to forgive me, Missis, and I'll never do it again as long as I live."

"Why!" cried Mrs. Burton, "when did you get in here?"

"I was very drunk last night," he stammered, "and I must have turned in unbeknownst to myself."

"Drunk!" she exclaimed; "a drunken vagabond in my best bed! What shall I do? I can never fancy it again. But you must go to jail for this, I promise you." Martha, Martha, run for the police.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Marshall; forgive me this once. I've a poor wife and family at home. If you send me to jail they must go to the poor house, and we shall all be ruined."

"I can't forgive you," said Mrs. Burton with tears in her eyes; "you have ruined my best room. I can never have any more pleasure in it. You must go to jail for it, or I shan't have a moment's peace. No, no, don't speak, you drunken brute, you! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Well," he answered, despairingly, "if I go to jail for it, I suppose God'll see me there too."

The heart of Mrs. Burton always echoed to that name, and her conscience smote her. She looked steadily at her strange guest, and followed the direction of his eyes, which were turned upon the text on the wall.

"Thou, God, seest me," she read half aloud and involuntarily.

"Is that true?" asked the man.

"Yes," she answered; and her conscience reproached her again.

"Is the other true?" he asked pointing to the second text.

"Oh yes; that is true," she said, warmly.

"I wish I could believe them!" cried Marshall. "Are they both true for me?"

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed. "God is love. He sees and loves us all. He sees and loves me; he sees and loves you. Yes, yes; I was forgetting that. It's very hard, very hard indeed, for me to see my best room like that. Yes, it is. He knows it's very hard. I can never fancy it again. But I won't send for the police. You may go away now."

With a very abject look, Marshall slunk down stairs and out into the street. He did not care to go home, but he wandered off into the meadows, where the dew was still sparkling on the grass. He could not get his adventure out of his head; though whenever he thought of himself as he appeared in the large looking glass, he felt a desire to creep away from the miserable and grimy creature he had become.

To think that God's eye dwelt upon him was almost insupportable, but whenever his thoughts grew too terrible for him, the other word came back to his burdened mind. The calm, decent old lady, whose house he had made so vile, had told him they were true. He did not try to put them away from him, and the two verses passed through and through his mind.

It was soon after mid-day that Marshall presented himself at Mrs. Burton's door, with a paint pot in his hand.

Martha answered his hesitating knock, and opened the door wider for him to enter.

"You're the painter, I suppose?" she said.

"Ay," he replied.

"And sadly you are wanted, she continued. "There are finger marks everywhere—door posts, chimney pieces, and lots of places. To think of such a thing! Missis is almost crazy."

Marshall said nothing, but taking off his boots at the foot of the stairs, followed Martha meekly. Mrs. Burton sat in the middle of the room, a picture of dismay and grief. She uttered a little scream when she saw him enter.

"Please, Missis, I am a painter by trade, and I will do my very utmost to make it all sweet and clean again," he said. "I'm very miserable, ma'am. I'll do anything to make you amends."

"You cannot make me amends," answered Mrs. Burton.

"But you'll forgive me, won't you, ma'am. And you'll let me paint out my marks?" said Marshall, in an earnest tone.

"I can hardly forgive you," she answered, "but I suppose I must. Yes, I know I must, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' Yes, I must. I forgive you."

"And you'll let me paint out my marks?" he pursued.

Mrs. Burton only nodded her head in answer, and Marshall proceeded, with a most careful touch, to efface all the marks of his grimy fingers. He felt very sad and humble, and he often looked up to the verses upon the walls.

"I've finished, ma'am," he said at last "but I shall never forget this job. And I shall never forget those words, 'Thou, God, seest me,' 'God is Love.'"

He went home, but the words went with him, in his heart and in his mind.

Poor Mrs. Burton, as soon as she could recover from her vexation, sought him out and his family, and became their friend and teacher, striving her best to bring them to realize more strongly than she had done herself that God both saw and loved them.

Her pride in her best room was very much diminished, and she could never enter it without feeling again the shock she had suffered; but her heart was made larger. It had been no bad lesson for her.

Some years after this Marshall invited Mrs. Burton to take tea with him and his family, on the occasion of entering into a new house. It was not as large as her own, but it was as exquisitely neat, and Marshall himself was a man who would no longer shock her fastidious neatness. In the sitting room where the family assembled, he had painted upon the walls, in letters of many colors, his two favorite texts, "Thou, God, seest me," and "God is love."

"Ah!" he said, "I never knew these words till that morning I saw them first in your best bed room."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Burton, "and I never understood them so well before that time as I do now. Yes, yes; God sees us all, and God loves us all."

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.—Two boys, Jim and Will, were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths of his garden weeded. Jim contented himself with taking off the tops of the weeds. He soon cried out, "I've cleared my path," and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all the next day, and when the boys' father went, a few days after, to look at the two paths, Jim's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear, and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So Jim was sent back to do his properly, and very tired he would have been had not Will good naturedly helped him to finish his weeding.

Only thorough work is worth doing.—Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them. Will you remember this?—*Bright Side.*

HOW GREENBACK PAPER IS MADE.—All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two-inch Fourdriner machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded night and day by officials to prevent the abstraction of any paper.—*Paper Trade Journal.*

MA'S OLD BEAU.

The recent revelations concerning deed forgeries at a criminal trial at Chicago, remind me of an incident that occured a few years ago, in the vicinity of St. Louis which seems to me to be worth relating.

Clara and Mary Merwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting room of their pleasant home on the edge of a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an estate as they supposed, of the value of some forty thousand dollars, but they had learned quite recently that the property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprived of it all. This discovery as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and anxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to read, to converse, to work, to do anything but brood over their great misfortune.

While they were thus occupied with sombre thoughts, a bubby drove up in front of the house, and a man alighted, and the buggy drove away.

The man must have been on the shady side of fifty, to judge from his grey hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manners indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I'm obliged to introduce myself," he said, smiling and bowing in a courtly manner—"Abner Pierce. Here is my card—professional card. You will perceive I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumuably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I am not here to hurt you, but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend to your family—that is to say, although it is many years since I have seen any member of said family. I always had the highest possible regard for your sainted mother, and nothing would please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you," murmured Clara.

"Thank you. I happened to hear—no no matter how—that you are in trouble, and have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I hope you will feel that you can trust me. I am actually an honest man, although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may express myself clumsily."

"I am free to admit," said Clara, "that we need assistance and that we have not known to whom to look for it."

"Very well. It is a good thing no doubt, that I have come. Now, sit down, and tell me all about it."

Clara Merwin, who was the elder of the orphans, and leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, when a man of whom they had never before heard put in an appearance, and presented a mortgage, with bonds included, executed by the late Mr. Merwin, upon all his real estate, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell anything, the had tied up their money in the bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them any further without pay.

"This is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce. "you need money—that is the first thing to attend to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape, and that won't be long I hope. How much do you owe?',

"More than one hundred dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well-filled pocket-book, and handed it to her.

"For your mother's sake," he said, when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it. He then accepted the young lady's invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went into dinner with them

"Is there any place where I can smoke?" he asked, when they had retired to the sitting room.

"You can smoke here," said the impulsive Mary. "Pa always smoked here, and we are used to it."

So he took a meerschaum and some tobacco from his valise, and was soon puffing away with an air of great contentment.

"I can think better when I smoke," he said. "Did you have any legal advice in the matter of that mortgage Miss Merwin"

"Yes, sir," replied Clara. Our lawyer said that is was plain case against us, although it was strange that we had never heard of that mortgage before."

"Very strange, What is the name of the man who hold it."

"Alexander Campbell."

"Hum. A good name, but a bad man, I am afraid. When and where can I see him?"

"He will be here this afternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes if we will make him a deed of the real estate, to give up the bond and mortgage, leaving our money in bank and the rest of our personal property."

"Very liberal. Introduce me to him, when he comes, as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."

Mr. Alexander Campbell called in the course of the afternoon, and was made acquainted with Mr. Abner Pierce, at whom he looked suspiciously; but his eyes fell when he met the old gentlemae's intent gaze. Mr. Pierce glanced but slightly at the deed which was offered for the consideration of the ladies being occupied in studying the countenance of the man in whose favor he was drawn.

"I can't decide upon it just now," he said at last. "As a friend of these young ladies—standing, as I may say, *in loco parentis*—I must make a few inquiries concerning the value of this property. Suppose you come after supper, Mr. Campbell, and suppose you bring that mortgage with you. I have no doubt it is all correct, but would like to see it."

Mr. Campbell assented to this and withdrew. Abner Pierce filled his pipe with uervous haste but also with tobacco, and Mary brought kim a light.

"I know that you have some good news for us," she said, "I can see it in your face."

"Not bad, my child. I hope and trust that it is very good. A good name, but a bad man, I said and that is true. I think I see my way out of this difficulty and the money I lent you is safe. But you mustn't interfere with me, young ladies or be surprised at anything I may say or do, or object to it. You must trust me, and let me work in my own way."

After supper, when Abner Pierce had enjoyed another comfortable smoke, and conversed with the girls concerning their mother as he had known her in her youth—a subject upon which he grew quite eloquent—Alexander Campbell came in, bringing the deed and mortgage, both of which he handed to Mr. Pierce for examination.

"I have made inquiries concerning the property," said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it not worth more than the amount of the mortgage, and would probably bring much less if sold at foreclosure, Your offer is a liberal one; but I must first look at the mortgage. This appears to be correct," he continued when he examined the instrument, "It is properly acknowledged, and the signature is undoubtedly that Philip Merwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to the county seat to execute the deed."

The girls countenances fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their champion.

"This reminds me," said the old lawyer, picking up the mortgage again, "of an occurence that fell under my observation in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tennessee case was undoudtebly a fraudulent affair; but there a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so downhearted, young ladies. What will be must be, and it is useless to cry about what can't be helped. As I was about to say, a man died in Tennessee, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow was about to administer upon his estate when a man who was unknown came forward and presented a mortgage similar to this and for exactly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familiar with the signature of the deceased, and pronounced correct. Although there was something strange about the affair, they could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them who thought that he transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mortgage and brought it to me when I was in Nashville. I pappened to have in possession a very powerful magnifying glass that had been presented to me—the most powerful single lens I have ever seen. With this I examined the mortgage, and soon discovered that forty had been raised from four. The was no mistake about it. I could easily see the marks of chemical erasure, and the difference in pen and ink, between the 'raised' and the rest of the instrument. How the rascal got into the Register's office, I don't know; but the record there had been altered in the same manner. He ran away and it was not considered worth while to follow him. Stange circumstances wasn't it Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell was fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and made no reply.

"Here is the glass," continued the gentleman, taking it from his pocket, "and you can see for yourself how it magnifies. Now, as I look at *this* 'forty'—why bless me, the same signs are visible that I saw in my Tennessee mortgage! I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr Campbell. My Tennessee man's name was Alexander Bell, and he added a camp to it since he came to Missouri."

Campbell, his face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.

"I believe I will keep this. Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents. What, do you think you could take it by force? Here is something that shoots five times. Going, are you? Very well, I don't think you will be molested, if you will leave this part of the country and never return to it. It is barely possible that the estate of Philip Merwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so, I advise you not to try to collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the penitentiary. Good night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

What is it? What does this mean? asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smiling, bustled about to fill his pipe.

"Are you so dull, my child? Why, the fellow is a swindler, and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the affair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my two hundred dollars and then we will straighnen up matters. Thank you Mary, you are very kind to give me a light."

"Don't you mean to punish him?" asked Mary.

"It would hardly pay. We could put him in the penitentiary, but you might lose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. He will be far from here by morning, I have no doubt and good riddance to him. Ah? this is comfortable. I know that I feel better, and I hope that you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been lifted from their minds and hearts. Alexander Camp, alias Bell, decamped, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs, satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitnde and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said Clara, when he was about to leave.

"It was for your mother's sake, my child. And for her sake, if ever I can help you, all I have is at your service."

Abner Pierce has mads visits to the orphans freqeently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for "ma's old beau."

WHERE OUR SMALL COINS COME FROM.—It may not be generally known that the nickel deposit near the Gap, Lancester county, is considered the largest in the world yet discovered, and the only deposit of the ore worked in America. The mine is on the high dividing line between Chester and Pequea valleys. Besides nickel, copper, iron and limestone are found in the same locality. Nickel was discovered here about the year 1856, though copper, which is taken from the same mine, was known in this locality 70 years ago. The ore has a grey color, is very heavy, and so hard that it is mined entirely by blasting.

After the ore has been broken into small fragments it is put into kilns holding 80 to 90 tons each, and subjected to heat produced at first by the burning of a small quantity of wood and continued by the conversion of the expelled gas. It is then put into a smelting furnace and undergoes a treatment similar to that of iron ore. The product resulting from this treatment is reduced to powder by passing it between iron rollers, and then shipped to Camden, N. J., where complete separation is made of the nickel and copper. The price of pure nickle averages over $2 a pound. From 400 to 500 tons of the ore are taken from the mine per month, and the mining and working of this requires the labor of 175 hands; a few Cornish and the rest American miners. *Lancaster (Pa) Express.*

A HOSS AS IS A HOSS.—The most striking advertisement of a horse for sale that we ever saw is the following, which appears in a Wisconsin paper:

Thou canst trust thy labor to him for his strength is great.

Thou canst bind him with his band in the furrow: he will harrow the valleys after thee.

He will gather thy seed in the barn.

His strength is terrible in which he rejoiceth.

He paweth the valley, and waxeth proud in his speed. He mocketh at fear, neither turneth his back to the hobgoblin.

Lo! how he moveth his tail like a cedar; his sinews are as cables.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass; yea, like bars of iron.

He eateth like an ox; behold he drinketh up a river, and trustest that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth.

'Who canst approach the door of his face? Yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about.

I want to sell him for something I can pay my debts with.

"I CAN'T DO THAT."—A writer in the *American Wesleyan* tells the circumstances under which he heard those words. They contain a fearful confession of the despotism of evil appetite. The writer, being in New York a stranger, stepped into a coffee saloon early one cold morning, and called for a cup of coffee.

The saloon had a liquor bar attached, and the proprietor, in handing the coffee to my friend, said:

"Will you have something else?"

"Nothing else," was the reply; I drink nothing stronger than coffee."

While he was drinking of the cup a well dressed man whom he had observed walking the floor, stepped up to him and said, with an earnest manner:

"I would give all I am worth to be able to do as you are doing."

"How so? What am I doing that you can't do?"

"Why, sir," spoke the earnest man, "you can drink your coffee with a zest, and refuse the rum at that bar; that's what I can't do; no, sir, I cannot do that."

☞ The boys of New Albany, Ind., know a trick worth two like coasting down hill It is called a mud slide and is made by tramping out a hollow on the sloping river bank and by means of water carried from the river in the hats of the boys, make the slide soft and "as slick as glass," care being taken to remove any substance that would be apt to render sitting in the slide at all uncomfortable After the slide is completed, the boys procure an old skiff or canoe and and laboriously pull the vessel to the top of the slide, where they fill it with boys from stem to stern, and giving it a push, slide into the water with the velocity of a bullet shot from a gun. Another amusement is for a string of boys to sit down in the slide and glide smoothly into the river, closely following one another. This latter plan has its disadvantages, however.

☞ John Morrissey wants a library at Saratoga, and says—"That library is a necessity for the rising generation and to keep people of culture among us. We can't live on horses and regattas alone. Every one of them Nine Muses must be taken by the hand and set on his, her or its feet. The age has to progress harmoniously."

☞ A California octogenarian had buried three wives whose maiden names were Green, Grass and Groze. He stirred up the fire with kerosene the other day, and now he lies in the cold, cold, cold grave, and the green grass grows above him.

HOME TRAVEL.

Great as we believe that the advantages of foreign travel are, not only to the individual mind, but to all others with which that mind is afterwards brought in contact, yet we cannot but think that a little home travel has its advantages too.

Certainly in point of grandeur and picturesque beauty our own country confessedly carries off the plam, though we may have no cities so appositely placed as Rome in the circuit of her hills or Venice on her isles; and if it has not the interest that tented tribe and caravan merchant and border baron have given to foreign spots, it yet has as archæologists maintain, an unwritten and wonderful history that every traveler and explorer may help to bring to light.

When in the midst of an afternoon stroll in any sufficiently commonplace region one mounts a hill to find a lake on its top, and presently sees that the lake is an artificial basin fed by presumable adits from higher hills and by the constant rain fall, banked up for some unknown purpose so long ago that trees apparently of the primeval forest have grown upon its edges, then one knows that there is a history written there which he who runs may not read, and that in its vast hieroglyphics is held the story of some old race whose very traces have hardly other recognition. Is it any more pleasure, we wonder to read the hieroglyphics of the Rosetta Stone, than if it were possible, to read the burden hidden here? And to the careful eye the whole land, it is said, and particularly in the more picturesque portions, is written all over with as evident a script of its secrets.

To people who go abroad for the sake of the associations that foreign places have with historical names and identities, and for the sake of the vast opportunities of art study, for the sake even of general enlightenment, travel means much more than simple journeying from place to place and sight-seeing by the way; but to people who go abroad merely for the sake of scenery, doubtless they might find as good at home.

We question if the Falls of Schaffhausen, whose polished chrysoprase Ruskin loves, exceed the beauty of the Falls of Montmorency, of Trenton, or Passaic, or countless other falls in which we rejoice at home; if the Lakes of Killarney are more wildly beautiful than Lake George, than Lake Tupper in the Adirondacks, than the Upper Mississippi at Trempeaлean Island or at Lake Pepin; if the Rhine has more positive loveliness than the Hudson, or many legions better worth, or has half the loveliness of the blue Juniata; if any single scene in the Alps is superior to the scene at the mouth of the Willamette where the seven snow cones of Oregon pierce the purple, with the black woods climbing their sides till the clouds drift through their tops; if any river in Europe at all equals either the Green, the Weber, or the Colorado, with their mighty cañons; if anywhere in the world a rival is to be found to the valley of the Yosemite, or of the Yellowstone with the weird color of its rocks and waters, the very witch work of beauty. And with Quebec, a remnant of the old France civilization, across our line on the north, and Mexico, with its Spanish cities, its cathedrals, palaces and plazas, only a few days' sail away on the south, who shall say we have not a mimic Europe on our own borders?

It has always been a marvel to us how it is that people desire to go abroad and inspect other countries when they have not yet seen the most famous portions of their own. If it is on account of the need of study, if it is through some yearning to tread in the footsteps of those whose fame is enshrined in our love and reverence, if it is to see some battlefield where the world once hung in the balance, to follow in the path of some poet and learn for ourselves what it was that fed his genius, to explore the haunts of history, then, of course, nothing should stand in the way, and no poverty of home travel prevent the voyage; but if it is merely for the sake of excitement, to while away the time, to say one has been abroad, to see charming sights, then the desire is not so comprehensible. And, for our own part, we must declare that we should experience a certain sensation of shame to stand awe struck underneath the dome of St. Paul's if we had never seen the white wonder of our own Capitol dome, or to be found admiring the bucketful of water tumbling over Lodore, and have the curious stranger inquire of us concerning the Niagara, which we failed to see at home. The rest of the world, indeed, is beautiful, but those wiseacres who hold that the original Eden was in America are not so far out of truth's way as they might be; and for the rest, is it not written that "The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

☞ One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked: "Where is your mother?" She answered diffidently: "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes sir; but he is sick." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir," "Indeed?" "Yes sir." "Then why don't he have it cut off?" "Please, sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife.—*Rowell's Newspaper Reporter.*

☞ A Kansas paper says:—"A mule kicked an insurance agent in this place on the cheek the other day. The agents cheek was uninjured, but the mule's hoof was broken."

☞ A polite invitation, often reiterated, will bring callers. As it costs something to keep up the invitations, it is worth while to treat the visitors well.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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THE LOST AND FOUND BOY.

The boy who made such a sensation last week was recovered Saturday night. It appears that he went berrying last week Wednesday with several other boys. They went to Stone's pasture which is on the high lands in the easterly part of Winchester, forming the water shed of the Highland Reservoir. He did not return Wednesday night, and on Thursday a slight search was made for him. The boy is a son of Thomas and Mary Murphy now living in New York State, and the boy's home is with his grandmother, Mrs. McGoff, who keeps house for her son, Peter McGoff, on Highland street. On Friday it became generally known that the boy was lost, and as he was partially deaf, and unable to speak very plain, it was feared by some that he might wander away and be unable to make known who he was or where he belonged. Others thought he had become bewildered in the wilderness of which the berry pasture forms a part, and was still there. The steam gong was blown Friday morning at half past nine, and an expedition started. The apathy of the boy's guardians dampened the ardor of some, and the party was rather small, too small to search a wilderness one and a half miles wide and four miles long. They went through, however, but found nothing but the roughest country and oceans of berries. Some of the boys who went out with Tommy on Wednesday were with the searchers, but as they had taken his berries from him and ran away and left him, they took but little interest in the matter. The tract to be searched was so large, that some still had an idea the boy must be there, and Saturday morning it was determined to make one more effort, and thoroughly search Turkey Swamp and the adjacent woods. $50 was offered to the finder, and volunteers were called for to rendezvous at the Winchester Reservoir at half past one Saturday afternoon. J. F. Stone, Esq., of Winchester, promptly responded to a request to rally the citizens of his town, and at the time appointed, about 300 from both towns met at the reservoir ready for the search. A line was presently formed, with the right in the edge of the woods, and the left extending well to the Spot Pond road, and moved forward in a direct line toward Medford. The woods were very thoroughly searched, and when at last, late in the afternoon the hunters reached Medford, and assembled near the Poor House, the feeling was general that the boy was not in the woods.

Teams had been sent round to the Poor House, and most of the party was brought back to Winchester. Those who rode were under obligations to Ruel W. Hanson, who furnished a two horse team, and Mr. Stone, who made several trips with his horse and wagon. Several carriages from Woburn were also on the ground, and brought home some. Although the search was unsuccessful, there was a satisfaction in knowing that all had been done that could be done to find the child. Game was started frequently, and one young man killed a woodchuck. Several got into the mud in swampy places, and were extricated with difficulty. Torn clothing was quite common, and every one had some adventure to relate while waiting for the stragglers to come in.

At seven o'clock Chief of Police Mann received a dispatch from Deputy Chief Quinn of Boston, saying that the boy, Thomas Murphy was at Station 2 in that city. Accordingly Officer Mann and two others went to Boston in the next train, and found the boy as stated. He is a bright little fellow, quite different from what we had supposed by the accounts given of him by his friends. Lieut. Childs stated that the Cambridge Police picked up the boy on Thursday and took him to Boston. He told his name, and said he lived on North street. The officers took him through the North End, but could find no one who knew him, but a paragraph in a Saturday evening paper gave them the clue, and they telegraphed as above. Tommy was glad to see his Woburn friends, and said he slept on a rock Wednesday night, but could not say how he got over to Cambridge. He kept his tin pail throughout his travels, and did not realize the sensation he had created. He reached home at eleven o'clock, and a great crowd met the party at Horn Pond Station, and cheered lustily for Tommy and all his friends. Although he had been the cause of a great deal of anxiety, he took it all very coolly, and his part of the adventure, with the exception of the first night was anything but unpleasant.

UNTRUE.—The Commercial Bulletin last Saturday had this item:—"J. S. Brown, agent, Woburn, reported failed." We are informed by Mr. Brown that there is no foundation whatever for this item. He buys and sells for cash, and has done so ever since the store came into his hands. The affairs of Stearns, Brown & Co., are being settled, but the above item is likely to give the impression that Mr. Brown individually has failed, which is not the case.

SIGN.—"Geo. H. Conn. Insurance," is the legend on a very neat sign which was put up on Wade Block last Tuesday. Mr. Conn is doing a good business, and is writing some large policies in the best companies.

RIOT IN LAWRENCE.

On Monday a riot occurred in Lawrence which ought to be the last of its kind, as it was the only one that occurred that day. It appears that the Orangemen of this vicinity had a picnic, and we are told that members of the lodge in this town participated in it. On their return to Lawrence, some Orangemen who live there, and were accompanied by their wives and children, were hooted and finally attacked by a mob of Catholic Irishmen. Taking refuge in the Police Headquarters the mob increased, when the Mayor attempted to disperse it. Failing in this, the courageous man escorted the Orangemen to their homes. The craven City Marshall gave him no aid, but with four policemen he started in a shower of missiles, determined that the right of any one to walk in the streets of his city should be maintained. Before the journey was completed the attacked party drew their revolvers and fired at their assailants who quickly dispersed. Several persons were wounded by shots, and nearly all the assailed party were injured by stones and bricks.

Such proceedings naturally call forth the indignation of all lovers of fair play. When it comes to this, that in this country any peaceable citizen, or company of citizens may not peaceably walk our streets in the pursuit of their business or their pleasure, an example should be made of those who attempt to obstruct the right. We regret to notice some of the papers advising the suppression of Orange processions. The Orangemen have as good a right to march through our streets, or attend picnics as the Knights of St. Patrick have to celebrate the birthday of their patron saint, and both are entitled to be defended. The processions should not be stopped, but those who obstruct them should be handled in such a manner as to teach them they must allow others the freedom they so much desire. If their sensitive natures cannot brook the presence of a color which is pleasant to others, let them seek some other home where freedom for all is not the main idea. Mayor Robert H. Tewksbury was quite right in refusing to have the victims of the mob carried home in hacks, or smuggled off some back way; it was their right to go out the front door and down the principal street, and had his subordinates had half his pluck, the riot would not have been so serious. He is a native of Hopkinton, N. H., 42 years old. He was a farmer boy who went to Lawrence when he was nineteen years old, and got employment as a book-keeper and accountant. Ten years after he was chosen one of the city assessors, and in 1864 was made city treasurer. He filled this place with credit to himself and to the great advantage of the city for ten years. Last year, the Democrats having control of the city government, he was ousted, and the people showed their appreciation of his services by choosing him mayor at the next election.

We are glad to notice that the Rev. Father Gilmore, of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, disclaims all responsibility on the part of his denomination. It was nevertheless a religious riot, but the sentiment of such men as he may eventually control the riotous element and prevent the recurrence of such disgraceful scenes.

MRS. PHELPS.-The *Herald* of Wednesday says:—Friends of Mrs. Aurora H. C. Phelps, who called on her at the Bethesda Laundry in Woburn yesterday, found her extremely ill, it is alleged, from the effects of poison. On Monday of last week she was indisposed and took two doses of a tonic which she kept in the house. On that evening or the next morning, as alleged, she was seized with spasms, and a doctor sent for, who pronounced the symptoms like those produced by arsenic. He also analyzed the tonic, and it is alleged arsenic was found in this. A small box marked arsenic was also found, it is said, knowledge of which was not previously possessed by Mrs. Phelps. The affair is a profound mystery to her friends. She is in a very critical condition, and her recovery is said to be doubtful.

One of our resident physicians has been attending Mrs. Phelps, whom he finds run down from want of proper care and nourishment, but the arsenic story is not correct. The occupants of the house pretend to believe it, but he has not found any signs of poison. Mrs. Phelps though feeble in body, is strong in spirit as ever.

TEMPERANCE.—Rev. H. W. Cudworth, of East Boston, lectured in Lyceum Hall, Sunday evening. There was a large attendance, and Revs. Barnes, Kelsey, Merrill, and Mills, were on the platform. The congregation sang "Nearer my God to thee," and Rev. Mr. Merrill invoked the Divine blessing. Rev. Mr. Cudworth represented the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. He spoke of the progress made in the temperance cause, and was sure it would ultimately triumph. He made a strong and logical argument against license, and while he was willing it should be tried, personally had no faith in it. The lecture was interspersed with anecdotes, and was interesting throughout. The services closed with a hymn and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Kelsey.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE. — About the first of the month a bright intelligent boy about 13 years old, applied to the police for lodging. One of them took him to his own house, and he is temporarily stopping with a gentleman who has not work enough for him. The boy was brought up by Shakers, and never knew father or mother. He would like to get a place where he could earn his living. Any one who wants a boy able and willing to work can hear of him by applying to Chief of Police Mann.

BURNED OUT.—Mr. W. H Cummings who recently exchanged real estate with R. S. Spaulding, the former going to Bedford, N. H., was burned out Sunday morning. The house was an old one, and the fire caught from the chimney just as the folks were preparing for church. They were were only able to save the furniture. The house was insured for $975. The barn and out-buildings were saved. Mr. Cummings will probably at once rebuild.

☞ Master Russell fell from a ladder instead of a tree; or, as he expressed it, "That tree had sixteen rounds."

☞ They came over in a buggy, with Officer Finn, for driver. She looked happy but seemed depressed, and when he alighted at the entrance of the court room so many thoughts went rushing through his mind, that he stood still while she got down as best she could, Finn the meantime bustling about to tie his horse. Skipping lightly into the doorway she ran up the stairs, followed more slowly by the swain, while the officer brought up the rear, his face bearing the expression of a man who meant business. The judge was not at home, but a justice of the peace happened to be present, and said he should be very glad to do anything in his power to make any one happy. The officer produced the necessary documents, and acting as usher, marshaled the spectators of whom there were several whose business had called them into court. The justice then stepped forward and pulling down his vest, inquired of the young man if he had concluded to marry the young woman, to which he faintly murmured "yes, sir." The young woman was then asked if she was willing to marry her companion to which she gave a smiling assent. The two young creatures then stood up and clasping each others hands promised to love, cherish, and comfort each other under all circumstances, and she in addition promised to obey, which she consented to do very cheerfully. Now, remarked the good justice, I declare you husband and wife, and what the Commonwealth through me has joined together let no man ever presume to put asunder, and the crowd responded "Amen." He then grasped their hands with great fervency, and said he believed that they had both done well. Be true to each other and you will be happy, youth is sometimes indiscreet, but age brings wisdom, and if you lay up a store of love now and you will find it convenient when you come to be older. He then gave them his blessing and read one verse of a hymn written for a similar occasion and the meeting was dismissed. Officer Finn, politely offered to take the wedding party home in his buggy, but they respectfully yet firmly declined his courtesy, saying they were hereafter one, and one only. They were a happy pair as they strolled from that room, and congratulated each other over a glass of soda, and then lovingly absorbed some of Nason's ice cream, and vowed they were happy and would always be so.

ST. CHARLES BENEVOLENT.—The St. Charles Benevolent Society, which was organized Jan. 1, 1876, Mr. T. H. Hill, President, have made their first semi-annual report, from which we make the following abstract:

	Families relieved.	Av. No. Persons.	Receipts.	Expenditures.
January	11	33	48.80	75.62
February	10	30	118.08	77.74
March	20	60	59.73	159.91
April	15	45	40.07	71.75
May	10	30	115.15	62.51
June	none	none	27.30	none
Totals	66	198	409.13	447.56

No. of visits made by District Committees, 264.

Relief furnished, viz:—Groceries $301.81; Meat, $11.21; Dry Goods, $30.22; Coal and Wood, $58.52; Boots and Shoes, 27.10; Medicines &c., $18.80. Total, 447.56.

RUNAWAY.—On Tuesday a horse belonging to James Maguire, hitched to a bark wagon, was frightened at Parker's Mill, and ran through Prospect and Railroad Streets. Soles's horse hearing the team coming down the hill started round the corner into Main street, but was overtaken by the runaway, the carriage broken and the horse thrown down. The runaway kept his course, and crossing the street attempted to go through the small churchyard gate. In doing so, he broke down two sections of the fence, broke the shafts, and freed from his burden ran round the church, and was soon afterwards captured.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Monday while the workmen were pulling a stone post out of the ground at the Baptist Church, the iron guy of the derrick parted, and the heavy links fell. Rev. Mr. Mills who was standing by, was struck by the iron, and narrowly escaped serious injury.

BAPTIST PICNIC.—The Baptist Sunday School went to Horn Pond on Wednesday, for a picnic. The children were conveyed from Lyceum Hall in carriages gaily decorated, and at the Pond passed the day in boating, games, singing, etc. It was a pleasant day and an agreeable affair.

TIN WEDDING.—The friends of George E. Fowle and wife met Tuesday evening, and celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Co. K. 39th, was well represented, as were also all parts of the town. Presents appropriate and useful were bestowed, and all passed a plesant evening.

RETURNED.—Mr. Albert Thompson, the artist, who has been in Europe the past year, returned home on Monday last. He is looking well, and has not only enjoyed his stay abroad, but has had excellent opportunities for study which he has made good use of.

ORDINATION.—Mr. Alfred A. Newhall, Jr., is to be ordained to the Christian ministry on the first of September, and will then enter the field of foreign missions.

ELEMENTARY DRILL.—The officers and non-commissioned officers of the 5th, went to Hudson, on Wednesday for an elementary drill.

DRUM CORPS.—A movement is on foot to form a Drum Corps in Woburn, and a preliminary meeting was held Wednesday evening.

REPAIRS.—The Horse Railroad is a good deal out of repair on the curve near the Common, and workmen have been engaged this week fixing it up.

SERENADE.— Some gentlemen from Reading gave a fine serenade Tuesday night, on their way through town from Concord.

☞ Rev. H. S. Kelsey will conduct religious services at the Almshouse at 3 o'clock to-morrow.

☞ D. C. Sisson & Co., have taken desk room in the insurance office of G. H. Conn. See their card.

☞ The Mystic Water Board visited Woburn on Tuesday.

DOWNER'S LANDING. — The Union Picnic at Downer's Landing, on Thursday, was an immense success. Some were restrained from going by fears that the boat would be overloaded and unsafe. But their fears were entirely groundless, for the John Romer took on the whole party, some 930, beside on the return the regular passengers from Hingham. Six cars from Stoneham and nine from Woburn, made up the train, which leaving the trunk line at Milk Row, went around Charlestown to the Mystic wharf, where the boat was in waiting. The day was beautiful, and the harbor very smooth, so that the sail to Downer's Landing was a delightful one. The party was safely landed, and during the day enjoyed the cool sea air (what little there was) the fine prospect, the salt water baths, the swings, the hippodrome, and the other attractions, not forgetting the man who sold "pop, pop, pop, pop, c-o-r-n," and the clam bake. At 5 20 the John Romer again appeared and took the party to Mystic wharf, where they embarked on the cars and were at home before eight o'clock. Not the slightest accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the party, and every one who went, returned pleased with the excursion.

EQUINE DISASTERS.—Monday evening Mrs. James Woodrough of East Woburn and Mrs. Coburn of Boston were driving with a boy and two infant children, through Salem street, when near Bow street, the horse was frightened at a piece of paper in the road, and whirled around. The carriage was smashed, and the occupants thrown out. Mrs. Coburn had a thumb dislocated, and was considerably bruised. Mrs. Woodrough had no bones broken, but suffered a deep cut on the hip, and her hip, side, shoulder and face was badly bruised by being thrown upon a stone wall. The children escaped with slight bruises.

R. F. Ellis was driving on Bedford street Tuesday, with his family, when the horse fell down, bruising its knees and head.

The breaking of a hames on the hack team driven by John C. Higgins, threw one of the horses as they were coming down Myrtle street on Tuesday.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Friday morning Mr. William M. Miller attempted to get on the 7 o'clock train at Horn Pond after it had started, and missing his hold fell under the car, the wheel passing over his left foot crushing it in a serious manner. He was taken to his home on Glenwood street, and a surgeon decided it was best to send him to the Mass. General Hospital, which was done. Mr. Miller bore the intense pain with great fortitude, and the sympathy of his numerous friends is extended to him in his affliction.

Since the above was in type we have received a dispatch from Boston, saying that Mr. Miller's foot was amputated at the ankle.

COLLEGIATE.—In the College races at Saratoga, the Cornell Freshman crew took the first place, and next day in the University race Cornell again came to the front. Harvard sent a man over the course in the single scull race, and there being no competitor, it was declared no race.

DIVORCE.—Among the recent Middlesex divorces we find the following:—Abby A. Wyman from Rufus P. Wyman, both of Stoneham, for gross and confirmed habits of intoxication. Custody of children granted libellant.

COMMONWEALTH.—Jones's barge of that name is quite popular, going out almost every day. On Monday it took a party to Lowell, on Tuesday to Echo Grove, on Wednesday to Nahant.

S. OF T.—Don't forget the Temperance meeting next Wednesday evening, in Lyceum Hall. There will be the best speaking the Order can produce, and a double quartette will furnish vocal music.

WOBURN, July 15, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—The annual Picnic Excursion of the Sabbath School connected with the First Congregational church, took place to-day. They were joined by the Sabbath Schools of the Methodist and Congregational (North Woburn) churches of this town, and also those of Burlington, Stoneham, and the Baptist of Winchester. The place chosen for the picnic was Downer's Landing. By a special arrangement with the B. L. & N. R. R., and the Boston & Hingham Steamboat Co., the company were taken by rail to Mystic Wharf, near the Charlestown Navy Yard, where the Steamer John Romer was found ready to receive the party, and the walk across the City avoided. To this point we had the company of our good and ubiquitous Deacon (Gage), who was prevented by an accident in his family from being away from home, but we had the light of his genial countenance to Mystic Wharf, and he saw us off. The embarkation was speedily effected, and the steamer proceeded promptly on her voyage, laden with about 900, many of whom were children. We had a most delightful sail of about an hour, during which the Gunboats, Moniters, and War Vessels were viewed as also the Cunard Steamer at her wharf in East Boston. The operation of a dredging vessel was also witnessed, and many other matters of interest. Arriving at the wharf we proceeded immediately to the Grove, distant less than half a mile where were formed the greatest variety and most complete arrangements for the amusement, comfort and refreshment of visitors that I have ever seen. The manager of the Grove and his assistants were very courteous and obliging. The music (Edmand's Band) was excellent, and the food and coffee were very highly spoken of, especially the baked clams, and sold at reasonable prices. I do not wonder that this place has become a favorite resort. Upon our return trip to Boston the steamer was pretty heavily loaded, but it is understood among steamboat men that there is less danger from panic (which is all we had to fear) when a boat is full than when two thirds full, for a full load are obliged to keep still. The whole excursion was a decided success, and those who participated in it were very thankful to the committee (of which the Hon. J. G. Pollard was chairman) for providing for them so much pleasure at so little expense.

B.

New Publications.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas W. Higginson. Illustrated. pp. 370. Price $1.50.

Although this is called a Young Folks' History, it might as truly be styled an Every Day History, for in its thirty-two chapters is set forth one of the best historical compendiums we have ever seen. Commencing with the earliest inhabitants, a short chapter is given to them and another to the mound builders, and by easy stages the reader is brought through what generally only interests the scientist, up to colonial times, and so on to the present day. But little space is given to the wars, as the author justly remarks "the true glory of a nation lies, after all, in orderly progress." For young people this work is invaluable, and for every day people whose reading, beyond the newspapers, is confined to a very few books, this history is a prize. Avoiding, as they generally do, historical works on account of their dry detail, a perusal of this will be found as interesting as a story, and should it awaken in them a taste for further research, a convenient appendix gives a list of works to which they may refer. The book is remarkably free from prejudice, and his account of recent events may be read dispassionately by any one without regard to personal predilections. We quote his closing paragraph:—

> The first great mission of the nation was that of proving to the world that republican government, on a large scale, was practicable. In this attempt, success has been attained, in spite of the great difficulty resulting from the presence of slavery, and the annual arrival of many thousand immigrants, wholly untrained in republican institutions. The civil war has proved that the people of the United States, when at peace among themselves, are strong enough for self-protection against any foreign power. The thing now essential to Americans is to guard against internal as well as external dangers, to purify their own government, educate their own community, give to the world an example of pure lives and noble purposes; and so conduct the affairs of the Republic, that, as President Lincoln said in his Gettysburg Address, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE MORALS OF ABOU BEN ADHEM. Edited by D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Boston, Lee & Sheppard. Pp. 231. Price $1.50.

Nasby has a quaint and sarcastic humor which had a special charm in his letters from the cross roads, shone out in his lectures, and now illuminates this his latest work. The book is a series of chapters on interesting and popular topics in which a psuedo Persian sage evolves the accumulated wisdom of years for the benefit of the editor who assumes the character of a nunsophisticated young man. Each chapter is a story, or a pearl of wisdom, and they are all strung on the thread held by Ben Adhem and the Young Man, and will prove quite interesting. They lack the freshness of the Nasby letters, though this may partly be due to the subject, but they will be found very easy and very pleasant reading especially in the summer weather when man wants but little here to read nor wants that little long. It is dedicated to his mother-in-law by the editor, who seems to cherish a fond regard for that long-suffering female.

The Science of Health for August is a seasonable and timely number of this model of health publication. It containes information which seems to us worth more than a year's subscription to every thoughtful reader. Opening with What Shall We Eat, it discusses also the Hygienic System; The Irrepressible Conflict; The Way to Keep Sick; Popular Physiology; Water as a Health Agent; Care of Children; Which Shall It Be; Summer Complaints; Use of Rice, and supplies many Recipes for Cooking It, and for Canning Fruit, which are certainly seasonable just now; Besides, there are items on How to Keep Water Cool; Influence; Graham Flour, etc. In every family this Magazine should be received and read regularly. Price only 20 cents a month, or $2.00 a year. Address S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway New York.

Petersons Ladies Magazine for August is out. The frontispiece is a neat picture of a little miss "in a pout." The fashions are very rich "Love among the roses," a story is illustrated. There is a piece of music, "Waste not, want not," and the department of everyday dresses and garments is excellent. The next number will begin a novelet "Lawrence Elster's Folly," concluding with the December number. Peterson's is undoubtly the cheapest and best Lady's Book.

☞ A little excitement occurred in the Central House Stables, Thursday, in which a blind stallion was pulled about in a manner which he would not have allowed had he the use of his eyes. The horse was put up at Jones's, subject to the order of the owner, who lives in Hudson, and who sent a young man with an order for his delivery. Another Hudson man claims to have a mortgage on the animal, and endeavored to enforce his claim without the necessary papers. The horse was deliversd to the young man, and both undertook to secure him. Finally the elder contestant concluded to let the young man go, and he started for home, which as the horse is a great roader he doubtless reached in good time.

ACCIDENTS.—A boy 10 years old visiting at the Jacob Pierce farm, lost a finger in a hay cutter, on Monday.

While at the Beach on Wednesday, a horse squeezed G. F. McDonald in a stall, cutting a finger on which was a ring, and a splinter was forced into it, making a painful wound.

Wednesday evening Miss Carrie Gage, daughter of G. R. Gage, Esq., was thrown from her horse and slightly bruised.

☞ All the male members of a family in town went to the picnic last Thursday, except Charley, who is four years old. "I'm the only man at home," remarked he, and all day conducted himself as if he was fully alive to the great responsibilities of his position.

SELECTMEN.—At the meeting of the Selectmen Thursday, all were present but Cummings. A long communication from Mrs. Phelps was received, and laid on the table. It was voted to call a Town Meeting for next Friday evening, at 7 1 2 o'clock.

COURT RECORD.—14th, Charles R. Willams, cruelty to animals by driving a horse when unfit for use, $4 and costs. 12th Patrick O'Brien, William McCafferty single drunks $3 and costs each.

Winchester.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.—At the annual town meeting in March, the patriotic (?) citizens of Winchester expressed by their silent words and lack of interest in the subject, that they preferred not to celebrate the Fourth of July in Winchester this year. Therefore all of the Young Men's Association who could get off availed themselves of an invitation extended to them by one of their number to celebrate this national anniversary at the seaside cottage of James H. Prince, Esq., Hyannis Port, Cape Cod. The celebration was a most interesting one, and extended from Saturday morning, July 3rd. until Tuesday morning, July 6th.

The party reached the Port after a pleasant railroad ride of 4 1 2 hours from Boston, and partook of a "good square meal" at the Hallet House. After recovering somewhat from the spirited attack on the chowder and other more substantial food, the party reviewed the locality and decided that it was the "boss" place on the Cape to hold a quiet celebration of the Fourth.

After thus deciding, a yacht was engaged and the rest of the afternoon was spent in trolling for blue fish. The luck was "immense" and so were the blue fish. They seemed to bite our hooks in preference to those of other parties who were fishing on the same grounds, owing, no doubt, to the fact that one of our party claimed to have been a Nantucket fisherman in his youth, and who alleged that he was always successful in catching sharks and blue fish. His persuasive arts over the fish were so powerful, and exerted such an influence over their fickle minds, that, according to his story, even the dead fish would rise up and swallow his hook.

No dead fish and but few live ones were taken from his hook that afternoon, and he was far from being acknowledged the "boss" fisherman of the day. That title was conferred upon one who meekly bore his blushing honors for a few brief hours until the returning tide of the next day's bitter experience swept it from him and gave it to another.

After all had fished to their heart's content, the party landed, and the remaining hours of the day were spent at supper, bowling, billiards, walking, etc. The closing hours of evening were spent on the cottage veranda, and in singing songs appropriate to the occasion.

Sunday the party voted to attend church at Martha's Vineyard, and as faithful horses could not be obtained to carry the party over the water, a yacht was chartered for that purpose. In a most devout yet cheerful frame of mind the worshippers started on their journey, but when about ten miles out, the cheerfulness and devoutness of some of the party began to wilt. One by one lemons were taken from pockets and sucked as though they were not sour. Some looked "puckered" about the mouth and looked wistfully toward the land which they had left far behind. Still all did their best to enjoy themselves, and were as jolly as so many Mark Tapleys would have been in like circumstances, and all declared they were having a glorious time until the skipper saw fit to "heave too," and let down the sail for repairs. That was the time that tried men's — stomachs, and one after the other of those lion-hearted men ceased to "contend against their inward sea of troubles, and tried by giving up, to end them."

But how vain are mortal man's desires! Every sick one cheerfully gave up the ghost of their morning's breakfast, and called upon the remnants of their yesterday's supper to come up also, and yet the more they gave up the more the Tyrant of the sea demanded, and every contribution to his majesty left them less and less satisfied with themselves. At last the sick ones were reduced to such a chronic state of despair, that one of the party, celebrated for his tender heart, and known as the "boss" ladies' man of the party, proposed to turn about and return to port. A large majority voted in favor of the proposition, and soon all were landed at the wharf, well satisfied with the Sunday lesson which they had learned, that the "empty joys of things below" are very unsatisfactory. The rest of the day was spent quietly in reading, and visiting the notables of the place, etc. Among the latter was a second Jonah, a sea captain, who had been taken in, head first by a whale so that his feet only were outside the whale's jaws. He exhibited the marks of the whale's teeth on his ankles.

Another genius of the place is the light house keeper, who received us gladly, and entertained us delightfully. From him we received the information that they didn't plant potatoes on the Cape for eating purposes, but to keep the sand from blowing away. We were glad to hear this, as we wondered all the way down why they planted potatoes.

The remaining days were spent in bowling, fishing, hunting "deers," ect. Success attended all our efforts at enjoyment, and the time passed quickly away. The boss bowler was a "red Indian" who hailed from Boston. Whenever he made a ten strike he sounded such a war whoop that the hair on our scalps stood on end. Another of our party was quite a successful bowler, although he was not the "boss." He was collegd-bred, and expatiated largely upon the superior advantages of the "Hanover twist" and contended that that was the "boss" way to roll ball.

But soon the time arrived for us to turn our faces towards home. With sad hearts we packed up. Even the red Indian snuffled audibly, and sounded his war whoop mournfully. The "boss" ladies' man wept as he thought of the fish he hadn't yet caught. The poet Herbert recited an appropriate poem in a feeling manner, and the voice of the great American traveller for once was dumb.

All enjoyed good health during their sojourn, excepting one verdant youth who was reported sea sick from an overdose of ice cream, eaten at the hotel. His stomach could stand the pitch and toss of the sea, and his head, the bumps of the railway car, but ice cream was a little too much of a "customer" for him.

All were very sad at "good bye" time, but were comforted by the invitation given by Mr. Frank Prince to come again next Fourth.

BOSS.

FISHING.—Tuesday morning a hardy, but not very valiant looking company, under the charge of that veteran fishman, Geo. P. Brown, assembled at the depot, and proceeded to Cohasset Narrows, where a fine opportunity offers, to fish. They were well provided with "Raspberry Syrup," which we are assured did not "flat out" this time before they used it. Fortune's sweetest smiles beamed on them, and under such an efficient leader, who knows how to bait a hook which will deceive a sculpin and coax a halibut, what more could they ask. We must not forget to add that the "Doctor" magnanimously gave up the pleasure of fishing himself in order to "bait" fish for the rest of the party in which he was unusually successful.

EXCURSION.—A party of the residents of Symmes' Corner with their friends, went to Chelsea Beach, Monday in the "Queen of Winchester." An unfortunate incident happened on starting; as Denny was turning his team, he threw down one of his lead horses, and lamed it quite badly; another one was procured to take its place, and the party went on.

A. Winn & Son's horse referred to above, died Tuesday noon from the injuries received. It is a loss they will feel very much, as it was one of a pair of "silver tails," which they drive together on their hack and excursion wagon, and hard to match again.

PARALYSIS.—Last Monday evening as Mr. James H. Prince was returning in his boat from an excursion to Mystic Pond with a small party, and when near the landing place on his grounds he suddenly dropped his oars and fell back in the boat. He was taken and carried up to his house, and a doctor summoned when it was found that one side of his body was paralyzed. He has continued in this condition up to the time of the present writing. He has been conscious all the time but converses with difficulty. His family were at Hyannis where they spend the summer and they have been sent for and have returned home.

A SACRED PUMP.—A little four-year-old in Winchester the other day was busily working the pump handle, when her mother asked her what she was doing; to which she replied that she was trying to pump up God. Her mother struck with surprise asked what she meant. "Father says God is in everything," said the little one, "and I guess if I pump long enough I shall pump him up."

☞ "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievious words stir up anger." One of our carpenters and a merchant with whom he had some business dealings, had some angry words last Saturday evening, front of Lyceum Building, which called together quite a crowd of spectators, but aside from that did not amount to anything.

NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.—The new school-house on the plains which is fast approaching completion, has been named the "Chapin School-house," in honor of the worthy doctor who so long and faithfully served the town in looking after its educational interests.

BLUE FISH.—A party of eight of our citizens went to Cohasset Narrows this week, and caught twenty-eight blue fish. Our old friend, C. C. Hanly did the honors, he being a resident of that neighborhood.

☞ There was a goodly number, principally from the Baptist church, joined the Union excursion to Downer's Landing last Thursday.

JUROR.—A. C. Taylor was drawn as a juror while in the court room last Wednesday, being wanted to take the place of a juror challenged off the panel.

WATER.—There are 370 water takers in Winchester, and the registrar will be glad to see them with the amount of their tax.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.—Rev. E. A. Hall, of Worcester will occupy the pulpit of the Unitarian Church to-morrow morning.

☞ The Baptist church have decided to suspend the afternoon service until October, commencing to-morrow.

Burlington.

CAUGHT.—John E. Philbrick of Burlington, Mass., alias Thomes Wilson, was arrested, Monday, for the larceny of two monkey wrenches from a shop on Travers street. He is believed to be the person who has committed several larcenies at the West End, within a short time. Philbrick's true name was discovered from a letter found upon him, which also stated that during the late war he a member of Company A. Third Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; that he deserted, was caught, tried, and found guilty, but that sentence was never pronounced upon him.

☞ The Assessors of Burlington have completed their work, and find the valuation of Personal Property $138,204; Real Estate $384 223; Total Valuation, $522.-427. Gain on Personal Estate, $10,500; gain on total valuation, $11,000. Amount of town grants, $5,632 24, State tax, $700 00, County tax, $449.07. Rate of taxation, $12 20 per $1000. Acres of land taxed, 7,283, dwelling houses, 124, horses 214, cows 240, sheep 5. We are indebted to William Winn, Esq., for the above.

Stoneham.

THE CASE OF JOHN BEST.—It will be remembered that John Best of Stoneham, a member of the last Legislature, was arrested on the charge of larceny of money from the safe of Mr. Hill in Stoneham. Best was tried before Judge Pettengill, District Judge, who, without proper authority, *nol pros'd* the case upon an agreement on the part of Best to pay Mr. Hill $1200. General Stephenson, Chief of Detective force, not being satisfied with this proceeding, presented the case before the grand jury, who found a bill against Best, and he was re-arrested by detective Wade and committed to jail. He subsequently obtained bail, since which time he has not been seen.

☞ A Fall River man has succeeded in raising a crop of water lilies. In his yard he sank in the ground the half of an old cask, the bottom of which he covered with peat and swamp mud, and then filled it with water. Early in the spring he placed several water lily roots among the earth at the bottom of this artificial pond, and now he has a number of these pure white flowers daily unfolding their petals.

☞ Delays are dangerous, persons suffering from dropsy, Bright's disease, kidney, bladder and glandular maladies, diabetes, gravel, mental and physical debility, retention and incontinence of urine, female irregularities, and in fact all affections of the urino-genital organs should at once partake of *Hunts Remedy.* It is the Balm of Gilead for such distressing complaints.

☞ The first pastoral exchange on record between mother and son has recently occurred between Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of the Church of the Good Sheperd, Jersey City, N. J., and her son Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, of St. Paul's Church, Little Falls, N. Y.

☞ Two Montrose boys, George Oliver, and ——Perry, caught a couple of young eagles last week while out in the woods.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

ARRIVAL OF "YELLOW BROTHERS" IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* of the 2d inst. says: "The Oceanic had hardly discharged her cargo of 725 Chinamen, anxious to try their fortunes in the land of the barbarian, when the China touched the wharf with 975 more of the yellow brothers on board. The discharging of live freight commenced this morning about 6 o'clock, and is probably not yet ended. They file off the boat in pairs, heavily laden with boxes, bundles and baskets, and are received in a corral, where they strip and their packages examined, that the Custom House officials may be satisfied that nothing is smuggled into the country. Some very curious developments are made.

In addition to the various articles of clothing and *vertu*, the boxes contain many curious things. Hideous family portraits, precious joses, elegant opium pipes, cigarettes of excellent tobacco, volumes of Chinese literature, fantastically covered dice, embroidered table covers, boxes of tobacco, skeins of silk, jars of celestial gin, ivory chopsticks, &c. Some opium, upon which the duty is very high, was found concealed in a very ingenius manner. A joss as large as a six months old baby was taken out of a chest and overlooked by one of the officers; but another examining the image discovered that the hollow inside of it did not correspond in length with the external surface. The head of Joss was found stuffed with opium paste. Plaster of Paris had been glued over the orifice so that the head appeared solid.

The way the luggage is rummaged over is discouraging to a Celestial traveler. One of the officials tore open a box expecting to find silk or opium. At the first glance inside of it he turned as white as an Albino and dropped the box. Very cosily coiled up in cotton were a very fine pair of sacred snakes. Although perfectly harmless, they are hideous looking creatures. The owner of these singular pets grinned elaborately at the discomfiture of the barbarian. After they had inspected their goods the Celestials gathered in groups to wait until they could be expressed to the Chinese quarter. Each group looked a little anxious and forlorn, and each man seemed to realize that he was in a strange land, thousands of miles from home; but once upon the wagon all this despondency vanished, for they were compelled to hang on by teeth and nails as the wagons whizzed round the corners of the streets.

A NEW MANAGER OF THE B. AND L. R. R.—Since the retirement of Gen. Stark from the management of the Boston, Lowell and Nashua Railroad, the duties of the position have been discharged by Mr. Winslow, the veteran ex-Superintendent. The responsibilities of the position being greater than could easily be borne by a man of his years, a successor was looked for, and he has been found in the person of the Hon. Hocum Hosford, who was elected Manager of the road at a meeting of the Board of Directors held a day or two since.

Mr. Hosford has been associated with the corporation as director for nine years, and is perfectly familiar with the general management. His natural executive ability added to his experience as a business man, manufacturer, and Mayor of the city of Lowell, will enable him to administer the affairs of the road in a manner satisfactory to the stock holders and the public who are patrons of the road. Mr. Hosford intends to enter upon the discharge of his duties on the 1st of August; and in so doing he will retire from the immediate control and management of his business in Lowell, retaining, however, his position as President of the Merchants' National Bank and the directorship in several corporations. Mr. Winslow will continue to act in the capacity of Advisory Manager for another year, while Mr. Parker will remain, as heretofore, Superintendent of the road. The selection of Mr. Hosford for the position of Manager is regarded as most judicious, and acceptable both to the stockholders and the public.

☞ The second number of *Wide awake* (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston) surpasses the initial number. Rossiter Johnson, compiler of Osgood's "little classics," has an excellent story. Three D. D.'s are represented by contributors. The serials grow in interest, and there is evidently first-class work upon every page. We predict for this new juvenile a steady growth inwardly and outwardly Price 2.00 per annum. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ The little Hartford girl who gave utterance to the following idea was puzzling her mind with a problem that has bothered the world for ages. She was reproved for some childish act, and seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, reflected for a long time and then looking up, said "Ma! Why is it that naughty things are so nice?"

☞ Harvard may claim intellectual superiority because she won the scull race.—[*Lowell Currier.*] For twenty-four hours, but how "can a day" change the entire aspect of affairs!

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Married.

In Woburn, July 13, by Sherman Converse, Esq. William G. Cameron and Jane L. Curry, both of Winchester.

In Woburn, July 10, by P. L. Converse, Esq. George H. Murray and Margaret McHugh.

Special Notices.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of M. A. Tyler & Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The accounts of the late firm will be settled by Albert A. Tyler, who will continue the business.

M. A. TYLER.
ALBERT A. TYLER.

Woburn, July 1, 1875.

TOWN LIBRARY.

The Library will be re-opened for the delivery of books on Monday, 19th inst. at 6 P. M.

Per order of
LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

THE
Hartford
ACCIDENT
Insurance Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.,

Capital, $200,000,

ISSUES

Policies & Tickets

GRANTING INSURANCE

From One Day to One Year.

GEO. H. CONN,
AGENT,

No. 174 MAIN St.,
WOBURN.

A GOOD TENEMENT TO LET

On Pleasant Street, Inquire of
126 A. V. HAYNES.

WOOD FOR SALE.
WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.
July 16th, 1875.

TO LET.

A Tenement of 7 rooms, on Pleasant Street, for Particulars inquire of
HENRY F. BULFINCH,
222 Main Street,
Woburn, Mass.

BOOKS OF EASY MUSIC!!

Collections of Easy, Brilliant, Popular airs, that every one can play, and no can help liking.

Musical Garland. $2.50. Violin and Piano Duets.

Musical Flowers. $2.50. Flute and Piano Duets.

Flute Bouquet. $1.50. Airs for Flute.

Violin Amusement. $1.50. Airs for Violin.

Party Dances. 75 cts. Violin and Piano.

Winner's Band of Four. $1.00. Quartets for 1st and 2d Violin, Cornet or Clarionet and Bass.

Strauss Dance Music. $1.00 Violin and Piano.

Violin and Flute Duets. $1.00. By Winner.

Clark's ($) Instuctors. For Piano, for Reed Organ, for Violin. Each $1.00.

Winner's New Schools. Each 75 cts. For Piano, Cabinet Organ, Melodeon, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, French Accordeon, German Accordeon, Fife, Flute, Flageolet, Clarionet.

Sold by all music dealers. Sent, post-free for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James McMahon and Ellen C. McMahon to Stephen Thompson, dated August fifteenth, A. D., 1868, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex S. D., Lib. 1048, fol. 90, will be sold at auction, for breach of the condition of the said mortgage, on the 2d day of August next, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Walnut Street, in Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded Southwesterly by Walnut Street, South-easterly by land of Andrew McHugh, North easterly by the westerly side of a ditch, and by land of Winthrop Wyman, and North westerly by land of James N. Page, and being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James McMahon and Ellen C. McMahon, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

STEPHEN THOMPSON, Mortgagee
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, July 10th, 1875.

For Nantasket Beach, Hingham, Hull and Melville Gardens, Downer Landing.

STEAMERS GOV. ANDREW, JOHN ROMER and ROSE STANDISH, leave Rowe's Wharf, junction of Atlantic Ave. and Broad Street.

For Hingham and Hull at 9.15 A. M., 12.15, 2.30 and 5 30 P. M.

For Downer Landing at 9.15, and 10.30 A. M., 12 15, 2.30, 3.30, and 5.30 P. M.

For Nantasket Beach at 9.30, and 10.30 A. M., 2.30, 3.30, and 5 P. M.

Boats for Boston.

Leave Hingham at 7.30, and 10.30 A. M., 1.30, 3.50 and 6.40.

Leave Downer Landing at 7.35, and 10.35 A. M., 1.35, 4, 5.20 and 6.45 P. M.

Leave Hull at 7.50, and 10.50 A. M., 1.50, 4.15 and 6.30 P. M.

Leave Nantasket Beach at 8 and 11 A. M., 12 M., 3.30, 5, and 6.10 P. M.

Fare 25 cents each way—50 tickets for $10. Round trip tickets, including admission to Melville Gardens, can be obtained at the wharf (except on Mondays) at 60 cents.

The Latest and Best Cookery Book!

COOKERY FROM EXPERIENCE,

A practical Guide for the Housekeeper in the Preparation of Every-day Meals, containing more than 1000 Domestic Receipts, mostly tested by Personal Experience, with suggestions for Meals, Lists of Meats and Vegetables in Seasons, etc. By MRS. SARA T. PAUL. 12mo., Cloth, black and gold, $1.50; or interleaved with Writing-Paper, $1.75.

These Receipts are *inexpensive, thoroughly practical*, and so *clear* as to be readily prepared even by the inexperienced. It is recommended as the *best* and *cheapest* to be had.

For Sale by all Booksellers.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOR SALE.

3 Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines, price formerly $65.00 will be sold for $35.00 Also 1 $80.00 machine will be sold $40.00. Also 1 $90.00 machine will be sold for $45.00 prior to removal. These machines have no superior and but few if any equal in existence.

GEO. W. POLLOCK, Agt.

D. C. SISSON & CO.
AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS,
Real Estate and Mortgage Brokers
Offices: { 174 Main Street, - Woburn, / 22 School Street, - Boston.
OFFICE HOURS IN WOBURN, FROM 8 to 9 A. M., AND 7 to 9 P. M.

JAMES MARTIN & SON,
Manufacturers of
TENTS, FLAGS and AWNINGS
Jobbers in all kinds of
AWNING STOCK & FIXTURES
500 New Tents for sale Cheap.
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
No. 114 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
R. MARSTON & Co.'s
DINING-ROOMS
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST.,
BOSTON.
Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

SELECTMEN'S OFFICE,

WOBURN, July 17th, 1875.

The attention of the citizens of the Town of Woburn is called to the following act in relation to the Sealing of Weights and Measures.—

[CHAP. 218.]

AN ACT IN RELATION TO SEALING WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:

SECT. 1. All persons using scales, weights, measures, or milk cans, for the purpose of selling any goods, wares, merchandise, or other commodities, shall have them adjusted, sealed and recorded by the sealer of weights and measures in the city or town in which they reside or have their usual place of business, and shall thereafter be responsible for the correctness and exactness of the same; *provided, however*, that they shall have the right to have such scales, weights, measures and milk-cans tested and adjusted at the office of the sealer of weights and measures, whenever they desire to do so.

SECT. 2. The sealer of weights and measures in each city and town shall go once a year, and oftener if necessary, to every hay and coal scale, dormant or other platform balanced, within said city or town that cannot be easily or conveniently removed, and test the accuracy of and adjust and seal the same.

SECT. 3. All persons using any scales, weights, measures or milk cans, for the purpose of buying or selling any commodity, may have the same tested and sealed by the sealer of weights and measures in the city or town where they reside or have their usual place of business, at his office, whenever they desire to have it done.

SECT. 4. Whenever a complaint is made to a sealer of weights and measures under oath, by any person, that he has reasonable cause to believe that any scale, weight or measure used in the sale of any commodity within the city or town, is incorrect, the said sealer shall go to the place where such scale, weight or measure is, and test and mark the same according to the result of the test applied thereto, and if the same be incorrect and cannot be adjusted, the said sealer shall attach a notice thereto, certifying the fact and forbidding the use thereof until the same has been made to conform to the authorized standard. Any person using any scales, weights or measures after a sealer of weights and measures has demanded permission to test the same, and has been refused such permission, shall be liable to the same penalties as if he had knowingly used a false scale, weight or measure.

SECT. 5. All scales, weights and measures that cannot be made to conform to the standard shall be stamped "Condemned" or "CD." by the sealer of weights and measures; and no person shall thereafter use the same for weighing or measuring any commodity sold or exchanged, under the penalties provided in the case of the use of false weights and measures.

SECT. 6. Every sealer of weights and measures shall receive such compensation for his services as may be fixed by the city or town within which he is appointed, and no fees shall be charged for any official duty he may perform.

SECT. 7. Every city and town shall within the first ten days of January and July in each year, advertise the several sections of this act, by publishing them in some newspaper printed in such city or town, or by posting them up in one or more public places therein.

SECT. 8. This act shall take effect upon its passage. [*Approved May 6, 1870.*

115 M. S. SEELEY,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF—
The First National Bank of Woburn,

at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, June 30, 1875.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$389,968 88
Overdrafts	58
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	300,000 00
Other Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages	3,825 00
Due from approved reserve agents	53,618 18
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	25,855 91
Current expenses and taxes paid	986 11
Checks and other cash items	4,381 27
Bills of other National Banks	4,505 00
Fractional Currency (including Nickels)	881 40
Legal Tender Notes	11,620 00
Redemption Fund with U.S. Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)	13,500 00
Total	$809,142 33

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$300,000 00
Surplus Fund	93,000 00
Other undivided profits	15,179 44
National Bank notes outstanding	266,000 00
Dividends unpaid	2,365 00
Individual deposits subject to check	127,123 86
Demand Certificates of deposit	5,474 03
Total	$809,142 33

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss:

I, J. R. Green, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1875.

E. D. HAYDEN, Justice of the Peace.

Correct. Attest,
E. D. HAYDEN,
JOHN JOHNSON, } Directors.
E. N. BLAKE,

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
SUMMER
MILLINERY!
WITHOUT REGARD TO COST,
—AT—
MISS BANCROFT'S,
No. 175 MAIN STREET,
Bank Block, WOBURN.

The Troy Patent Collar Ironing Machine,
IS OWNED BY THE
CHELSEA DYE HOUSE AND LAUNDRY,
12 Temple Place Boston.

Collars and Cuffs laundried with the original finish after being soiled.

Collars Laundried for Manufacturers.

A liberal commission allowed to parties collecting and forwarding Collars and Cuffs to be done up as new.

Price, 3 Cents each.

Rights and Machines for sale for Towns or Counties.

TO ORGAN STUDENTS.
Now Ready:
CLARKE'S IMPROVED SCHOOL
FOR THE
PARLOR ORGAN,
By HUGH A. CLARKE,
(Prof. of Music in the University of Pennsylvania.)
Just Issued. Sent by Mail, Price $2.50
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

ROACHES, RATS, and MICE
are effectually destroyed by the use of
Parsons & Co.'s Exterminator!
20 All dealers in medicine have it.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover st., Boston.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying. Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M.

C. E. COOPER,
(Successor to C. S. Adkins), dealer in
BOOKS, PERIODICALS,
DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, &c.
156 Main Street, - Woburn, Mass.

SALT GRASS
ON MYSTIC RIVER,

near site of old Mill. Thirteen acres of Salt Grass for sale in lots to suit purchasers. Inquire of
THOMAS EMERSON,
Powder House Farm, West Somerville.

NEW
COAL
AND
Wood
YARD.

OFFICE,
113 Main Street,
near depot.

COAL and WOOD.

Now is the time to send in your orders for

COAL.

Lackawanna,
Excelsior,
Franklin,
Draper,
Wilkes-barre,
Hickory
AND
Cumberland.

Hard & Pine Wood and SLABS,
Lime, Cement,
AND HAY.

WOOD SAWED IF DESIRED.

Conducting our business on the cash system we shall be able to furnish coal at the

Lowest Price

and very best quality.

A share of the trade respectfully solicited.

OFFICE:
113 MAIN STREET,
Ellis' Railroad Store building, next to centre depot.
CHA. K. CONN & Co.
Yard at Horn Pond Station.
15

THE
RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
AT AUCTION
IN WINCHESTER.

On SATURDAY, the 17th inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at auction, on the premises, that pleasant place formerly owned by Patrick Harkins, situated in Winchester, on Winchester street, within five minutes walk of the Richardson Row Depot, on the Woburn Branch Railroad, and eight miles to Boston. Said estate consists of a two-story house, barn and 1¼ acres of land; the house is well painted and blinded, contains 8 rooms and in good condition. The land is of a good quality and is well supplied with fruit trees, such as apples, pears, &c. This sale affords a good opportunity to persons doing business in the city, to purchase a pleasant place in the country.

By order of JULIA CHALLIS.

Conditions at Sale. $100 to be paid at sale.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer. 112

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - - - - - MASS.

Collector's Notice.

TO BE SOLD FOR UNPAID TAXES.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the taxes assessed for the years hereinafter specified, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said town, by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of Real Estate, or such undivided portions of them as may be necessary, will be offered at public auction for sale at the office of the Collector, Bank Block, on Tuesday, July 20, 1875, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

J. M. BAILEY.—Buildings and about 2¾ acres land, southerly side of Wyman street, adjoining the estates of D. D. Hart, C. A. Wyman and T. J. Pierce.
Tax for 1874, $88.48.

JAMES BOVIARD.—Buildings and about 3¾ acres land, between the estates of William Callahan and Geo. W. Allen, and adjoining the estate of William Boviard.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

WILLIAM BOVIARD.—Buildings and about 1 acre land, between the estates of Patrick Callahan and Geo. W. Allen and adjoining the estate of B. F. Flagg.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.

EDWARD CALLAHAN.—Buildings and ½ acre land easterly side of Grove street between the estates of Lackey McDermott and Mary Eaton.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

MICHAEL CALLAHAN, 2D.—About ⅜ acre of land on the south side of a private street leading from Willow street, between the estates of James Maguire and Matthew Coyne.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

THOMAS R. CORBETT.—Buildings and about 1-16 acre land, between the estates of James Marrinan and George Flagg, adjoining the estate of Hugh Dever.
Tax of 1874. 11.06.

JOHN COKELEY.—Buildings and about 1¼ acre land, easterly side of Wood street, adjoining the estates of George W Allen and Phineas G. Hanson.
Tax of 1874. $14.22.

OWEN COLLINS.—Buildings and about 5¼ acres land on westerly side of Winn street, between the estates of Thomas Caulfield and O. Griffin, and adjoining the estate of Dennis Shields.
Tax of 1874, $18.96.

Buildings and about ¼ acre land on westerly side of Dublin street, between the estates of Patrick McDonald and William H. Cushman.
Tax of 1874, $23.70.

WILLIAM C. C. COLEGATE.—Buildings and about ¼ acre land on westerly side East street adjoining the estates of Frederic Gage and Alexander Brown.
Tax of 1874, $17.38.

JOHN CURLEY.—Buildings and about 1 acre land south side Rag Rock Avenue, adjoining the estates of Stephen Dow and Mary McLaughlin.
Tax of 1874. $15.80.

JOHN CURLEY.—About 6¾ acres land south side Rag Rock Avenue between the estates of John Qualey and Geo. W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, 7.90.

JOB CURTIS.—House and about 1 acre land on north side School street between estates of James McFeeley and J. M. Eaton.
Tax of 1874. 15.80.

JAMES DEVINE.—House and about ¼ acre land on west side Belmont street, between estates of Lewis Shaw & Co., and James E. Abbott.
Tax of 1874, $9.48.
Tax of 1873, 1.18

PATRICK J. DEVER.—Buildings and about ⅜ acre land, corner Burlington and Sheridan streets, adjoining the estates of James Doherty and James McCaverty.
Tax of 1874, 43.45.

About 5 acres land near Sheridan street, between estates of John Winn and John K. Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $9.48.

HUGH DEVER.—Buildings and about 6,544 feet land on east side of Main street, between estates of Joseph Kelley and Trustees Methodist Episcopal Church.
Balance tax of 1874, 137.19.

HUGH DOHERTY 2D.—House and about ⅜ acre land, north side Elijah street, between estates of James Nolan and John Moloy.
Tax of 1874, $5.53.

MICHAEL DOHERTY HEIRS.—Buildings and 1 13-16 acres land, on south side Elijah street, adjoining estate of Bernard McElheny.
Tax of 1874, $33.18.

JAMES DOHERTY.—Buildings and about 5-16 acre land, northerly side Sheridan street, between the estates of Ann Doherty and John Conway.
Tax of 1874, $25.27.

About ½ acre land easterly side Burlington street between estates of Patrick J. Dever and Philip Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $2.77.

MARY DOLAN.—House and about ¼ acre land on a private street leading from Main opposite Buckman street and adjoining land of Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $37.92.

MICHAEL FOLEY.—House and about 9,000 feet of land on easterly side Winn street, adjoining estate of Joshua Seward.
Tax of 1874, $22.12.

JOSIAH L. FOWLE.—About 1-16 acre land between estates of George H. Noble and Newell Z. Tabor.
Tax of 1874, .79.

WILLIAM FOSS ESTATE.—House and about 1 acre of land, south side of Nichols street, corner of Minot, and adjoining estate of Albert Thompson.
Tax of 1874, $16.59.

DENNIS GIBBONS.—House and about 3-16 acre of land on westerly side of North Warren street, and adjoining land of town of Woburn.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.

MRS. LUTHER AND STOUGHTON B. HOLDEN.—Buildings and about 1 acre land on North side of Railroad street, adjoining estate of Stephen Dow.
Tax of 1874, $63.20.

House and about 2½ acres land on North side Railroad street, between the estates of John Smith and Lyman W. Lincoln.
Tax of 1874, $37.92.

House and about ¼ acre land off south side Railroad street, adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

About 1 acre of wood land south side Railroad St., adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $4.74.

Unimproved land, about 3 acres, south side of Railroad street, adjoining estates of Joseph G. Pollard and said Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

About 2¾ acres unimproved land, being Lots Nos. 10 and 11, on a plan of land as surveyed by Edward Buckman, June 6th, 1853, and known as the Joshua Converse land.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 1 acre wood land on Dragon Court.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

GEORGE HOMER.—Buildings and about 11 (eleven) acres land between Washington and Mill streets, adjoining the estates of Martin Hayward and Manuel Small.
Tax of 1874, $91.64.
Balance of tax for 1873, 5.00.

WILLIAM H. HUNT.—Buildings and ⅜ acre land on west side Main street, between estates of John Quealey and Joshua E. Littlefield.
Tax of 1874, $47.50.

ELI JONES ESTATE.—Buildings and 1¼ acres land on west side Warren street, between estates of John Robinson and Michael Harney, adjoining estate of Thomas Richardson.
Tax of 1874, $127.98.

MRS. ANNA KENDALL.—Buildings and about 13-16 acre land on northwest side Salem street, adjoining estate of Walter Fowle.
Tax of 1874, $15.40.

LYMAN W. LINCOLN.—Buildings and about 1-2 acre land north side of Railroad street, between estates of Mrs. Luther and Stoughton B. Holden, and Hannah G. Tucker, adjoining estate of Edwin Story.
Tax of 1874, $13.43.

MARY LANNIGAN.—About 1-2 acre land on east side Houghton street, between the estates of James C. O'Neal and Anthony Doherty, adjoining estate of Martin Ellis.
Tax of 1874, $1.98.
Tax of 1873, 1.98.

HUMPHREY LYNCH.—House and about 1,680 feet land on corner of Centre and Mann streets, adjoining estate of Michael Looney.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

PATRICK MALONEY.—House and about 1,750 feet land on east side Centre street, between estates of George Flagg, and Garvin heirs, adjoining estate of Patrick Ferrin.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

MICHAEL MCCOLGAN.—House and about 19,378 feet land on north side of a private way, leading from Water street and adjoining estate of Stephen Dow.
Tax of 1874, $28.44.

JAMES McDONALD.—House (being No. 234) and about 2,815 feet land on west side Main street, between estates of Thomas Salmon and Michael Ferrin, and adjoining land of town of Woburn.
Tax of 1874, $60.04

House and about 3,055 feet of land off Church St., and adjoining estates of John Haloran, Mrs. Henly, and others.
Tax of 1874, $15.80.
Balance of 1872 tax, 64.58.

MRS. CHARLES A. MCDONALD.—House and about ⅛ acre of land on east side Beach street, and adjoining estates of John Nelson and Mrs. Mary Parker.
Tax of 1874, 15.80.

GEORGE MCDERMOTT.—House and about ¼ acre of land on corner of Houghton Street, and Rag Rock Avenue and adjoining estate of John Bacon.
Tax of 1874, $8.69.

MRS. PATRICK MCDERMOTT.—House and about ¼ acre of land on Grove Street, between the estates of Michael Maguire, and Barney McConologue 2nd, and adjoinining estate of Andrew Grantfield.
Tax of 1874, $25.28.

MRS. MARY MCLAUGHLIN.—House and about 3-16 acre of land, south side of Rag Rock Avenue, between estates of John Curley, and Michael Feeney.
Tax of 1874, $14.23.

PETER MEEHAN.—House and about 1-16 acre of land on east side of Everett Street between estates of John Kelley and Richard Henshaw, adjoining estate of Benjamin Richardson.
Tax for 1874, $11.85.
Balance of Tax for 1872, 11.97.

About ¼ acre of land on on north side of Railroad street, between estates of Rufus Smith and heirs of William Floyd.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

W. R. MERRILL.—Buildings and about ⅜ acre of land on south side of Ward street, between estates of Noah Edgecomb and Henry Thompson.
Tax of 1874, $31.60.

MICHAEL MULHERON ESTATE—House and about 11-16 acre of land on east side of Washington street, between estates of Charles Porter and Samuel T. Hooper.
Tax of 1874, $14.22.

PETER MURRAY.—House and about 9-16 acre of land corner of Albany and Railroad Streets, adjoining Stoneham Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $20.54.

About 1 acre of meadow land on a private street leading from Railroad Street, and between estates of Joseph Woodrough & Co. and Stoneham Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, $1.58.

JOHN NELSON.—Buildings and about 58 acres of land on Beach Street bonded as follows:—north by land of Town of Woburn, south by said Beach Street, east by land of Augustus W. Brooks, and west by land of Alden Knight.
Tax of 1874, $101.91.

LEWIS W. NEVILLE.—Buildings and about ¾ acre of land on west side Hart Place, so called, leading from Lowell street, bounded westerly by land of Luther B. Wyman, northerly by land of George R. Baldwin, southerly by owner unknown.
Tax of 1874, $31.60.

MRS. DEBORAH PAGE.—House and about 3-8 acre of land on corner of Cambridge and Locust sts., adjoining estate of John Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $11.06.

WM. E. PHILLIPS.—House and about 7-16 acre of land on corner of Thorn and Washington streets, adjoining estate of Owen Lennon.
Tax of 1874, 16.59.

OLIVER S. QUIMBY.—Buildings and about 6,390 feet of land, on east side of Auburn street, between estates of S. O. Pollard and heirs of Christopher C. Stowers.
Tax of 1874, 13.43.

MRS. MARY REDDY.—Buildings and about 3-16 acre of land on east side of Dublin street, between estates of George Flagg and James Rogers.
Tax of 1874, $34.76.

J. B. SAWTELLE.—Buildings and about 1 1-16 acre of land on east side of East street, between the estates of Patrick McGlennon and Thomas Quinn, and adjoining estates of S. S. and Lemuel Holton, heirs of Rufus Wyman, and L. Houghton Allen.
Tax of 1874, $33.18.

Buildings and about 3¼ acres of land on south and north sides of Green street, between estates of Joseph G. Pollard and Duncklee and Holton, and adjoining estates of Lewis Farrel and George W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, 51.35.

NATHAN J. SIMONDS.—Buildings and about 2 7-16 acres of land, on east side Main St, between estates of Simon Holden, Moses A. Tyler, and E. N. Blake, and adjoining Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874 181.70.

Buildings and about 7,000 feet of land on the east side of Main Street, adjoining the estate of J. B. McDonald, and the Woburn Branch Railroad.
Tax of 1874, 347.60.

DANIEL H. SKELTON.—House and about ¼ acre of land on corner of Green and Valley Street, adjoining the estates of Andrew Fickett and George W. Allen.
Tax of 1874, $27.65.

MRS. JOHN J. SKINNER.—About 7,900 feet of land off East Street, between estates of George J. Munroe, and John T. Hill, and adjoining estate of G. R. Gage.
Tax of 1874, 7.90.

EDWIN STORY.—House and about ¼ acre of land on west side of Wood Street, between the estates of Lewis Farrell, Mrs. Hannah G. Tucker and Lyman W. Lincoln, and adjoining estate of Stoughton B. Holden.
Tax of 1874, $7.90.

WILLIAM A. WILSON.—About 14,237 feet of land corner Bacon and Nashua Streets, being part of lot No. 8, Ayers plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, 3.16.

House and about 31,562 feet of land, east side Beacon street, being lot No. 11, Ayers plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, 14.22.
1872, 6.65.
1871, 6.25.

About 12,500 feet of land west side Beacon street and adjoining the estate of Wm. H. Burges being part of lot No. 26, Ayer's plan of Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $3.16.
1872, 2.66.
1871, 10.00.

About 19,170 feet of land on corner Railroad and Tremont streets, being lot No. 31, Ayer's Plan of Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, 2.37.
" 1872, 2.00.

About 20,230 feet of land on east side of Tremont street, adjoining the estate of G. M. Fletcher's heirs being lot No. 32, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax for 1874, $2.37.
" 1872, 2.00.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 27,750 feet of land on east side of Tremont street, and adjoining the estate of Miss Eliza W. Philbrook, being lot No. 35, Ayers Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.
" 1872, 2.66.
" 1871, 1.87.

About 21,468 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being part of Lot No. 36, Ayer's Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, $6.32.

About 34,280 feet of land corner Tremont and Nashua streets, being part of lot No. 37 Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 7.90.

House and about 25,408 feet of land corner Tremont and Nashua streets, being part of lot No. 38, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $54.51.
" 1872, 6.65.
" 1871, 6.25.

About 49,640 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being lot No. 40, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.
" 1872, 3.33.

About 53,244 feet of land on east side Tremont street, being lot No. 41, Ayer's Plan, Emerson Lots.
Tax of 1874, 4.74.

About 40,080 feet of land on north side of Lowell street, being lot No. 43, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 10,756 feet of land on vorner of Lowell and Tremont streets, being lot No. 44, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $4.74.

About 87,668 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 45, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.95.

About 54,187 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 46, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 56,250 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 47, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 58,187 feet of land on west side of Tremont street being lot No. 48, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 61,968 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 49, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 64,218 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 50, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 67,375 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 51, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, 3.16.

About 37,500 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 54, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 37,500 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 55, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.
Tax of 1872, 2.00.
Tax of 1871, 1.87.

About 19,700 feet of land on west side of Tremont street, being lot No. 56, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 19,100 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 57, Ayer's Plan, Emerson's lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.

About 18,500 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No 58, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $2.37.
Tax of 1872, 1.66.

About 58,072 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 59, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

About 62,816 feet of land on south side of Railroad street, being lot No. 60, Ayer's Plan, Emerson lots.
Tax of 1874, $3.16.

NON-RESIDENTS.

OWEN DOHERTY, of Boston.—About 1¾ acres of land, corner of Bedford and Houghton streets adjoining estates of Neil McLaughlin and Anthony Doherty.
Tax of 1874, $6.32.

About 1-4 acre of land being lot No. 14, Carter and Winn land.
Tax of 1874, 1.98.

JOSEPH GARDNER, of Boston.—About 5¼ acres of land on easterly side of Lexington street, and adjoining the estates of Stephen Dow and Martha G. Lincoln.
Tax of 1874, $8.69.
Tax of 1873, 8.64.
Tax of 1872, 7.32.

OWNERS UNKNOWN.—About 10 acres unimproved land, westerly, northerly and easterly by land of heirs of Jacob Pierce, and southerly by land of town of Woburn, being part of the Horn Pond Mountain Lot.
Tax of 1874, 15.80.

EDWARD C. MCFARLAND, of Chelsea.—House and about 11,532 feet of land on easterly side of Tremont street, adjoining the estate of Wm. A. Wilson.
Tax of 1874, 52.14.

EDWARD SIMONDS,
Collector of Taxes.
Woburn, June 19, 1875. 23

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
HARD & SOFT COAL,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.

WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

HERDS GRASS,
Cheap for CASH, at 46
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

TAKE NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875, all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay **ONE DOLLAR** in advance, which is the charge for making negative.

H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 7th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 4, 5.45, 7 P.M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5 45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 8.30† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.32,* 8.30a, 9.35* A. M., 12.17* 2.15, 5.35,* 9.00*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.18, 9.52 A. M., 2.33, 5.53 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.28, 8.13 10.01, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 8.50, §10.05, A.M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50,‡ 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8 33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 **WM. M. PARKER, Supt.**

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

GEO. W. NORRIS,
Counsellor at Law,
16 **And NOTARY PUBLIC.**
Offices: { Woburn, Mass., and / 16 Pemberton Sq., Boston.
Residence—Cor. Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges,
The Best Ranges in the Market, at
C M STROUTS,
Stoves Stored for the Season.
22 Tin Roofing promptly attended to.

WANTED.—Agents for best, cheap, summer-selling article. A perfect fitting, complete, neat, well-finished, folding, adjustable Window Screen. Self-fastening, used at top or bottom. Sample doz. $6. Send measures; returnable if not satisfactory after examination. Adjustable Screen Co., 14 Pemberton Sq., Boston. 18

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.

I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.

31 **J. L. SHAY.**

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

Pianos & Organs
TO RENT.

The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand

PIANOS and ORGANS

To Let on Reasonable Terms.

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WOBURN, 51 MASS.

J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
No. 96 MAIN ST.,
Nearly opposite } the Depot, } **Woburn.**
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AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS, 45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

C. E. CHASE, M D,
RESIDENCE,
Cor. Pleasant & No. Warren Sts.,
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A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F WYER. 43

The Last Station.—He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and, after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jack-son! Persons going north by the Saginaw road change cars."

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but he had made his last trip. Death was drawing a special train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

Yp-slanty—change cars here for the Eel River road!"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his run will be the end of his life!" said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly called:

"Grand Trunk junction—passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the the bed, believing he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered:

"De"—

Not "Detroit" but death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such a pallor as naught but death can bring.—*Free Press.*

Preserve the Old Ship.—The Secretary of the Navy, who appears to have no respect for American relics and antiquities, has projected the destruction of the old frigate Constitution, the last of our navy of the beginning of the century, which performed so much noble service. In view of this vandalism, the *Globe* very properly remarks: "If the gallant Robeson breaks up any Constitution he had better shatter his own than the old frigate, if he has any regard for his reputation. The indignation which has been excited by the news of this projected vandalism in these Centennial days ought to save 'Old Ironsides' for another century. Identified as she is with Preble's victories over the Barbary pirates, with the sinking of the Guerriere, and the capture of the Java, the Cayane and the Levant, it would be a crying shame to have her broken up while her framework is still sound. Being launched in 1797, and saved from demolition years ago, by the popular feeling to which Holmes gave such stirring emphasis, she should be preserved as long as her timbers will hold together in memory of her past, and as an inspiration for the future."

☞ An auctioneer once advertised a lot of chairs, which, he said, had been "used by school children without backs."

What Men Need Wives For.—It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn the socks and cook the meals chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making, or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them; but what the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him and he needs some one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies, and with sin; and he needs a woman that, when he puts his arm around her, he feels he has something to fight for, she will help him to fight; that she will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storms and through sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised beyond measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing out a noble idea in marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Virtue In Whistling.—An old farmer once said that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into a stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled, without fear. He had never employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

How to Lose the Appetite for Drink,—At a festival at a reformatory institution, recently, a gentleman said of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage with a neighboring druggist. When I called on him he said, 'Now that you have the moral courage, I'll tell you the tonic which I have used with effect among my friends for twenty years.' I expected, of course, some nasty medicine stuff; but no; he prescribed an orange every morning, a half hour before breakfast. 'Take that, and you will neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

☞ The London correspondence of the *Graphic* relates this little incident to show that the fair decendant of the Czar is boss in her own household. A young lady who was recently married to an officer of the Duke of Edinburgh's household was summoned to Clarence House to be presented to the Duchess. Marie Alexandrovna received her most amiably, and asked whether she kept her husband in good order. The bride replied with modest self-confidence. "If he is refractory," added her royal entertainer, do you do this to him?" and suiting the action to the word, she grasped the nose of her spouse and tweaked it severely.

☞ Every one turns his dreams into realities as far as he can. Man is cold as ice to the truth, hot as fire to falsehood.

☞ A New Yorker is very much annoyed because his two boys have read so many Indian stories that they have gone wild with excitement to play Indian, to go out on the prairies hunting for the real, noble red men. The man was taking a nap in his easy chair, when he was awakened by an alarming noise and a strange sensation in his head. He jumped up suddenly, and found that one of his boys, dressed in a red table cloth, with his face decorated with blue paint, was trying to scalp his father with a carving knife, while the other boy, attired in a blanket, shawl, and rooster feather, flourished a hatchet and emitted war whoops from behind a thicket composed of two chairs and a card table. The man decided to put a stop to this kind of thing.

So next day while the boys were playing with bows and arrows in the garden, he dressed himself in an Indian costume, and jumped over the fence with a wild unearthly yell, for the purpose of frightening those children. The oldest boy, however, stood his ground, and drawing an arrow to the head, in which was inserted a tenpenny nail, he buried it in the chieftain's leg before he took flight.

That night the father walked up stairs on a crutch, and flogged the family around before he sent them to bed. He is thinking now of some other way to effect a cure of the sanguinary disposition of his offspring.

He Knew How.—At an auction of household goods on Harrison ave. yesterday, when a woman had made a bid on an old bureau worth about $2, a boy slipped around to another woman and whispered:

"You see that woman over there with a blue bow on?"

"Yes."

"Well, she says that no woman with a red nose can buy anything at this sale!"

The woman with a red nose pushed her way into the crowd and run the price up to $12, and as it was knocked down to her she remarked:

"I have a red nose, but no cross-eyed woman with a blue bow on can bluff me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ A party of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the members called in the hostess. "Angelique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of the great Platonic year, when everything must return to its former condition? Know, then, that in six thousand years we shall be here again on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted; "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

No List.—In a comedy now playing in Paris is the following hit which may bear recording:—M. Laboissiere is requested to give something to a charitable enterprise. "Very good," he says, "put my name down on the list for a hundred francs—M. Laboissiere, dealer in metals, and member of the General Council." "But, sir, we have no list; we are collecting the money in a hat! Here is five francs for you." And he puts the bank notes back into his pocket-book.

☞ At a public meeting recently one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded:—Gentlemen and women, I aint no speecher. More'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?

☞ A gaping Yankee wandering thro' the streets of Paris, came upon the sign, "Bains chaud et froid,' which in French for "Baths—hot and cold." "Wall, I declare, how these munseers do live—here's *beans chawed and fried.*"

☞ Above all things teach your child to be honest and industrious; if these things don't enable him to make a figure in this world, he is only a cipher, and was never intended for a figure.

☞ He who in the same given time can produce more than many others has vigor; he who can produce what none else can has genius.

☞ A drunken man was lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shanow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

DEATH OF FRANK BLAIR.

[Francis Preston Blair, Jr., who died last Saturday, was born at Lexington, Ky., Feb. 19, 1821. He graduated at Princeton College in 1841, took up his residence in St. Louis and devoted himself to law. In 1845 he made a journey to the Rocky Mountains with a party of trappers for the improvement of his health, and at the breaking out of the Mexican war he joined the force under Kearney and Doniphan in New Mexico, and served as a private soldier until 1847, when he returned to St. Louis and resumed the practice of his profession. In 1848, like his father, he gave his support to the Free Soil party and to Mr. Van Buren, and in a speech delivered at the court house in St. Louis, contended against the extension of slavery into the territories of the Union. In 1845 he was elected from St. Louis county to the legislature of Missouri as an avowed Free Soiler; and he was re-elected in 1854, though Col. Benton, the congressional candidate of his party was beaten. In 1856 he was himself returned to congress from the St. Louis district over Mr. Kennett, who had defeated Col. Benton two years before. In January, 1857, he delivered an elaborate speech in the house of representatives in favor of colonizing the black population of the United States in Central America. He was at one time an editor and a writer of the Missouri *Democrat*. He was a colonel of volunteers in 1861, made a brigadier-general in 1862, and a major-general the same year. He commanded a division in the Vicksburg campaign, the 27th corps in the Army of the Tennessee in Sherman's campaigns from Chattanooga to Atlanta in 1864, and in South and North Carolina in 1865. Elected to the 38th congress, he resigned to take his position in the army. He was appointed Collector of customs in St. Louis in 1866, and commissioner for the Pacific Railroad. In 1868 he was nominated for vice-president on the Seymour ticket. He was elected United States senator from Missouri as a Democrat in 1871, to fill the unexpired term of Senator Drake.

Directions for Restoring Persons Apparently Dead from Drowning. — I. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.

II. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.

III. Hold the body *for a few seconds only*, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.

IV. Loosen all the tight clothing about the neck and chest.

V. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.

VI. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP OF ALL.

To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow or some firm substance under his shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands *over the lower part of the breast bone and the upper part of the abdomen*, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure *twenty or thirty times a minute*. A pressure of *thirty pounds* may be applied with safety to a grown person.

VII. Rub the limbs with the hands or with dry cloths constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm.

VIII. As soon as the person can swallow, give a table-spoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm coffee or tea.

IX. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. *Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.*

Published at the request of the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massacousetts, 1875.

☞ Among the goods and chattels of the late Earl of Yarborough, by no means the richest of peers, appears an item of 10,000 cigars. They were sold the other day for enormous prices, many boxes averaging two shillings per cigar, which is certainly dear when you are taking a quantity. It is only Baron Rothschild who is credited with giving so much for his "smoke;" his figure is said to be half a crown a cigar—which, let us hope, is at least a large one.

☞ Promise but little, think much, and do more.

RED TOP,
54 Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the

BOOT AND SHOE
BUSINESS
—AT—
No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of
SERVICEABLE GOODS
to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as
CHEAP FOR CASH
as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make
LADIES
AMERICAN and FRENCH KID
Buskins and Slippers
TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS
also made to order, and
REPAIRING
promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of
BURKE & MUNDY
—AND—
TYLER & SON.

Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future. 55

C. W. NUTE & Co.,
209 Main street, Woburn.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 56
Meat and Vegetable Market.

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Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3 00 for Book-keeping. 100

Dow's Green Mountain BEER
Nos. 41, 42 and 43 Washington Sq., BOSTON. 57

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

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—AND—
Real Estate Broker, 70
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Lawn Grass,
61 Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

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Civil Engineer
—AND—
Surveyor.
Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for
WATERWORKS, SEWERAGE & DRAINAGE,
Streets surveyed and graded.
☞ All work guaranteed to be accurate.
Office,—Richardson's Block, Winchester,
Office hours from 7 to 9 P. M., Tuesdays and Thurdays, and every day when not at work outside.
All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to. 62

The Greatest
COMBINATION
Of the Age!

Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:

Style,
Grace,
Elegance
AND A GOOD FIT,
Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at
A. GRANT'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.

P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order. 63

Manhood, How Lost, How Restored
Just Published, a new edition of Dr CULVERWELL'S Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c; also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.
☞ Price in a sealed envelope, only six cents.
This celebrated author, in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years succesful practice, that the alarming consequences of Self-Abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
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Evening Office,—172 Main Street, 7 to 9 o'clock.

Oil Carpets.
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 65
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING an PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
66 L. THOMPSON, Jr.

R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Cutler.)
Express and Job Wagon.
Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.
Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K Conn & Co.'s Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 67

Soles's Market.

E. O. Soles,
Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD ts.
where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.
E. O. SOLES, 68
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St. Soles' Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn P. O., will be promptly attended to. 69

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Would give notice to the Ladies that she will receive all orders for
HAIR WORK
AT MR. F. S. BURGESS' STORE,
No. 136 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
ALL KINDS
Ladies Hair Work done to order
SWITCHES
Made from Combings at 75 cents per ounce.
Woburn, April 16, 1875. 53

CLOVER SEED,
Cheap for CASH, at 71
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
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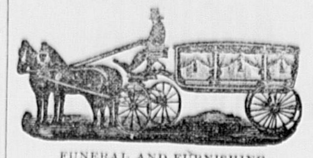

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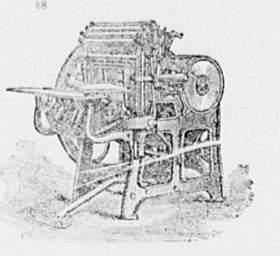

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Poetry.

"LET'S PLAY."

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say!
When they can't have the things they wish for,
They take others and cry, "Let's play!

"Let's play" that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad car,
And that we are all taking journeys
And travelling ever so far.

"Let's play" that this broken old china
Is a dinner set rare and fine,
And our tin cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine.

"Let's play" every one of our dollies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play" that we live in a palace,
And that we are queens and kings;
"Let's play" we are birds in a tree top
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play" that we are school keepers,
And grown people come to our school;
And punish them all most soundly
If they break but a single rule.

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say;
And we might be as happy as they are,
If we would be happy their way.

What odds, twixt not having and having,
When we have lived our day!
Let us borrow the children's watchword—
The magical watchword "Let's play!"

Selected.

Two Sides to a Bureau.

ONE SIDE.

When I turned round and she was coming in the door, I'm sure I thought I was dreaming. If it had been the Queen a coming in, I shouldn't have been more surprised; and the three children with their three faces like little pigs! "Here, you," whispered I to Benjamin Franklin, "you just go 'long and stick your face in some water quick metre! And give Johnny's a scrubbing too." And I wet the corner of my apron between my lips in a hurry, and rubbed Sue's mouth; and then I made believe I hadn't seen her before, and dusted the other chair for her, and she sat down, and I sat down, and looked at one another. Lord, she was that fine. Her flounces were silk, and they were scalloped like so many roses, and lace showing under the edges of them. And she had such boots, setting like gloves—just enough to make your eyes water. But the flowers in her hat—you should have seen them—I declare you should have smelled them. Well, she seemed to fill up the little room, and if ever I was glad of anything, I was glad that I'd scrubbed the floor that very day, so that it was clean enough to eat off of—glad, too, that I'd taken Jim's old hat out of the broken window, and put in the smooth bottom of a box with a good, respectable-looking tack. Jim might have mended that window, for he's a perfect Jack-at-all-trades; but he'd rather play the fiddle than eat, and he was a playing it out in the tie-up that moment, with all the wind there was blowing. However, I couldn't complain, for he'd just mended the chair, so that it was almost as good as new, and had put me up as tidy a shelf as you please over the stove for the brush and comb and hair oil bottle. If I'd been a little slicked up myself, with my new print and my pink apron, or if I'd only had my bhang on, I wouldn't a minded. But when Benjamin Franklin came back with just the top dirt rinsed off, and the rest all smears I did feel so vexed that I gave him as good a shaking as a nut tree gets in harvest.

"Bless my heart!" says she, "what are you doing that for?"

"Because he's so aggravating," says I. "There, you go 'long," and I gave him a shove.

"Why," says she, "don't you remember how it used to feel to be shaken yourself?"

"I don't know as I do," says I.

"As if you were flying to atoms. And your body was as powerless as if it had been in the hands of a giant, and your heart full of hate."

"Why, look a here," says I. "Be you a missionary?"

"A missionary?' says she laughing. "No; I'm Mr. Mulgrave's wife. And I came up to see how the new house was getting on; but the house is so full of plaster dust inside, and the whirlwind is blowing the things off the roof so outside that I thought I would venture in here till the cloud passed."

"Oh," said I.

"I knocked, but you didn't hear me."

"I'm real glad to see you," said I. It is a dreadful lonesome place, and hardly any one ever comes. Only I'm sorry everything's so at sixes and sevens. You see where there's a family of children, and the wind blowing so," said I with a lucky thought—it's always good to have the wind or the weather to lay things to, because no one's responsible for the elements—"things will get to looking like ride out."

"Children do make confusion," said she; "but confusion is pleasanter with them than pimlico order without them."

"Well, that's so," I answered; for I remember ween Johnny had the measles last year I thought if he'd only get well I'd let him whittle the floor all to pieces, if ever he wanted to again. Here Bennie," said I, for I began to feel bad to think I had treated him so—if he'd mortified me, 'twas no reason why I should mortify him, and right before folks so—"take that to little sister," and I gave them something to keep them quiet.

"I suppose you wouldn't care for any water?" said I to her then. "Not if I put some molasses in it? I didn't know but the wind would have made you dry. Yes, children do make trouble. One of Jim's songs says,

'Marriage does bring trouble;
A single life is best;
They never should double
Who would be at rest.'

But there! I wouldn't be without them for all the fine clothes I used to have when I was single and worked in the shop. I worked down at Burrage's—I suppose you never buy shoes there?"

"What makes you suppose so?" said she, smiling.

"Well, because your boots don't look like our work; they look like—like Cinderella's slippers. Yes, I worked at Burrage's, off and on, a good many years—on most of the time. I had six dollars a week. Folks used to wonder how I got so many clothes with it, after I'd paid my board. But I always had that six dollars laid out long before pay day—in my mind—so that I spent it to the best advantage. There's a great deal of pleasure in that."

"A great deal," said she.

"That's what I tell Jim; and then he says his is all spent before pay day too—but with a difference, you know. I suppose you've got a real good, steady husband?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said she laughing some more.

"You must, to have such a nice house as that is going to be. But there! I shouldn't know what to with it, and I don't envy you a bit."

"Oh, you needn't," said she a twitching her shoulder; "I expect to have trouble enough with it."

"Not," said I—"I don't mean that Jim isn't steady. He's as steady as a clock—at that old fiddle of his. But sometimes I do wish he loved his regular trade as well, or else that that was his trade. Aut I suppose if fiddling was his trade, he'd want to be wood-carving all the time,"

"Why don't you speak to him," said she, "seriously."

"Well, you can't," said I. "He's so sweet and good-natured and pleasant that when I've got my mind made up to give him a sound talking to, he makes me like him so, and sets me to laughing, and plays such a whirling, twittering tune, that I can't do it to save my life." You see, I'd got to talking rather free with her, because she listened so, and seemed interested, and kept looking at me in a wondering way, and at last took Sue upon her lap and gave her her rings to play with. Such rings! My gracious! one of them flashed with stones all round, just like the Milky Way. I should think it would have shone through her glove.

"But," said she, "you should tell him that his children will be growing up presently, and—"

"Oh, I do that," said I. "And he says, well, he'll do for the bad example they're to take warning by; and, at any rate, it's no use worrying before the time comes, and when they do grow up they can take care of themselves just the way we do."

"And are you contented to leave it so?" said she.

"Well, I'm contented enough. That is, in general. But I do wish sometimes that Jim would go down to his work regular every day, with his tin pail in his hand, like other men, and come back at night, and have a good round sum of money in hand at once, instead of just working long enough to get some flour, and fish and pork and potatoes and sugar, and then not so much as lifting his finger again till that all gives out; it's a hand to mouth way of living," said I. "And of course we can't get things together, such as a rocking chair, and a sofa, and a good sized looking glass, and a eight day clock. Not that I care much only when a lady like you happens in, I would like to give her a sotter seat. And there's a bureau. Now you wouldn't believe it, but I've never owned a bureau."

"Indeed," said she.

"Yes. I don't think it good manners to be always apologizing about the looks of a place, so I don't say anything about all the boxes and bundles I have to keep my things in, that do give a littery look; but I am always meaning to have a bureau to put them in, if I can compass it ever. You see, it's hard getting so much money in a pile; and if I do happen to, why then, there's something I must have like Jim's boots, or flannel and yarn and cloth, or a little bed—because you can't sleep with more than two children in one bed. And so, somehow, I never get the bureau. But then I don't give it up. Oh, I suppose you think my notions are dreadful extravagant," said I, for she was looking at me perfectly amazed; really, just as if I was a little monster, and she'd never seen the like. "And perhaps they are. But people must have something to ambition them, and it seems to me as though, if I ever could get a bureau I should feel 'most as if I'd got a house!"

"Well, I declare," said she, drawing of a long breath.

"I did come precious near it last fall," said I—for I wanted her to see that it wasn't altogether an impossibility, and I wasn't wasting my time in vapors—"when Jim was at work up here helping lay out the garden. He was paid by the day, you know; Mr. Mulgrave paid him; and he was paid here, and I had the handling of the money; and I said to myself, 'Now or never for that bureau!' But dear me, I had to turn that money over so many times to get the things I couldn't do without anyway at all, that before I got round to the bureau it was every cent gone!"

"Yes," she said, "it's apt to be so. I know if I don,t get the expensive thing when I have the money in my purse, the money is filtered away and I've nothing to show for it."

"That's just the way it is with me," I said. "But somehow I can't seem to do without the shoes and flannel, and all that. Oh, here's your husband! That's a powerful horse of his. But I should be afraid he'd break my neck if I was behind him."

"Not when my husband's driving," said she. And she bade me good day, and kissed Sue, and sprang into the wagon, and was off like a bird, with her veil and her feathers and her ribbons and streamers all flying.

Well, so far, so good. Thinks I to myself: "She'll be a very pleasant neighbor. If she's ever so fine, she don't put on airs. And it does you good once in a while to have somebody listen when you want to run on about yourself. And maybe she'll have odd chores that I can turn my hand to—plain sewing, or clear starching, or an extra help when company comes in. I should'nt wonder if we were quite a mutual advantage." And so I told Jim, and he said he shouldn't wonder too.

Well, that evening, just at sunset—now I'm telling you the real truth, and if you don't believe it, there it is to speak for itself—Jim was a playing "Roslin Castle," and I was a putting Sue to sleep, when I happened to look out the window, and there was a job wagon coming straight up over the hill, with something in it that had a great canvas hanging over it. "It's a queer time o' day," said I to myself, "to be bringing furniture into Mr. Mulgrave's house, and it is not half done, either. But it's none of my business. Maybe it's a refrigerator to be set in the cellar." And I went on patting Sue, when all at once Jim's fiddle stopped short as it it broke, and I heard a gruff voice say, "Where'll you have it? Here, you, Sir, lend a hand." And I dropped Sue on the bed and ran to the door, and they were a bringing it in—there, look at it, as pretty a bureau as you'll find in a days's walk. It's pine to be sure, but it's seasoned, and every drawer shuts smooth and easy; and it's painted and grained like black walnut, and there's four deep drawers, and a shallow one at the bottom, and two little drawers at the top; and in the upper drawer of the deep ones there's a place for this all parted off, and a place for that, and a place for the other; and to crown the whole, a great swinging looking-glass that you can see yourself in from head to belt. Just look! Oh, I tell you it's a great thing! "With Mrs. Mulgrave's compliments," said the man, and went off and shut the door.

I never waited for anything. Sue was screaming on the bed; I let her scream. I never minded Bennie's rassling nor Jim's laughing. I got down every band box and basket and bundle I had on the shelves, got out every bag there was under the bed and behind the doors, and in ten minutes that bureau was so full you couldn't shut a drawer. Then I took them all out and fixed them all over again. "It's ours, Jim," said I; and then I just sat down and cried.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Well, Lawrence, I'm so glad you've come. I thouht that you never would. And I've had such a lesson read me."

"Lesson? Who's been reading my wife a lesson, I should like to know?"

"Who do you think? Nobody but that little absurd woman there—that Mrs. Jim. But I never had such a lesson. Drive slow, please, and let me tell you all about it—this horse does throw the gravel in your face so! I'm expecting every moment to see the spokes fly out of the wheels. There, now, that's reasonable. This horse is a perfect griffin—has legs and wings too."

"Well—steady, Frolic, steady!—now let's have your lesson. If there's any one can read you a lesson, Mrs. Fanny Mulgrave, I should like to hear it."

"Now Lawrence! However, you know I came up to look at the house, for I've been having my misgivings about that big room. And when I went in, it did look so big and bare! I was dismayed. I paced it off this way and paced it off that way, and thought about what I could put in the corners; and how that window with the sea view would be as good as a picture; and how the whole mantel-piece from dado to cornice, with its white marble carvings and gildings and mirror, was a perfect illumination; and how I must confront it in that great square alcove with a mass of shadow; and we haven't a single thing to go there; and how magnificent an ebony and gold cabinet like that Mrs. Watrous and I saw at the Exhibition—the one I went into ecstasies over, you know, that goes from floor to ceiling—would fill the place. And the more I though of it, the more indispensable such a great ebony and gilt cabinet seemed to be. And I knew it was perfectly impossible—"

"How did you know it, may I inquire?"

"Oh, they cost—oh, hundreds of dollars. And, of course, the house itself takes all you can spare. But I felt it would be utterly out of my power to make that room look anything like what I wanted without it. And I kept seeing how beautiful it would be with those gold colored satin curtains of your aunt Sophy's falling back from the windows on each side of it. And I sat down and stared at the spot, and felt as if I didn't want the house at all if I could't have that cabinet. And I thought you might go without your cigars and your claret and your horses a couple of years, and we could easily have it."

"Kind of you, and cheerful for me."

"Oh I didn't think anything about that part of it, Just fancy! I thought you were the most selfish man in the world, and I was the most unhappy woman; and all men were selfish, and all women were slaves; and—and that ebony and gold cabinet was obscuring my whole lookout on life. I felt so angry with you, and with fate, and with everything, that hot, scalding-hot tears would have shaken down if you had happened to come just then. I'm so glad you didn't, Lawrence dear; I couldn't have spoken to save my life, and should have run directly out of the room for fear, if I did speak, I should say something horrid."

"Should you, indeed? And do you imagine I shouldn't have followed?"

"Oh, I should have been running."

"And whose legs are longest, puss?"

Well, that's nothing to do with it. Just then the whirlwind came up, and the windowplaces being open, all the dust of the building, all the shavings and splinters and lime and sand about, seemed to make a sudden lurch into the room, and I couldn't see across it. And there I was in my new hat! And I made for the door as fast as my feet could fly."

"Silliest thing you could do."

"I suppose so; for when I was outdoors, the boards of the scaffolding were pitching through the air at such rate that I could neither stay there nor go back; and I saw a little shanty just round the corner, and ran in."

"That was sensible."

"Thanks. And there she was, pots and pails about the door, and a hen just blowing in before me, and a parcel of dirty-faced, barefooted children tumbling round. And such a place! It fairly made me low-spirited to look at it. I was in mortal fear of getting a grease spot on my dress. But I was in before I knew it, and there was no help for it, and the wind was blowing so I had to stay."

"And the lady of that house read you a lesson?"

"Such a lesson! You'd have thought to begin with, that it was a plalace. She did the honors like a duchess. It didn't occur to her, apparently, that things were so squalid. And that made it so much easier than if she apologized, and you were forced to polite fibs and make believe it was all right, you know. She was a trifle vexed because the face of one of the children wasn't clean, and afterwards she repentingly gave him a molasses jug to keep him quiet; but another of the children was such a little darling! Well, presently her tongue was loose."

"Humph!"

"Humph? Didn't you want to hear about it? Oh, I know the whole story of *my* tongue, but I find you like to listen to it!"

"So I do, my dear; so I do. And then?"

"Well, as I was saying, presently her tongue was loose, and I had the benefit of her experience. And I know she has a good-for-naught of a husband, whom she loves a great deal better than I love you—oh yes, she does, for she seems never to have thought one hard thing concerning him, and I was thinking so many of you, you know! And there she is, and has been, with her cooking-stove and table, her two chairs, a bed, and a crib, with a contented spirit and a patient soul and her highest ambition and her wildest day-dreams just to have—"

"An ebony and gold cabinet?"

"Oh no, no! Do drive faster, Lawrence. How this horse does crawl! I want to get it up to her to-night. A bureau. To think of it, only a bureau! You needn't laugh at me. I've an awful cold in my head. And I mean she shall have it, if it takes every cent you gave me for my new jacket. I'll wear the old one. I think I can get what she'll consider a beauty, though, for twelve dollars, or thereabouts. Drive to Veneer's, please dear. I do feel in such a hurry, when it takes such a little bit to make a woman happy."

"An ebony and gold cabinet, for instance."

"Oh, nonsense! How you do love to tease, Lawrence! I never want to hear of such a thing again. I wouldn't have it now."

"Stop, stop, goodwife! You'll say too much. You silly little woman, didn't you know that ebony and gold cabinet which you and Mrs. Watrour saw was made for the place between your windows?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

☞ The Frankfort Yeoman narrates a good joke, though hardly intended as such, of which the Kentucky Executive and some friends were the victims. Gov. Leslie has a great passion for croquet, and as he and several gentlemen, on his invitation were playing the game in the State House yard, they were served with a warrant of arrest issued from the Police Court of the city of Frankfort for violation of law. It seems that a statute was enacted in 1863 to prevent injury to the State grounds, and among other things prohibited was the playing of any game within the square. It has been customary to hold meetings, play at croquet or any innocent amusement with the permission of the Librarian, who by law is the custodian of the State property. The law never has been enforced against any but actual depredators on the premises; but the opportunity being offered to gratify a little personal spleen and make a little notoriety, advantage was taken of it. The cases were tried before the Police Court by a jury in each of the four cases, the Court refusing to permit the parties to confess judgement, and deciding tnat a separate jury should be impanelled in each case, thereby increasing the costs. The parties pleaded guilty to the charge, and the jurors found a verdict of $1 each against two of the parties, and one cent each against the other two. The Yeoman feels bad about it, but all impartial observers must regard it as one of the best practical jokes of the season.

☞ Amid the busy scenes of summer life let us not forget that Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, is the man who forced us to lick a two-cent stamp on the newspaper which went for one before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THOSE CIRCUS BILLS.

She had one in her hand as she came up stairs, and she did'nt say a word until she had wiped her spectacles, placed them on her nose, unfolded the bill, and read a few of the head lines.

She was old-fashioned in look. There were strings to her bonnet, she had no bustle, her gray hair was combed down smoothly, and there were only eleven yards in her black alpacca dress.

Young man, don't you know that circuses are awful liers and humbugs? she inquired.

The young man at the table leaned back in his chair and refused to express an opinion.

Well, I don't know, she continued in a positive tone, and I believe they git wuss every day. Now see here listen to this: A gorgeous panorama of amazing wonders—a gigantic combination of astonishing acrobatic talent. That't all right on the poster, but have they got 'em? I'd like to see one of them animals.

You are laboring under a mistake, madam. It means a grand display of natural curiosities, and informs the public that the proprietor has secured many first-class acrobats — the chaps who stand on their heads, turn head over heels, and cut up so many monkey shines.

It does, eh? she mused; waal, do you believe it takes a smart man to keel over?

Well, one has to have a good deal of training.

They do, eh? she remarked, as she put her umbrella in the corner and spit on her hands; I'll show you that you are deceived! I'm an old woman, but if I can't—

Madam, hold on — don't do it! exclaimed the man behind the table.

I can flop right over there and never shake my bonnet, she said, as she rose up.

I know you can, madam, but don't I am here alone, and I—I don't wan't you to. I'd rather you wouldn't. If you are determined on it, I shall leave the room.

Well, you know I can do it, and that's enough. You may be right about what that means, but see here—hear this: The highways ablaze with resplendent chariots—the grandest pageant on earth. I have been to lots of circuses, young man, and I never saw a pageant yet. If they had one the door of the cage wasn't open.

You are also in error there. The bill refers to the fact that the the great number of wagons, chariots, &c., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass along the street.

Um m m, she muttered as she folded the bill over. I don't see why they could't have said so, then. Now you see here—read that: Sig. Govinhoff in his aerial flights. Now, then, is that a boa constrictor or a cundurango?

It is a man, madam—one of the performers. His name is probably Jones, but that is'nt grand enough, and so they put him down as Sig. Govinhoff. He is a man who jumps off a rope, turns over twice, and comes down all right.

He is, is he? Well, if he's got an idea that he's the smartest man alive I want to disappoint him. I never did try to turn twice, but I'll try it right here now if it breaks my neck! Git the things off that table.

Say madam—don't! would'nt have you do it for fifty dollars.

Just once;

For heavens sake, madam, get down off this table—here—here—here's a dollar if you won't do it.

I don't want your money, and I don't want to try if you are so scart, but I don't want no circus going around talking about arial flights and deceiving people.

She sat down and the young man wiped the sweat off his brow, and she said:

And here's another thing right here. A sparkling asterisk, flashing acrost the field of gold—Mons. Gomerique in his great delineation of character. I'd like know who she is?

Madam, that's a man—a man who delineates character.

How?

Why he makes up faces—expresses mirth, sorrow, joy, and so forth.

He does, eh? Well, what's that to blow about? Make up faces—just see here!

And she shut her eyes, run her tongue out, and looked like the bottom of a brass kettle which had been kicked by a mule.

They are humbugs, sir! she drew tongue in, and you suqpose I would pay fifty cents to go into one?

They are quite entertaining as a general thing.

They are, eh? Entertaining, eh? Well if I can't do more entertaining in five minutes than a circus can can do all day, I'll leave my bonnet up here. Here hold on to this chair.

Madam, I earnestly hope you are not going to perform any tricks.

I haint, eh, You jest hold on to the legs of this chair.

I can't, madam, I would'nt do it for all the diamond pins in Syracuse. Do go away, madam,—go home—I'm in an awful hurry.

Well, I won't then; but when say circuses are humbugs, I can prove it. I don't keer two cents for their big words and the panoplies, pageants, asterisks, giraffes aryals, georgouses and ourangontangs—I can beat them all holler myself.

And she took off her spectacles, lifted her umbrella, and went down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ Cheek wins in this world, especially if the cheek is dimpled and rosy.

A BOARDING SCHOOL IN 1570.—In the days of good Queen Bess, schools were few and far between, as angels' visits are said to be, but in the town of Norwich, England, there existed a celebrated "training-school" for the youth of both sexes.

An old abber furnished the requisite room, and high-born maidens slept in the cells where nuns had once repeated their *ave Marias*, and were gathered by day in a school-room which had formerly been used as a refectory or dining-hall. Separated from this buiding by a crumbling stone wall of great height was the ancient monastery, which was now transformed into an academy for the boys of Albion. Both buildings were well-nigh covered with beautiful clambering ivy.

The children of that day, in dress and appearance, were exact miniature copies of grown-up people.

Queen Elizabeth numbered three thousand robes in her wardrobe, and the daughters of noblemen carried with them to school from thirty to three hundred dresses, according to the wealth and station of their parents.

Young misses of six and ten years of age wore trains on important occasions, and, at all times appeared in long, pointed waists, with deep ruffles around the neck. Silk robes were embroidered with serpents, and birds, and ostriches, in bright colors. Handkerchiefs were trimmed with gold lace and sometimes ornamented with a dozen solid gold or silver buttons, which must have been partiularly nice for young noses. Sleeves were worn separate from the dresses, and often of different material. Ladies' and children's boots were made with heels two inches high, which were called pantofles, and both boots and slippers were frequently trimmed with artificial flowers.

Young lads, also, wore sleeves of large size and gay colors. Wigs had not in, 1570, become fashionable *for children*, but their hair was often dyed. Garters were worn conspicuously by men and boys, and were a test of rank and fashion. It is on record that these articles, for state occasions, sometimes cost "four score pound r pair," equal to some three hundred and fifty dollars of our money.

The tops of boots were embroidered linen, and shirts were often embroidered in gold thread. In such apparel as this the school-boys of that day played leap frog and hunt the slipper, and other ancient games.

The beds were the only comfortable articles of furniture then known, and were frequently of such size as to accommodate from twelve to twenty persons. Thus, a teacher could sleep with all his pupils around him. How would you like that, boys? One specimen of these bed steads, the great bed of Ware—of which Shakespear makes mention—is still preserved in England as a curiosity, and was at one time, the property of the late Charles Dickens.

Hashes and stews formed the principal food set before the school-children whose made of life we are depicting, and as forks were not brought from Italy till 1580, and did not come into general use for fifty years, they ate their stews and hashes with the aid of pewter spoons and—their fingers.

Table linen was unknown, but on feast days a narrow strip af Turkey carpeting extended the length of the dining-table, this being the only purpose for which carpeting was used when first brought to England. Rushes were scattered upon tha floor, and the remnants of each meal were thrown down to the dogs upon these rushes, which were renewed, as history tells us, *three or four times a year!*

And now, perhaps, you will inquire what were the studies pursued by the pupils of Norwich Academy in the year 1570?

Education was esteemed of much less importance than dress and amusements, and, therefore, we mention this topic last of all, in our account of the "good old times."

The boys were taught "Latin, Greek, and figures," but we are told that the young ladies could scarcely read. Embroidery and working tapestry was the principal occupation of the fair sex, and the school-girls were taught "to prepare physic and make pastry; to dry herbs and bind up wounds; to make banners and scarfs, and to be obedient to their fathers, brothers, and lords."

Early marriages were frequent, and many of these Norwich school-girls were wedded wives, whose education must be completed before they were taken home to keep the keys and cut the bread, and a retinue of servants—duties which would be required of them in the castles of their husbands.

Knitting became customary about this time, and on the occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich, in 1570, eight young girls walked in the procession that welcomed her, knitting yarn hose, which was then a great curiosity.—*St. Nicholas for August.*

NOT 'ARD ENOUGH.

In 1842 certain intimations were received from parties in London, which induced a shipment of Boston ice to that city, in the Bark "Sharon," by the firm of Gage, Hittinger & Co. Mr. Jacob Hittinger, of this firm, is, by the way, at the present writing, the oldest living representative of the ice trade in the country.

Previous to his the aristocracy and the London clubs had depended for ice upon small shallow reservoirs or wells, where the water was let in periodically and frozen. These, with the exception of a comparatively large well-shaped reservoir on the summit of Ludgate Hill, constituted all the resources of London in that respect.

At that date fancy drinks were almost unheard of in the clubs, taverns, and gin palaces of London. Mr. Hittinger conceived the idea of introducing these, to show to what extent ice was used in "the States" for this purpose. He, therefore, secured the services of several bar-keepers, whom he had initiated into the mysteries of mixing juleps, smashes, cocktails, and other drinks known only in Yankeeland. His experience, as he relates it himself, is very amusing:

"I went out in the steamer, so as to make arrangements for the arrival of the bark and cargo, delivered my letters, talked with the parties, and felt perfectly sure that I had struck a vein. In due time the 'Sharon,' having made a good passage, arrived in the Thames. The thing had been talked over so much, that the cargo of Boston ice was as well advertised as it could have been in the columns of the 'Times.' But, after all, it appeared to them a strange fish that no one dared to touch. My feelings were just about the temperature of my ice, and wasting as rapidly. At last, I was introduced to the Chairman or President of the fishmongers' Association, an association which I was not long in discovering had merit of wealth, if not of social position. He was sociable, and seemed to comprehend *my* position if I didn't *his.* Matters were soon arranged; a magnificent hall or saloon had been secured; I ascertained that my bar-keepers, through constant drill, had attained the correct sleight of hand in mixing the drinks. The hour arrived. The hall was long and brilliantly lighted. After the company seated, the chairman introduced me and the subject matter of the evening's discussion. Now, thought I, I am all right. At a given signal the well-trained waiters appeared, laden with the different drinks. The effect was gorgeous, and I expected an ovation that no Yankee had ever had. But alas! the first sounds that broke the silence were: 'I say—aw, waiter, a little 'ot water, if you please; I prefer it 'alt 'n' 'alf. I made a dead rush for the door, next day settled my bills in London, took the train for Liverpool and the steamer for Boston, and counted up a clear loss of $1,200."

This was the story of the first cargo of ice sent from the United States to Englend. Young Lander of Salem, however, saw fit to discredit the statement of Mr. Hittenger in regard to his loss, and, being wealthily connected, had no dificulty in obtaining the best bankers' letters of introduction, and also others from gentlemen eminent in social life, to parties holding a corresponding position there.

Thus armed, he chartered a ship to carry one thousand tons at $10 per ton freight, and anticipated her arrival in London by taking passage in a steamer from Boston. His reception was flatterering, and the most brilliant inducements and the most sanguine assurances were held out. "Wenham Lake" ice all at once became the talk in London; but like another bubble that went before, it soon burst. After extravagant outlays, and the almost entire loss of several cargoes, the enterprise was given up, never to be repeated, and England now gets its ice from Norway. And yet to-day Wenham Lake ice is advertised in London.

In this connection a story is told by Mr. Thomas Groom, a prominent merchant of Boston, a native of England, who visited London a year or two ago:

"In passing through the fishmarket. I noticed a sign reading thus: 'Norway, London, and American ice for sale.' I asked the fishmonger which he thought was the best.

"Oh, the London ice, sir."

"Why?"

"You see," 'the American ice and the Norway ice is nothing but congealed water; it is too thick, while, you see, London ice is made in one week; and being only six inches thick, is so much 'arder than the American."

KISSING THE BABY.—The birth of Nellie's baby, gave me, writes Olive Logan from Long Branch, what grandmother Filkins used to call a "turn." Well, well. Why, it was only the other day I was writing to the newspapers about the president's little girl — a pretty, brown-eyed, gentle creature in short dresses, her hair pushed off her forehead with a round comb, and who devoted a great deal of her time and energy to the whirling of a skipping rope. Nellie got a baby. I want to know. "I wonder," said the girl from St. Louis, "if she'd let us kiss it if we all called in a body and asked her?" In London a long time ago, I used to know the nurse of the queen's babies—an excellent good person clean, and fat and rosy and loving. It might occur to the uninitiated that this person perhaps was a gentlewoman and that the queen's babies had real ladies as nurses. But it was not so. This royal nurse was but another Peggotty, as humble in station as the good woman who was selected to care for the sacred welfare of the heir of Dombey. One day we congratulated her on the excellence of her place. "That it is, indeed, ma'am, a good place," replied the woman, warmly; too good for the likes of me; and yet," said she, her motherly bosom swelling, and warm tears gushing to her honest eyes, "it has one great trial—I am not hallowed to kiss the children. Being royal 'ighnesses and me an 'ireling, I am not hallowed; and w'en you love a baby, not to be hable to kiss 'im is 'ard; but,"—and here she brightened up considerably—"I don't mind telling you, ma'am, for I don't think it will go any further, though horders is horders, they can't prevent me from a kissing of his little toes." And for my part I'd rather kiss a baby's toe than the pope's any day, and so would lot's of women. So Nellie may issue invitations to a this little pig went to market festival whenever she likes, and I warrant me plenty will go.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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TALBOT.—The friends of ex Lieut. Gov. Talbot are determined to bring his name before the Republican Convention, as will be seen by the annexed, which we copy from their circular. Of the names mentioned—Talbot, Loring and Rice—the former possesses qualifications which entitle him to the first place, and we hope yet to write him "Governor Talbot."

The friends of the Hon. Thomas Talbot, believing that he can poll more votes in the next election than any other candidate who can be placed before the people by the Republican party, present his name as a candidate for the Republican nomination. In so doing they offer the people an opportunity to vote for a man of large experience in public affairs, of unsullied integrity, of unquestioned Republicanism,—a man who commands the respect and confidence of the entire people. They ask for him the support of the voters of Massachusetts.

A Talbot Republican Union has been formed with Headquarters at 28 School Street, Boston, Room 15, where the friends of Gov. Talbot will meet during the campaign.

POMEROY.—The young fiend who tortured the little boys, murdered Horace Millen and Katy Curran, and whom the professional philanthropists desire to have released from confinement, has made an attempt in his own behalf. For nearly a week he has been digging a hole in Boston jail through which to escape, but he was discovered last Tuesday in season to prevent it. The murderer has by his cunning and application effectually settled the question of his sanity, and his expressed determination to kill any one who had attempted to stop him, show the dangerous nature of the man. And yet the Governor hesitates. Does he want to be an eye witness of some of Pomeroy's brutality before he can bring himself up to the point of doing his duty and ordering his execution? Great haste was made with Pemberton who did not kill Mrs. Bingham with malice aforethought, and he is to be hung Oct. 8. Why this delay with Pomeroy?

FUN AHEAD.—The Stoneham Grand Army boys have the Base Ball fever to that extent that they have challenged Burbank Post 33 to play that exciting game. Post 33 have chosen Comrades Nason, Parker, Leslie, Hoskins and Ayer a committee to arrange for the game, and have commenced to "muff" on the Wyoming grounds. It is believed that the Burbanks cannot hold a ball placed in their hands, and that they cannot hit a a ball lying still, while the Stonehammers are known to be experts; but the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, so the Burbanks are determined to run their chances. There will be lots of fun when that game comes off.

FIRE.—About half five o'clock Sunday morning the grocery store on Winn street, owned by Eli Cooper, and occupied by Patrick Collins was discovered on fire. Hose 1 promptly put two streams on the building, and Hose 5 soon followed with another. H. & L. 1 and and Hose 2 and 3 were also on hand. The fire made a dense smoke, but except in one or two places did not burn through the sheathing. One theory of the fire is that it caught from a lot of matches, ignited by the nibblings of mice. The goods in the store were insured for $700 at Porter's Insurance Agency, and the building of $200. The losses were adjusted on Monday to the satisfaction of all parties.

☞ We have been prohibiting the sale of liquors for the last quarter of a century, and the results have not been satisfactory. We have tried a new plan; to see whether the results of licensing this traffic will be any more satisfactory. But it will be time thrown away unless all hands take hold—courts, district attorneys, police, the legal profession at large, the newspapers, public opinion — and make the trial honest and thorough.—*Springfield Republican.*

That's just what was the matter with the prohibitory law. If all the hands mentioned above had taken hold, the sale of liquor would have been as rare as that of obscene literature. But then perhaps that would not have been "satisfactory.'

COUNTY PARADE.—The St. Charles Total Abstinence Society is agitating the subject of having the county parade of the Catholic T. A. Societies held in Woburn this year. It occurs Oct. 12, and as there are 20 Societies in the county comprising a membership of 4000 men and 2000 boys the parade would be a very fine one. The convention which meets at Cambridge on the 3d of August will determine the matter, but the friends of St. Charles feel sanguine that the parade will be here Last year it was at Lowell.

CHEAP COAL.—It will be seen by his advertisement that J. B. McDonald at 93 Main street, is selling the best of coals for the low price of $8.50 cash per ton. This liberal offer also benefits those who had given orders for their year's supply of coal. The times are hard and prices ought to come down, and every one who has coal to buy will be glad to know they can get it so cheaply.

☞ The Lynn printers went to Provincetown in the steam yacht "Mischief," last Saturday, and from accounts we have seen they must have had an excellent time. We regret our inability to go with them.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The quarterly session of the Grand Division of Mass. S. of T. was held in Woburn on Wednesday. The grand officers are Rev. G W Perry, G W P, I Wilton Hall, G W A, Samuel W Hodges, G Sec., B R Jewell, G Tr., Rev. E S Potter, G Chaplain, E H Trulan, G C, James Coombs, G Sentinel, T J Tucker, Jr, P G W P. The morning session was occupied in the initiation of representatives, and reports of the grand officers. From the Secretary's report it appears that one Division has surrendered, and that now there are 106 Divisions in the State; initiations, 621, received by card, 33, reinstated 17, withdrawn 365, suspended for non payment of dues, 316, expelled for violating pledge 24, other causes, 116, died 15, violated pledge 82, total membership, 7,240, received for fees and dues, $4,160.75, benefits $107.00, incidental expenses, $4,384.87 cash and investments, $16,061 07, lady visitors, initiated, 13, withdrawn 10, present number, 1,630, public meeting held 55, temperance documents distributed 1,002.

During the noon intermission the visitors partook of a collation at the hall of Mishawum Division.

The afternoon session began at three, and continued until nine in the evening. At seven it was adjourned from Lyceum Hall, to the Mishawum Temperance Hall, the former place being wanted for a Mass Meeting. In the absence of the Grand officers, F M Bradley of Washington, D C, who is M W P of the order in North America, presided at the Mass Meeting, which was well attended. By his invitation Rev Edward Mills of Woburn, offered prayer. Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. W Kimball, Misses Annie and Lilly Thompson, Abijah Thompson, William Kimball and J L Parker accompanied by J C Buck, then sang, "Rally, oh ye friends of Temperance." While the club was singing St. Charles Total Abstinence Society, and Cadets, Mishawum Division and Woburn Lodge of Good Templars marched into the Hall.

Mr. Bradley was glad to see so many present, and accepted it as an indication of the interest taken in the cause of temperance. He spoke of the excellent temperance sentiment that was prevailing in Washington at the present time, in marked contrast to the state of things in that city fifteen years ago. The Young Men's Christian Association with 1000 pledged, the Catholic Total Abstinence, Good Templars, Sons of Jonadab, uniting with the Sons of Temperance and all working together for the same cause. He regarded the prospects of temperance in the Union as very bright, and the reverses but temporary. The temperance people of this continent are planted immovably on total abstinence from liquor and prohibition of its sale. He was proud of his order which is known and recognized throughout the world, proud of its work, and proud of the million members who were marching on to victory. There was work for every one to do in staying the tide of intemperance which constantly threatens us, and to the women he appealed as having the most power. He closed with an urgent invitation to his auditors to unite with them and do what they could.

Rev. George C. Vanderslice, G W P of Virginia was the next speaker. It gave him no ordinary pleasure, he said, to be working side by side with those who had been divided on other issues. The question they had come to consider was higher than questions of State or policy. It took hold of the lives of the people. Taking the Bible for his authority he argued against drunkenness. Noah after the flood became drunk and entailed a curse on men which shall last forever. Lot in the same way brought a curse upon his family. Solomon, looking back over a wrecked life could only say all is vanity. The Saviour and his disciples denounced drunkenness, and Paul has put on record his disapproval. He related an instance of a man who engaged in the sale of liquor, and at the end of six months confessed that no man can be a Christian and sell liquor. Refering to the temperance cause, he said if it is a good one, every one should be engaged in it. The ladies he said had a power in this matter which the men have not, and never can have. If they should refuse to associate with any one who makes, sells or drinks liquor, they would not only be elevated in the opinion of all but we would soon have a nation filled with sober men. Few men would like to see their minister go to the bar-room, but it was as proper for the minister as for the layman, and as bad for the layman as the minister.

The club then sang, Temperenc Battle Hymy.

Edward Carswell, M. W. A. of the Grand Div. of North America was introduced, and told an Irish story to prove that if he didn't make a good speech somebody else would. We must not only work for our fellow beings but we must feel for them. Giving a beggar 50 cents with a scolding will not do that man the good that a penny with your sympathy would do. We want more enthusiasm. King George taxed the colonies without representation, but King Alcohol is levying a vastly more burdensome tax. He taxes us for jails and for poor houses, and makes us hang our brothers. We are too cautious like the old lady who would only cross the railroad on learning that no train would be along for an hour. The men of one idea received his highest commendation, as it was they who accomplished all the good that ever was done. The world looks to New England to lead in this matter. We must have prohibition and total abstinence, stopping the curse at both ends as the man stopped the car. His remarks were spiced with anecdotes, and he delivered his speech with such fire that his auditors were at once amused instructed and convinced.

Mrs. Fish and Miss. Wheeler then sang "Better leave off drinking to day."

At this point the Grand Division entered, and Rev. George W. Perry, of Lawrence, G. W. P. of the Grand Div. of Mass., addressed the meeting. He referred to the position of the Roman Catholic Church on total abstinence, regarded it as a very encouraging sign, and hoped it would yet take the same stand as regards prohibition. He referred in very flattering terms to the Irish engaged in the Fenian Raid of several years ago. He thought it not improbable that in the days to come the Irish would be the leaders in the temperance question. He once rode on a locomotive, and observed the engineer as he controlled his powerful engine, getting all the work out of it with the minimum of wear, and noted how he watched the rails before him, and looked out for signals. The temperance should be as vigilant, never ceasing from their care of the engine they are directing, and never losing sight of the direction nor of the signals by the way.

The audience then sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and Rev. Mr. Vanderslice pronounced the benediction.

There were about 150 representatives present, and the session was a very inesting one. The members took the 10 15 train for Boston, well pleased with the days accomplishments.

THE NATIONAL RANGERS.—A meeting of Co. K. 39th Reg. was held at Burkank Hall Thursday evening last to make arrangements for the annual reunion of the Regimental Association which is to take place in this town early in October. It was proposed that a public reception be given the visiting comrades, several citizens having requested an opportunity to participate. There is no doubt but there will be present several General officers, and at least one hundred and fifty (150) members of the Regiment which was made up of companies from Somerville, Quincy, Natick, Woburn, Danvers, Dorchester, Boston, Taunton, and Medford. The first reunion outside of Boston was held at Taunton, and the second last year at Medford. The following gentlemen were chosen a committee to make all necessary arrangements with full powers and report their plans at a meeting of the company, said committee to appoint ten citizens to cooperate with them. Committee, L. R. Tidd, C. K. Conn, A. P. Barrett, A. L. Richardson, Abj. Thompson, Geo. E. Fowle, W. P. Brown, A. Roscoe Linscott, J. F. Leslie, T. Marvin Parker. The committee will meet and organize next week at Capt. L. R. Tidd's.

THE BETHESDA WAR.— Mr. Nelson claims that he is the owner of the Laundry property, and accordingly sold the meadow grass to S L Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle mowed it, and while engaged in cutting the grass a man from the Laundry ordered him off. He reported the case to Mr. Nelson, and the two went down together and turned the grass. While so employed, the man from the Laundry came and ordered them off, and Mr. Nelson retorted by ordering him off, and he returned to the Laundry. Wednesday afternoon Mr. Tuttle went with a young man to get the hay and had pitched on nearly a load. The man and a woman came out and ordered them off. The woman commanded the boy to get off the load, and he refused to come down except by Mr. Tuttle's order. The man took the horse by the head, but being threatened by Tuttle released his hold. Tuttle and the boy then drove off with the load and did not return for the remainder. Mr. Tuttle reports that the Laundry man had a pistol in his pocket, the hilt being plainly visible.

ARRESTED.—Last Wednesday, officers from Reading reported to our Police that a family in their town had lost some articles of wearing apparel, which their servant girl had undoubtedly taken, as she had disappeared about the same time the articles were missed. They thought she came to Woburn, as she had friends here. The police could not find her during the day, but that night the Chief heard that a woman had applied to a family on Salem street, agreeing to work for her board. As she answered the description, he called on her Thursday morning and took her in charge. She gave the name of Ella Daniels, and confessed the larceny. On the way to the lockup they met the Reading officers who arrested her. She confessed to them that she had been engaged in other larcenies at Reading. She was taken to Reading and will probably go before the District court.

RESCUED.—On Thursday a lad named John Brady while bathing in Horn Pond dove off a boat into deep water and being unable to swim was in danger of drowning. One of his companions Thomas Manning, son of Joseph Manning, immediately jumped in after him and helped him into shallow water. The dangers of bathing are considerable, and boys should give some attention to the art of rescuing a comrade without danger to the rescuer. A little practice will make the feat comparatively easy, and under ordinary circumstances no one of a party of bathers should be allowed to drown if there are two swimmers among them.

TAXES.—The Collector's Sale of Taxes was largely attended last Tuesday. There was a gentleman from Lowell and one from Harvard intent on speculation, who bought several lots. If the owners should not redeem them within two years they will have got a title to some real estate at a low rate. The sale was adjourned to next Tuesday to provide for any who may fail to conclude their purchases made last Tuesday.

MR. MILLER.—As recorded last week, this gentleman suffered amputation of the left leg near the ankle. Many of our citizens called on him at the Mass. Gen. Hospital, but Wednesday this was prohibited, none being allowed but his relatives. He has been kept largely under the influence of opiates, and his friends feel encouraged that he will have a speedy recovery.

CLOTHES FOUND.—On Thursday a little girls clothes were found near the swimming hole at Horn Pond and fears were entertained that a child was drowned. There was a dress and apron, and in the pocket of the former was a wallet containing a key. No one has been reported missing, and the affair is involved in mystery.

CONVICTED. — Thomas Salmom at East Cambridge on Thursday, plead *nol. con.* to a charge of keeping liquor with intent to sell, and paid a fine of $100 and costs. This was an appeal case from Justice Converse's court.

NEW STORE.—Mr. J. W. Knight, formerly of Stearns, Brown & Co., will open No. 129 Main Street, as a cash grocery, this Saturday evening. He has a well selected stock, proposes to sell cheap, and we hope he will have good success.

THE NARROW GUAGE RAILWAY.

The Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn R. R, is a new enterprise which was opened to the public on Thursday of this week. At 12 o'clock the stockholders and their friends (friends *pro tem.*, perhaps) assembled at the ferry at the junction of High and Broad streets in Boston. We started at 12.15, and at 12 25 were landed on the East Boston side just below the B. and A. Elevator. After a grand rush we succeeded in getting at the rear end of the rear car, and as this was an open one it was a good place for seeing. Starting as soon as possible, we were drawn through a short tunnel, where the only mishap of the trip occurred. The load in one of the cars was too much for the springs, so that the body of the car settled upon the wheels. We repaired damages as soon as possible and started again for Lynn. The road passes over the unimproved land of the Boston Land Company, and opens up a large tract for residences. But by far the pleasantest part of the ride is along the Revere Beach. The road runs for three miles, more or less just above high water mark, and gives one a delightful view of the surf and bathers, and the other beautiful scenes familiar to us all at that place. It passes in front of the Revere House, and but a short distance back of the Ocean House, thus rendering access to this favorite resort speedy and easy. From the Ocean House it runs across the marshes to Lynn, terminating at the foot of Market street. Upon its arrival the party made its way immediately to Odd Fellows' Hall, where a dinner was in waiting for those who had been waiting some time for the dinner. The gentlemen were called to order, a blessing was asked, and then we "fell to" as if we had been in training for this part of the ceremony for days. Unfortunately (or fortunately, as you please) as the speakers began to ascend the platform, a gentleman gave us an invitation to take a sail in the harbor, and as there was a good breeze and a good company, it was not to be refused. We returned about 6, took the Eastern R. R. for Boston, and reached home well pleased with the trip as a whole. The new railroad is of the narrow guage; it is furnished with 3 engines, 6 cars, 2 open cars and 2 freight cars. The cars though narrower, are constructed like those in ordinary use, and no inconvenience is experienced from the narrowness of the track. We would advise any of our citizens who can find it convenient to try the new road, and are sure they will be more than paid by the delightful view of Revere Beach.

L.

☞ The Boston *Herald* complains that the liquor dealers show so little desire for the honest trial of the license law, and regrets that they oppose it and show a preference to the prohibitory law. They want neither, but of the two they prefer the prohibitory because it was never enforced. When it was on the statute books, then they cried out for license, and now they have license they cry for prohibition, but they mean free rum. Your liquor dealer cannot see why his business should be regulated any more than that of the butcher or the baker, and no law will satisfy him, and no law will he assist. In towns where licenses are granted, those who hold the documents sell less liquor, and make less money than those who have no license, while the unlicensed dealer having no fear of search, and strong in the perjury-power of his customers goes on about as he pleases. The former class does not believe in a license law because it does not give them the monopoly they pay for and the protection they have a right to expect; the latter class are indifferent, as the men to whom they sell will swear them out of any court they may be brought before. In this town there are no licensed dealers except the druggists, but rum is practically free. We have been informed that Sunday a drunken orgy was held in a public building, and the intoxicated participants were not ashamed to be seen staggering from an unlicensed place by the returning worshippers from the churches. Some one beside those who sell liquor must be looked to for an honest trial of the law. And some one beside those who drink liquor must be looked to for the same thing.

ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday a block of granite fell on the thumb of Horace P. Dodge, employed at James's Granite Works, crushing it badly.

John Brauer employed at the Foundry had his hand badly jammed by a moulding flask falling on it last Saturday.

PICTORIAL.—The Boston *Globe* comes out strong as an illustrated paper, just now engaged in illustrating the cities of the State, Lynn, Salem and Lowell have been written up, and drawn up in a way that must be quite satisfactory to those municipalities.

CONTRACT AWARDED.—The contract for the town coal has been awarded to C. K. Conn & Co., and they have commenced to deliver it. The contract for Water Works coal was given to J. B. McDonald.

☞ Hocum Hosford, the new Manager of the B. & L. R. R. was in Woburn this week on a tour of inspection.

☞ The base ball fever still continues unabated. It is likely an *Independent* nine will be formed soon. If they don't put the *Sentinels*—basemen we mean—around where they won't want to be seen again, it will be because folks can't take a hint. We will have four devils, a couple of grown up imps, an ink slinger, bill poster, type stickers, etc. This challenge is open to any nine that ain't afraid to meet that display of talent. Woburn *Journal* and *Advertiser* please take notice.—*Stoneham Independent.*

Thank you; not any for us. We've seen the Whittiers on the base ball field, and don't care to oppose them.

Peters' Household Melodies. No. 8 contains Beyond the Golden Door; The Crushed Floweret; My Dear Old Home; Why don't you write to me, Sister; Madelaine Gray; Shall we meet again, Dearest?: Thee only; With Mirth and Joy. Price 50 cents. Published by J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, N. Y.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

☞ Our Government is about to recognize the Cuban patriots as belligerents.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., }
July 17, 1875. }

Smith Female College. Its Founder. The Smith Charities etc.

Hampshire County is renowned for its educational institutions. It has Amherst College, the State Agricultural College, Mount Holyoke Female Seminary and Williston Seminary for boys. These all have a good name and a wide fame. Another institution of a high order was dedicated on the 14th instant,—Smith Female College at Northampton. This college is fortunate in its location. Northampton, the Shire town of Hampshire, Co., is "beautiful for situation." It is on the west bank of the Connecticut river, on high ground rising abruptly from the rich and charming meadows, which are highly cultivated. It is an old town with many historical associations about it. Yet there is a great deal of life and activity in its densely shaded streets. The new college is on a commanding eminence right in the midst of the town, within a few rods of its principal business streets, yet it seems sufficienty retired. From the tower of the main building there is a delightful view of the Connecticut valley. The various institutions mentioned above can be seen from it, with numerous villages, while Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom rise up like giant sentinels of protection.

The founder of this new Female College was Miss Sophia Smith of Hatfield, an adjoining town. The greater part of her property was left to her by her brother, Austin, who was close-fisted and pinching. She received from him at his death in 1861, about $200,000. She thought at first that she would dispose of it in the way in which her brother would wish, but as she could not remember his ever giving giving away a cent, or think of any object that would have unloosened his purse strings, she determined to use it to carry out a favorite project of her own, the establishment of a college for young ladies, where they might obtain an education as complete and a culture as extensive as any young man can acquire in Amherst, Harvard or Williams. She endowed the young college with about a quarter of a million of dollars.

The dedication of the new building took place on Wednesday last. Gov. Gaston, with staff and council, and many prominent educators were there. Pres. Clark, of the Mass. Agricultural College, Dr. Hamlin, of Robert's College, Constantinople, and Rev. Dr. Bliss, Pres. of a college in Syria, were among the number.

Pres. L. Clark Seelye of the new college is a young man about thirty-five, and was for nearly ten years a professor in Amherst College. His inaugural address was very scholarly and appropriate. A corps of very efficient instructors both male and female has been selected and everything is in readiness for any who enter its classic halls next September. A large number of students is not expected at first, estimates range from six to twenty, because the standard of examination has been fixed very high, and it is thought that but few young ladies have been pursuing the classics and higher branches to an extent equal to the requirements of the college.

The trustees, however, are determined to keep the standard high. If the future shall develop the need of such a college, they are ready to meet it. If not it will be a magnificent failure. They prefer the latter to having it diluted to a fashionable boarding and music school.

The main college building is given up exclusively to public halls and lecture rooms. There will be no public dormitories for the students. They can board among the families of the town if they choose. But cottages are being erected on the college grounds for their accommodation. They will be divided up into families so that they can enjoy the advantages of home life while they are pursuing their studies.

The people of Hatfield, where Miss Smith resided, were very indignant because she selected Northampton as the site of her college instead of her native town, nothwithstanding she left them $75,000 for an Academy. But her selection is approved by all disinterested persons. The feeling of indignation was so strong that they hung in effigy one good deacon whom they suspected of influencing Miss Smith in her decision. But facts which have subsequently come to light, show that she acted alone and independent in her choice.

There is another institution, located in Northampton, and founded by Oliver Smith, an uncle of Sophia Smith, which deserves mention. It is called the "Smith Charities." Oliver gave about $400,000 to found this munificent charity. The following towns are the beneficiaries of it:—Hatfield, Hadley, Whately, Northampton, Amherst, Williamsburg and Deerfield. From this charity every widow in these several towns may receive fifty dollars a year. Every young lady of poor parents receives fifty dollars at marriage. Every boy bound out on a farm or at a trade for three years, and who maintains a good character, receives five hundred dollars. Every girl who may be bound out for two years receives two hundred dollars. This charity, which has made this group of towns conspicuous throughout the nation, is managed by a board of trustees chosen by the towns thus favored. The headquarters is an elegant freestone building on Main street, Northampton, with these words upon it, "Smith Charities." There are other members of the Smith family who are quite wealthy. Whether the grand old town of Northampton will be again selected to receive their benefactions is of course unknown. J. F. G.

EUPHONIOUS LANGUAGE. Rev. John Eliot, pastor of the Church in Roxbury, translated the Bible into the language of the Indians of New England, which was published in 1661. The following is the version of the Lord's Prayer:—

"Matt vi. 7, &c. Nooshun kesukqut, quttianatamunach koowesuonk. Peyaumooutch kukketassootamook, neananach ohkeit neane kesukqut. Nummeetsuongash asekesukokish assamaiinnean yeukesuked. Kah ahquontamaiinnean nummatcheseongash, neane matchenekukque sagkompgunaiinnean en qutchhuaoonganit, webe pohquohwussinnean wutch matchitut. Newutch kutah'aun ketas sootamonk, kah menuhkesuonk, kah sohsumoonk misheme. Amen.

☞ The difficulty hitherto experienced in eradicating Bright's disease, dropsy, kidney, bladder, and glandular maladies, female irregularities, diabetes, gravel, pain in the back and loins, general nervous prostration, retention, and incontinence of urine and complaints of the urino-genital organs is entirely removed. *Hunt's Remedy* promptly dispels any of the above afflictions and the blessings of health will be conferred on all that partake of this medicine.

☞ The Wells Tea Company, who advertise in our columns, are old Tea Dealers and a thorough reliable company. Dealers in our section will do well to correspond with them.

New Publications.

Scribner for August. The publishers of *Scribner* call attention to the series of articles by Col. Waring, now being published in that magazine, under the title of "A Farmer's Vacation." These papers are claimed to be among the most amusing as well as practically valuable illustrated articles which have appeared for some time past. Col. Waring is well known as an engineer and a farmer, as well as a graceful and entertaining writer. In his recent European travels, he was naturally attracted not only by picturesque phases, — quaint scenes and quaint people,—but also by the various agricultural customs and devices. His article in the August number describes the pretty isle of Guernsey, and tells a great deal that is of interest about the famous so-called Alderney Cow, which is here "at home." "A Middy in Manila" is a rollicking little illustrated sketch which reads very like a familiar letter to some old "chum" at home. Albert Rhodes's paper, "Along the Seine," is timely through its summer quality. George W Cable, of New Orleans, has a story entitled "Madame Dèlicieuse," which is thought by some to be his best work. It will have a very foreign smack to Northern readers, but they will find it none the less graphic, witty and charming for that. Dr. Holland, in this number of "Sevenoaks" celebrates a wedding in that rural neighborhood. Then there is a solid essay by G. F. Magoun, on "Education and Free Thought," also "A Word of Encouragement for Timid Linguists," "The Stone Period of the Antilles" (containing some matters not hitherto made public), "An Englewood Myster," "How to treat the Indians," by an Indian Agent; an illustrated paper on "Ice," more of the "Mysterious Island,' and verses by poets of note, and poets not of note. In the "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland, "The Old Cabinet," "Home and Society," "Bric-a-Brac," "The World's Work, etc., the usual variety is maintained.

Petersons' Journal for August. The new serial, "The Deserted Husband," leads off the August number of this attractive magazine. It is not merely a sensational story, but the great political and religious questions which are connected with the attitude assumed by the Roman Catholic Church towards the State and the Schools and the Marriage Institution are also to be incidentally discussed and illustrated. One of the chapters in this instalment, containing a discussion between a leading American Statesman, a moderate Roman Catholic Bishop, and an ultramontane Jesuit Priest, is very suggestive indeed. The Statesman says, for instance:—

"The Republic is based upon the grand idea of a common humanity and universal brotherhood. It is essential to its safety that its children should be accustomed to look upon each other as brethren—to act harmoniously together in their political, literary, social and benevolent societies as so many Americans. That they shall not be encouraged to group themselves as sects, and thus isolate themselves from each other; but that they shall *first of all be Americans*—and *after that,* Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Jews, and so on. Now the idea of you Roman ecclesiastics is precisely opposite. You desire to make a separate clan of your people—to isolate them from the general body of our citizens in separate schools, and so on in all the other associations of life. Even in their literary and beneficial societies you are striving to isolate them, they may be wielded as one man by your priesthood, and that their minds may have as little opportunity as possible of seeing things by any other light than that which shines through the painted windows of your own church. Now," continued the Statesman, "I will take the liberty of telling you frankly what I think of this It is treason to the American idea. It is a disregard of your solemn duties to the State. It is accepting rights and privileges, in order that you may overthrow and destroy the Republic which has generously granted them. If you cannot come into our great family, and be of the family—then you should not come in at all. It is dangerous to admit you at all."

But we refer our readers to the story itself, which we think they will find very attractive and suggestive reading. But, if they do not, there is Mrs. Fleming's deeply exciting story, and also a number of other stories, besides an amusing collection of brief "Gleanings." Terms: $3 00 a Year. Address H. Peterson & Co., 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

St. Nicholas for August. We doubt if these vacation days yield any pleasure to the young readers of *St. Nicholas* greater than that of the magazine. No days are too hot for the exercise it affords; no monotony is so fixed but it will vanish before the appearance of this monthly novelty. As for the visitor itself, *St Nicholas* wears always the jolly face which the good Saint whose name it bears, puts on during the holidays,—is as merry and cheerful in the open air as at the fireside. It brings us this month a series of excellent contributions, all interesting, and some of them pleasantly suggestive of mountain air and sea breezes. "The Cruise of the Crusoe" for instance (a prolonged boat journey such as almost every boy would like to take on some one of these summer days), hardly needs illustration, since it is itself a very perfect picture; yet it has six characteristic and familiar scenes in pencil. There is an interesting paper on Umbrellas, with a picture of the first Umbrella in the streets of London. "A Gunpowder Plot" is the story of an assault upon a hornet's nest, in which the strategy of the attacking party has to contend against the power and numbers of the garrison, and is natural, humorous and pathetic, appealing strongly to the interest of all boys. Rose Terry Cooke gives us a lively controversy in rhyme between two chickens on that familiar subject—always a fruitful source of contention—the origin of the species. Besides all this and much more, there are stories by Helen C. Weeks and Emily Huntington Miller, a paper on the collection and preservation of "sea weeds;" a description of "A Boarding School in 1570;" and a delightful story for girls, "The Pine stick Doll," with its beautiful illustration—the frontispiece of the number — drawn by Miss Jessie Curtis "Jack-in-the Pulpit" with his paragrams and conundrums, is still as wise and witty as ever; and worthy of notice also is a bright little jingle called "Hans, the Small Esquimaux," with its picture, in which the iceberg is as refreshing to us as the Polar Bear is terrifying to the little fur clad northerner.

German Four-Part Songs. For Mixed Voices. By N. H. Allen, Price 150. pp. 151. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Mr. Allen has shown excellent judgment in the selection of these compositions, which have all the beauty of the older four-part glees of Deutschland, without the tinge of melancholy, which must be acknowledged as a defect. The composers are of the best. Among them we notice Schumann, Abt, Franz. Hauptmann, Gade and Hiller. Words by Goethe, Uhland, Hoffman and Rueckhart brighten the score, and titles are well chosen. "The Rosebud," "The Little Ship," Love like the Wind," "The Linden tree," "Welcome Repose" and "Peace to the Slumberers," are specimens, and indicate the genial character of the poetry.

Conductors of Musical Associations know very well that it is quite difficult to find a good "second book." One cannot practice "The Creation" or Judas Maccabæus" a whole evening. It is too heavy work. Still one does not like to descend to easy glees, or to an over easy cantata.

Now the "German Four-Part Songs" are just what is wanted. They are sufficiently solid and high toned, interesting, and easy enough to make the practice refreshing while it is useful.

The Nursery for August is the same welcome little visitor. The frontispiece is a beach scene, with children playing in the sand and one little fellow sitting in the bow of a boat. Then there is a funny scene of the children chasing tumble weeds out in Colorado. The story of a comical little pig, which was the pet on board a ship is told with pictures and reading. A nice little sheep story is told in large type for the youngest readers. The number closes with a song entitled "Mr. Bulfinch." John L. Shorey, Boston, publishes it for $1.60 a year.

Dexter Smith for August has arrived with a portrait of Emily Soldene. The music is "Mother is the old home lonely" "The Battle of Bunker Hill" "He wipes the tear from every eye" Sultan's Waltz, and "Little Dickey Birds." The little anecdote about the fifth Maryland, original with us, was written "by one of the craft," but we would have liked it better if it had been credited to the *Journal*

Winchester.

STATISTICS.—We have received through the courtesy of Albert Ayer, Esq. the following facts relating to the valuation and taxes of Winchester:—

Number of Polls,	837
" Horses,	281
" Oxen,	10
" Cows,	153
" Heifers,	10
" Swine,	154
" Carriages,	248
" Houses,	564 2-3
" Barns,	205
" Other building,	160
" Acres of Land,	3445 1-5
" Children between the ages of 5 & 15	559
VALUATION.	
Personal Property,	$1,458,523
Real Estate,	3 252 925
Total,	$4,711,448
APPROPRIATION.	
Town,	$71,300 00
State,	4 360 00
County,	2 797 06
Total,	$78 457 06
Rates,	$16 on $1000
Polls and Highway,	$5.00

PRESENTATION.—Miss Mary L. Slayton of Woodstock Vermont, late an assistant teacher in the High School, has been presented by her pupils and friends with a pair of gold sleeve buttons, and a complete set of Dickens' handsomely bound. Miss Slayton has the best wishes of her many friends in Winchester.

PARTY.—The Queen of Winchester took a party of young folks on Wednesday evening over to the Arlington Heights Hotel, which has been recently opened. They had a dance and a supper, and speak in high terms of the new hostelry. Winchester needs a hotel more than anything else at present

☞ Hon. Hocum Hosford was in town Wednesday looking over the railroad property which he has recently undertaken to manage. His attention was called to the ornamental cottage devoted to the knights of the green banner at the central crossing, and to the dilapidated depot.

GOOD DEED.—About fifty children from some of the Sunday Schools of Boston are spending a short vacation in different families here; some taking two of them and some more. They seem to be well pleased, if you can judge from appearances.

CEREUS AFFAIR.—Geo. P. Brown is the lucky possessor of a fine "Night Blooming Cereus," which is now in blossom, and the Doctor with his accustomed generosity, threw open his house last Monday evening, and invited his neighbors in to see it.

☞ The contract for setting the granite base around our common, is at last made with Mr. John Dowsit of Reading, and work has actually begun. We hope that nothing will happen to prevent the speedy completion.

BOAT RIDE.—Uncle "Solomon" Fletcher's heart was again filled with pleasure, last Tuesday afternoon, as he marched over to his boat with a bevy of girls and boys, to take a row on the lake, visit "Echo Dell" and "Pilgrim Rock," and threw the stars and stripes to the breeze, etc.

PICNIC.—The Sunday Schools connected with the Congregational and Methodist churches, went on their annual Excursion yesterday. This year they visited Downer's Landing, where the Baptist society with others went last week.

S. OF T.—Winchester Division S. of T. went to Woburn Wednesday evening to attend the Mass Temperance Meeting held under the auspices of their order in that town.

ACCIDENT.—One of Carswell's ice carts broke through a culvert on Main street, near Mr. Harrison Parker's, last week Friday. No damage to the cart.

RUNAWAY.—Capt. Wm. H. Kinsman's horse ran away Monday evening, but was stopped near the Railroad crossing before doing much damage.

PURCHASE.—J. W. Hemingway purchased by auction last Saturday, the estate on Winchester Park known as the "Kendall Place," on which he intends to reside.

COAL.—J. B. McDonald & Co. at their yard in Winchester are selling coal for $8.50 cash, which is very cheap. Now is the time to lay in your coal.

RAILROAD RESPONSIBILITY. — The recklessness of many railway disasters, notably among them two or three of recent date, suggest a doubt whether the public is doing its best to protect itself against such horrors. The method of obtaining redress from railway corporations for injuries to life or limb by means of civil suits for money damages is admitted to be precarious and uncertain. There are many meritorious cases in which no claim is attempted to be established, on account of the mortal terror which the idea of instituting a suit against a railroad corporation inspires, and in many other equally meritorious instances in which this terror does not obtain, those entitled to damages put in no claim from the fact that the damages obtained would be less than the expense incurred in obtaining them through a lawsuit.

Even supposing that railroad companies are mulcted in money damages in every case where they are liable, the money damage remedy is then imperfect. What is needed is a sense of personal accountability on the part of every railroad employé, and the fear of a judgment for money damages against their principals is utterly inadequate to secure such a feeling on the part of the railroad subagents who are generally most accountable for railroad slaughters. However criminal may be the carelessness, and however fatal the consequences, the person or persons immediately responsible are seldom or never brought to account. What are wanted are criminal indictments against employés in every case where the responsibility can be traced to them. A wholesome fear of a penitentiary cell would do infinitely more to insure due regard for their obligations to the public on the part of such employès than all the money damages which judge or jury could exact from their principals.

It is a matter of regret that railroad companies are not obliged to insure the safety of passengers against accidents, as they are held to do in the case of goods transported. It is an absurdity that the baggage of passengers should be so insured, while, in the case of accident to life or limb, the burden of proving carelessness is imposed upon the claimant. That this distinction is one of long standing we are well aware, but the antiquity of the rule forms little presumption in our minds in favor of its justice or propriety. Railways were unknown when this distinction in regard to the liability of common carriers was first promulgated in a stage coach case by Lord Kenyon, in 1791, and, if the question were a new one at the present time, when the business of common carriers is practically monopolized by railway corporations, we doubt whether any attempt would be made to establish such a principle.

It is said that railroad companies should be held to a strict accountability in the case of goods from the fact that otherwise the avenues of fraud and collision on the part of railroad employees would be opened, and that the carriers have a more exclusive control of goods than of passengers; but whatever plausibility there may be in this argument utterly disappears before the consideration that the loss of life or limb is of immeasurably greater consequence than any loss of goods can possibly be. If a distinction is to be made at all, it should be in favor of a stricter responsibility in the case of passengers than in the case of goods. If railroad corporations were obliged to pay $50,000 for every person killed and a proportionate amount for every person injured on their roads, human lives would be regarded as at least an equal object of care with swine and cattle, and we should soon hear less of sickening railroad "accidents." Public sentiment ought to be so aroused that no railroad charters could be obtained except upon the condition that the lives of passengers should be insured.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ The following declaration of the qualifications of membership of an Orangeman's lodge is taken from the printed bylaws of lodge No. 106, of Lawrence, and published as a matter of public interest:

"The candidate should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, productive of those happy fruits—righteousness and obedience to God's commands—a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world; convinced that Jesus Christ is the only Mediator between a sinful creature and a holy and offended Creator, possessing a reliance upon the power and grace of the Holy spirit; his disposition should be humane and compassionate; he should be an enemy to brutality and every species of unchristian conduct; he should be a lover of rational and improving society; faithfully regarding the Protestant religion, and sincerely desirous of propagating its precepts, viz.: charity and good will towards men, being careful to preserve sobriety and good conduct among the brethren, condemning intemperance as an abomination, being zealous in the promotion of the honor, happiness and prosperity of the order, a lover and loyal defender of his country, being careful to suppress all Popish encroachments and invasions. He should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and of the profane use of God's holy name. He should shun the company of all men addicted to any of these habits, which are in opposition to the divine teachings of this institution. Prudence and loyalty should guide all his actions; temperance, charity and honesty direct his conduct; and the laudable objects of the institution should be the motives of all his endeavors through life."

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Hugh Donahoe the champion long distance pedestrian of American, if not the world, finished at 7:55 last Thursday evening his tiresome walk of 1100 miles in 1100 consecutive hours, one mile in each houh, at Mystic Park. He commenced his long tramp as long ago as the 6th of June, and, with a couple of faithful attendants to assist and encourage him, he has plodded along night and day, rain or shine, for nearly seven weeks. During this severe undertaking, one never accomplished before, he has manifested a most wonderful endurance, giving his attendants and physicians little trouble in keeping him in condition to do his hourly task. From time to time note has been made in the daily papers of his condition, which at no time has been alarming. The last day of his journey, he was to all appearence, in good condition, and did his task with no great difficulty, being kept along by a band of music while on his tramps and aroused from his sleep by the discharge of firearms. He slept but very little during the day and hardly any during the last six or eight hours The next to the last mile he walked in 28 minutes. He then rested for nearly an hour, taking a quiet smoke and a very little stimulant. He started on his last mile at 26 minutes to 8 o'clock, and finished it in a fraction less than 20 minutes, doing the last sixth of a mile on a spurt, at the rate of six miles to the hour. A large crowd was present to witness the closing of this great undertaking, and as Donahoe finished the last mile he was greeted with a round of most enthusiastic cheers. He retired to his room immediately, but apparently well able to walk many more miles.

One of our Woburn amateurs witnessed the conclusion of the feat, and then walked up from the track to Soles's corner in 68 minutes.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—This Road, with all its property and franchises, is to be sold at auction under decree of Court, August 2d, in New York City, for the benefit of the first mortgage bondholders. The general body of bondholders have united in a plan for protecting their interests, by causing the Road and property to be bid in for them by a Bondholders Committee, selected for the purpose. This Committee consists of Johnston Livingston, of New York, Frederick Billings, of Vermont, George Stark, of Massachusetts, J. K. Moorhead and J. N. Hutchinson, of Pennsylvania, and Jno. M. Denison, of Maryland. The plan of purchase and reoganizations represented by this Committee has been unanimously approved by a general meeting of the bondholders. All bondholders, who wish to share in the benifits of the plan or desire information, should immediately address the Purchasing Committee N. P. R. R. at 23 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AMUSING THE BABY.—When the baby first opens its eyes, it is not uncommonly induced to gaze upon the light. "Ze putty zed yight," is supposed to be exquisitely amusing. Had it power to tell of the torment thus inflicted, we should hear a very different story. And then it is jumped at, screamed at, tossed up in the air, and otherwise startled, until its nerves are disturbed beyond quieting without medicine.

It is a subject of marvel to most people that so many children die in infancy, but to an observing mind the wonder is that any children live to maturity. When you and I feel miserable, we want to be left in quiet. Repose is the sweetest remedy for nervousness or other ills; but baby is trotted, bounced; toted, "ketchy-ketchied." chucked under its chin, poked in its cheeks, or somebody's thumb is thrust into its toothless mouth, irrespective of a need of ablution, and then if baby isn't happy it is reputed very irritable. Tickling the baby's feet, creeping the fingers like the motion of a mouse across its breast, and up into its fat sensitive neck-wrinkles, is another mode of amusing the baby. Of course the child laughs, and the idiots who torment it forget that it is the same expression with which they reply to a similar process from the hand of some mischievous but torturing friend, and yet we all know that this laugh from a man is an hysterical outcery of nervous irritability. When the laugh ceases, weariness brings weeping, or perhaps a restless and unrefreshing sleep, followed by indigestion and colic.

Nothing should ever be done to startle a child—even a too frequent playing of bopeep, if violent has been known to bring on St. Vitus' dance. All surprises are dangerous to the nervous system just as all sudden atmospheric or dietetic changes are very unhealthy, and sometimes fatal. If music is selected to please the young childs's ears, it should be gentle and soothing.—*Samitarian.*

☞ There is a corpulent little old sailor named Hiram A Reed living at Spring Lake, Mich., who has just had his eyes opened. Forty-four years ago this little old man, then a sprightly sailor of 26, had command of the schooner Ontario, belonging in Oswego, N. Y. and sailing between that port and Ontario, Canada. On a trip in July or August of that year Capt. Reed had two passengers, a young Frenchman and his wife named Golah There were no passenger boats in those days. At noon upon a certain quiet day, the captain heard a splash, and hurrying to the side of the vessel discovered that the lady had fallen overboard. Quickly seizing the end of a coil of rope, the other end of which was fast to a belaying pin, he jumped overboard, and as the vessel had scarcely steerage way, easily rescued the lady. Her gratitude, and that of her husband, knew no bounds, and upon the arrival of the vessel at Toronto they tried to induce the captain to accept a present of a gold watch. This he refused, and only upon earnest solicitation accepted a gold half-eagle from the lady. A few days ago he received a letter from the American consul at Paris, announcing that a certain wealthy Frenchman had just died, and that a provision in his will left 50 000 francs to "one Hiram A. Reed, who was master of the schooner Ontario in the summer of 1831, and who once saved the life of his wife."

☞ The State Council of Sovereigns of Industry met in semi-annual session at Worcester on Wednesday, about 300 members attending. Isaac F. Chase, the President, reviewed the workings of the councils, and said there had been a little local trouble, principally in the Somerville, Dedham, Agawam, and South Boston Councils. He also charged the Secretary, S. C. Hunt, with financial irregularities, and the matter was referred to a committee. The Treasurer reported a balance of $850 in the treasury. It was reported that there are 156 councils, with a total membership of 16,000, in this State, and that the average saving in expenditures to each member was 16 1 2 per cent. on the goods purchased. A new constitution for the government of State and subordinate Councils was adopted.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Providence, July 18, Thomas Briggs, aged 68 years 9 months.

Special Notices.

TOWN LIBRARY.

The Library will be re-opened for the delivery of books on Monday, 19th inst, at 6 P. M.

Per order of
LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

NEW STORE.

No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
W. I. GOODS.
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.

Saturday, July 24

I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123

J. W. KNIGHTS,

BY E. HENRY GREENWOOD.
OFFICE: NO. 235 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, ROOM, 12.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To William A. Wilson, Mortgagor, and supposed owner of the equity of redemption of the premises hereinafter described; to S. C. Demarest assignee of second Mortgage and to all others whom it may concern.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by said Wm. A. Wilson to Augustus B. Perry, dated January 1st, 1873, recorded with Middlesex, South District Deeds, Lib. 1245, Fol, 208, and for a breach of the conditions contained in said Mortgage deed, will be sold at public auction, on, or near the premises hereinafter described on TUESDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1875, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

All and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz: A certain piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in said county of Middlesex, on the B. & L. R. R., about 3 minutes walk from East Woburn station, being a part of lot numberd "38" as shown on a plan of land recorded with said Middlesex deeds, Book of plans "5" Plan "23" and bounded southerly by lot "39" on said plan, about one hundred and fifteen feet: westerly by Tremont street, one hundred and twenty-eight and 6-10th feet; northerly by Nashua street, seventy-five feet; and easterly by the remaining part of said lot "38" about one hundred and twenty feet, six inches; or, however otherwise, bounded, measured, or described, containing eleven thousand four hundred and forty-eight feet more or less. $200 to be paid at the time and place of sale. Other terms and conditions made know at sale.

For further information, apply to W. C. Kinsberry, No. 235 Washington Street, Boston, Room 12.

By order of
AUGUSTUS B. PERRY, Mortgagee.

MASON'S FRUIT JARS,
THE BEST IN THE MARKET.
FOR SALE AT
A. E, Thompson's,
No. 3 WADE BLOCK, WOBURN.

THE
Hartford
ACCIDENT
Insurance Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.,
Capital, $200,000,
ISSUES
Policies & Tickets
GRANTING INSURANCE
From One Day to One Year.
GEO. H. CONN,
AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN St.,
WOBURN.

THE
GRAND SUCCESS

That has attended our GREAT SALE of selected Ready-Made Clothing, at 24 and 25 Dock Square thus far during the month of MAY, 1875, has been highly satisfactory, and we now have to state that the entire assortment has been re-arranged the present week, so that parents will find it very convenient to select from OVER FIFTY NEW STYLES of Boys' or Children's Suits at marvellously low figures, any size or pattern of the *latest designs* that are in the Boston market.

We have never had so full and complete a supply in stock to choose from. We have never been able to offer such qualities of *Boys' or Men's Clothing* at the figures we can sell them to-day. We never so confidently presented to the buying public our immense variety of desirable Wearing Apparel, and we never could assure such *Bargains* in Clothing as we now can!

Purchasers in the city or buyers from the country will find upon our counters a rare display of durable and seasonable

SUITS,
LIGHT OVERCOATS
—OR—
Single Garments,

At prices such as these qualities of goods have never been offered at hitherto in New England. And the GREAT SALE inaugurated May 1, 1875, will continue for six weeks, until the Spring supply is cleared out.

Call and see these Goods,
and satisfy yourselves before buying.

Geo. H. Richards,
24 DOCK 24
25 SQUARE 25

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL!! **REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL!!**
Excelsior, Lackawanna, and Draper Coals.
$8.50 CASH PER TON! **$8.50 PER TON!** **$8.50 CASH PER TON!**
THE ABOVE REDUCTION APPLIES TO ORDERS ALREADY TAKEN.
JOSEPH B. McDONALD, 93 Main Street, Woburn. J. B. McDONALD & Co., near depot, Winchester.

THE
RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
Trade Mark Patented

Bottled Bliss. It is impossible to conceive of a more refreshing draught than is afforded by **Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient,** which combines the advantages of a luxury with those of the purest, safest and most genial alterative and tonic ever administered as a cure for dyspepsia and billious affections,
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LATEST IMPROVED
HORSE POWERS
GRAIN THRESHING AND
WOOD SAWING MACHINES
Patented, Manufactured and sold by
A. W. GRAY & SONS, Middletown, Vt.
Parties who wish to purchase machines that have proved to be the best in market, will do well to send for Circulars and Descriptive Price List, which will be forwarded free.

BEFORE YOU START
INSURE IN THE
TRAVELERS
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

WATERS' new SCALE PIANOS *are the* best made; *The* touch elastic, *and a* fine singing tone, powerful, pure *and* even.
WATERS' Concerto ORGANS *cannot be* excelled *in* tone *or* beauty; *they defy* competition, *The* Concerto Stop *is a* fine imitation *of the* Human Voice.
PRICES EXTREMELY LOW *for* cash during this Month. Monthly Instalments received; Pianos and Organs to let, and Rent-Money allowed if Purchased. Second-hand Instruments AT GREAT BARGAINS. AGENTS WANTED. A liberal discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, New York. *Box* 3,567.

N. F. BURNHAM'S
TURBINE
WATER WHEEL.
Was selected, 4 years ago, and was put to **work** in the **U. S. Patent Office. D. C.** and has **proved** to be the **best.** 19 sizes made. **Prices Lower** than any other first-class Wheel. Pamphlet free.
Address N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

RIDGE'S FOOD
IS THE
ORIGINAL (COOKED) FOOD
of its kind. It does not cause acidity or wind; is of guaranteed purity; remains unchanged; it is put in in sizes to suit all. For sale by Druggist everywhere.

DOUBLE YOUR TRADE
Druggist, Grocers and Dealers! *Pure China and Japan Teas* in sealed packages, *screw top cans,* boxes or half chests—*Grower's Prices.* Send for circular. THE WELLS TEA COMPANY, 201 Fulton St. N. Y., P. O. Box 4560.

WANTED AGENTS—everywhere, to canvass for our great **Centennial Book,** *worthy the special notice* of experienced agents. For particulars address the publisher, B, B. RUSSELL, Boston Mass.

$50 TO $10,000
Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid
900 PER CENT. PROFIT.
"How to Do it," a Book on Wall St., sent free. TRUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall St., N. Y.

$77 A WEEK guaranted to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Me.

"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CHARMING." How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. This art all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc, 1,000,000 sold, A queer book. Address T, WILLIAM & CO., Pub's Philadelphia.

TO LET.
A Tenement of 7 rooms, on Pleasant Street, for Particulars inquire of
HENRY F. BULFINCH,
222 Main Street,
Woburn, Mass.

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - - - - - MASS.

The Troy Patent Collar Ironing Machine
IS OWNED BY THE
CHELSEA DYE HOUSE AND LAUNDRY,
12 Temple Place Boston.
Collars and Cuffs laundried with the original finish after being soiled.
Collars Laundried for Manufacturers.
A liberal commission allowed to parties collecting and forwarding Collars and Cuffs to be done up as new.
Price, 3 Cents each.
Rights and Machines for sale for Towns or Counties.

TO ORGAN STUDENTS.
Now Ready:
CLARKE'S IMPROVED SCHOOL
FOR THE
PARLOR ORGAN.
By HUGH A. CLARKE,
(Prof. of Music in the University of Pennsylvania.)
Just Issued. Sent by Mail, Price $2.50
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE.
3 Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines, price formerly $65.00 will be sold for $35.00. Also 1 $80.00 machine will be sold $40.00. Also 1 $90.00 machine will be sold for $45.00 prior to removal. These machines have no superior and but few if any equal in existence.
GEO. W. POLLOCK, Agt.

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
SUMMER
MILLINERY!
WITHOUT REGARD TO COST,
—AT—
MISS BANCROFT'S,
No. 175 MAIN STREET,
Bank Block, WOBURN.

NEW
COAL
AND
Wood
YARD.
OFFICE,
113 Main Street,
near depot.
COAL and WOOD.
Now is the time to send in your orders for
COAL.
Lackawanna,
Excelsior,
Franklin,
Draper,
Wilkes-barre,
Hickory
AND
Cumberland.
Hard & Pine Wood
and SLABS,
Lime, Cement,
AND HAY.
WOOD SAWED IF DESIRED.
Conducting our business on the cash system we shall be able to furnish coal at the
Lowest Price
and very best quality.
A share of the trade respectfully solicited.
OFFICE:
113 MAIN STREET,
Ellis' Railroad Store building, next to centre depot.
CHA. K. CONN & Co.
Yard at Horn Pond Station.
15

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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DEALER IN
HARD & SOFT COAL,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
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Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.
36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

HERDS GRASS,
Cheap for CASH, at 46
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

TAKE NOTI E.
ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,
all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay **ONE DOLLAR** in advance, which is the charge for making negative.
H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 7th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 4, 5.45, 7 P.M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 8.30† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.32,* 8.30*a*, 9.35* A. M., 12.17* 2.15, 5.35,* 9.00*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.18, 9.52 A. M., 2.33, 5.53 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.28, 8.13 10.01, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 8.50, §10.05, A.M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50,‡ 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

For Nantasket Beach, Hingham, Hull and Melville Gardens, Downer Landing.

STEAMERS GOV. ANDREW, JOHN ROMER and ROSE STANDISH, leave Rowe's Wharf, junction of Atlantic Ave. and Broad Street.
For Hingham and Hull at 9.15 A. M., 12.15, 2.30 and 5 30 P. M,
For Downer Landing at 9.15, and 10.30 A. M., 12 15 2,30, 3.30, and 5.30 P. M.
For Nantasket Beach at 9.30, and 10.30 A. M., 2.30, 3.30, and 5 P. M.

Boats for Boston.
Leave Hingham at 7.30, and 10.30 A. M., 1.30, 3.50 and 6.40.
Leave Downer Landing at 7.35, and 10.35 A, M., 1.35, 4, 5.20 and 6.45 P. M.
Leave Hull at 7.50, and 10.50 A. M., 1.50, 4.15 and 6.30 P. M.
Leave Nantasket Beach at 8 and 11 A. M., 12 M., 3.30, 5. and 6.10 P. M.
Fare 25 cents each way--50 tickets for $10. Round trip tickets, including admission to Melville Gardens, can be obtained at the wharf (except on Mondays) at 60 cents.

A GOOD TENEMENT TO LET
On Pleasant Street, Inquire of
126 A. V. HAYNES.

WOOD FOR SALE.
WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center,
July 16th, 1875.

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

BOOKS OF EASY MUSIC!!
Collections of Easy, Brilliant, Popular airs, that every one can play, and no can help liking.
Musical Garland. $2.50. Violin and Piano Duets.
Musical Flowers. $2.50. Flute and Piano Duets.
Flute Bouquet. $1.50, Airs for Flute
Violin Amusement. $1.50. Airs for Violin.
Party Dances. 75 cts. Violin and Piano.
Winner's Band of Four. $1.00. Quartets for 1st and 2d Violin, Cornet or Clartonet and Bass.
Strauss Dance Music. $1.00 Violin and Piano.
Violin and Flute Duets. $1.00. By Winner.
Clark's ($) Instuctors. For Piano, for Reed Organ, for Violin. Each $1.00.
Winner's New Schools. Each 75 cts. For Piano, Cabinet Organ, Melodeon, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, French Accordeon, German Accordeon, Fife, Flute, Flageolet, Clarionet.
Sold by all music dealers. Sent, post-free for retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
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Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James McMahon and Ellen C. McMahon to Stephen Thompson, dated August fifteenth, A. D., 1868, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex S. D., Lib. 1048, fol. 90, will be sold at auction, for breach of the condition of the said mortgage, on the 2d day of August next, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Walnut Street, in Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded Southwesterly by Walnut Street, South-easterly by land of Andrew McHugh, North easterly by the westerly side of a ditch, and by land of Winthrop Wyman, and North westerly by land of James N. Page, and being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James McMahon and Ellen C. McMahon, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

STEPHEN THOMPSON, Mortgagee
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, July 10th, 1875.

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CHICKENS.

"I didn't!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.
"How do you know?—you were fast asleep."
"I was under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like anything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound—
A little tip, and a little tap.
"Fiddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,
And, when you were only half awake,
Heard an icicle somewhere break."
"What's an icicle?" "I don't know;
Rooster tells about ice and snow,
Something that isn't as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal."
'Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg,
And think you didn't come out of an egg!
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make;
And mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
And pushed us further out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you;
And there's your shell—I say it's true!"
Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the gray old hen—
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.
"H'm!" said he, with a little peck,
Peep, you silly! don't you see
That shell isn't nearly as big as me?
Whatever you say, Miss, I declare
I never, never, could get in there!"
"You did!" says Peep. "I didn't" says Chip;
With that he gave her a horrid nip,
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
They pranced, and struck, and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
As angry as two little chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain—
At it they went with might and main—
Till at last, the old hen used her beak,
And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
Staggered off on either side,
With a very funny skip and stride.
"What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen'
When she heard the story told again;
"You're bad as the two-legs that don't have wings,
Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
That's the way they fight and talk
For what isn't worth a mullein stalk.
What does it matter' I'd like to know,
Where you come from, or where you go?
Keep your temper and earn your food,
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
I won't have quarrell—I will have peace;
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
And said to herself: "But he was an egg!"

Rose Terry Cooke. St. Nicholas for August.

THE CREW OF ST. CATHERINE'S.

On a bright August day in the year 1860, young Tom Bradstreet, in his little skiff, rowed up and down Lake Chewasset, looking at the University crews as they practised for the race that was to take place the next day.

On the right, beneath the edge of the green woods, Tom's glad eyes beheld the men of St. James, pulling their forty-two strokes, and flying along like an arrow. Further off was the crew of Camworth, spinning toward the upper end of the water. To the left were the magnificent fellows of Holmon Hall; and last and finest of all, in the middle of the lake, coming, as Tom thought like 'chain shot,' were the giants of St. Catherine's—their six long oars dipping as one, their six brown backs swaying like clockwork, and their magenta handkerchiefs rising and falling together.

Tom's heart leaped as he saw them. His admiration of this crew had made him its warm partisan, and he never doubted but that its men would win the race.

The 'stroke oar' was a young Hercules named Windham, as handsome and agile a fellow as ever led a race. This was Tom's hero. He had watched him with an enthusiasm that glowed and grew every day, till it amounted to a kind of worship, and he had haunted the race course in his skiff, and hung about the boat houses for a chance to hear the splendid champion speak, or perhaps win a glance of his eye.

Windham was too busy to notice his boy admirer, although he was very kind hearted, and ready, on occasion, to serve the poorest being that needed him.

St. Catherine's crew came sweeping on. Tom, all on fire with excitement, leaped up and fixed his eyes upon his hero. He could see his great muscles, his rich, brown skin, his eager, handsome face, his magnificent motion. In a paroxysm of ardor and delight, he swung his hat, and shouted and huzzahed like a crazy boy.

As he did so, he slipped from the thwart and pitched forward on his face. The skiff lurched. The large stone that was used sometimes to anchor it, rolled overboard into the deep water, entangling one of Tom's arms in the rope, as it went down.

In a moment the boy was helpless, dragged under the water by the running coils. The crew of St. Catherine's heard the splash, but rowed on, thinking it was only a boy's frolic. They shot past the skiff just as Tom disappeared beneath the surface of the lake.

'Hold on!' cried Windham; 'back water! stop her!'

The boat with its six strong men rowed back to the skiff. The instant Windham's eye caught sight of the taut rope, he saw the nature of the accident. Carefully raising himself, he stepped into the skiff and motioned his men to pull away; then seizing the rope he drew it rapidly up, and soon the arm of the drowning boy was in sight under the clear water. But the wet coil slipped—Tom was gone!

Quick as thought Windham dived after him, while his crew waiting on their oars at a little distance, kept anxious watch of the spot. Every man was ready to plunge in to the rescue, if it should be necessary. In a moment Windham came up. He had Tom in his arms. He placed him in the skiff, face down, took in another man from the race boat, and set him at work to resuscitate the almost lifeless boy, while he grasped the oars and made for the nearest boathouse.

He had scarcely pulled a hundred strokes when he met another skiff, containing two men.

'See here!' cried he, 'here is a boy that is nearly drowned. Do you know who he is?'

'It's quite likely he is my nevvy,' said one of the men in a cold and heartless tone. 'That is his skiff you air in; let us see him,' and the man rowed alongside.

'Yes, that's him,' said he, peering over the thwarts. 'He's allus getting himself inter mischief.'

'Where does he live?' roared Windham, full of wrath at the man's coolness. 'Just point out his house, will you?'

'It's right behind yer—over there,' pointing to a small cottage at the edge of the lake close by.

Windham turned abruptly, and shot towards the shore, with his eyes, ever and anon, fixed upon the helpless form that lay, with its sodden brown hair in the bottom of the skiff. It was some time before Tom came to himself, so that he fully realized what had happened, and who were about him. The young man had carried him to the cottage and revived him, and when, weak from exhaustion, he opened his eyes, the first person he saw was Windham.

The poor boy, in all his hard work, had never experienced much that was beautiful and gentle, and now the sight of the hero of his devotion standing by him and looking on his face, made him smile in spite of his weakness. The tears filled his eyes, and he feebly put out his hand. Windham took it in both of his.

'Did you get me out?' said Tom in a faint voice.

'I believe I did, Tom,' said Windham. 'Lie still now, and don't talk, and you will soon be all right again.'

Tom gazed on his gallant preserver. His look was more eloquent than a thousand words. All his childish adoration and boy idolatry of manly strength, all he could feel of affectionate gratitude spoke in his eyes, and beamed from every feature of his face. How could he ever do anything for his hero, to show how much he thanked and loved him—that tall, strong, valiant young athlete.

Windham was touched by the clinging look of the boy, and seemed to divine what was in his mind.

'There, I must go now, little fellow,' he said. 'Like enough you will save my life sometime, and then we'll be even. Good-bye.'

The night came on. Tom was out of pain, but very weak. He lay staring up into the darkness, thinking of Windham, and wondering what he could do to serve him when he got out again. To-morrow the race would be rowed, and then Windham would go away.

How deserted he would feel then! The brave, handsome champion of St. Catherine's had kindled his heart, and brought a glory into his dull life; and when he went away the world would be empty and lonesome. Tom even though of going secretly after him, and staying near him. If he would, he would willingly be his slave.

Nine o'clock struck—and so did ten—and so did eleven—and so did twelve—and yet Tom did not sleep. He lay nervously awake, thinking and pondering and imagining.

All was still save the chirping of the crickets and the voices of the frogs on the shores of the lake, The moon arose, and its pale beams came in through the tops of the tall spruce trees, and trembled upon the rough floor.

Still Tom thought and thought. Just at three o'clock in the morning he heard a hoarse half whisper. It was pretty loud, and it came from the adjacent room, occupied by his uncle and one of his uncle's cronies—the two men whom Windham had met upon the lake. These persons were caterers, or rather sutlers, who made money by selling pastry and drink at boat and horse races, and large field assemblies. Like every one else, they had their preferences among the rivals of to-morrow, and had risked their bets on favorite crews.

'Maxwell! Maxwell! are you awake?' said the voice.

'Yes,' replied another voice in a hoarse whisper.

'When do the clubs eat breakfast?'

'About five o'clock.'

'Be you sure that soup's doctored?'

'Yes, no mistake.'

'Good! a dose of that will settle Windham—blast him! he's the backbone of his crew, and if we can only weaken him, they'll lose the race sure. It'll weaken them all, I am thinking.—We'll rake in our money, eh?'

'That's so!'

There was a pause, during which Tom strained his ears to hear more.

'Say, Maxwell, did ye shake the can when ye put the stuff in?'

'Yes, I punched a bit of a hole, and blowed the powder in this little quill; then I shook 'em lively. I did so to 'em all. They are fixed!'

'And Betsey won't get the wrong ones?'

'She is more a conjuror than a cook if she does. I hid all the rest of the cans.

'Then we've got 'em sure!'

By this time Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, with his eyes and mouth open to their widest extent. The horror of his discovery chilled his blood. His uncle, then, had arranged to drug the St. Catherine's crew! He sat a minute shuddering, and trying to think what to do. He did not hesitate long; his opportunity had come to do something for Windham!

Carefully displacing the clothing that lay upon him, he put his feet out of bed, and stood upon the floor. Then he noiselessly put on his jacket; that was all. He did not dare to take his shoes. His hat was in the lake somewhere.

He crept towards the door; he feared that his uncle was awake. The latch was raised very softly, and felt the night air upon his face. It was moonlight without, and beautifully clear. He closed the door behind him, but to his great alarm, the latch clicked, and he thought he heard a stir in his uncle's room. Then he ran like a frightened deer; his body was weak, but his heart was full of desperate resolution.

Two skiffs, with their oars in them, lay upon the beach. Tom grasped the oars of his uncle's skiff, placed them in his own and pushing off upon the lake, rowed with all his might towards the boat house of the St. Catherine's crew. He had hardly taken a dozen strokes when the door of the cottage burst open, and his uncle leaped out, calling, in a terrible voice:

'Tom! Tom! Tom!'

But Tom pulled furiously on, and uttered no sound. He heard his uncle rush towards his boat, and he heard his frightful curses when he discovered that his oars were gone.

The next moment Tom was hidden from view by the foliage at a bend in the shore. He knew that his strength must fail him soon on the water, and now turning sharply in, he ran his boat into the bushes, and hiding his oars, took to the land and the forest.

He had a long run before him. His head was dizzy, and his limbs trembled. He feared he should be too late.

He heard in the distance the calls of his enraged uncle and Maxwell, but he turned a resolute face towards the St. Catherine's quarters, and pressed on.

The crew of St. Catherine's had gathered for breakfast. Before them was their plain and simple food, and they were all merry and hopeful. The serving woman came in, bringing their hot broth. It was steaming and savory, and the men's sharp appetites welcomed it. The golden light of the coming sunrise rested like a glory on the fine muscular forms of the six young boatmen. They had rested well, and were in a splendid condition to win. Windham, handsome as a Spartan prince, sat at the tureen and ladled out the fragrant food.

Somebody cried: 'Windham how is it about that boy you saved yesterday? Heard from him since?'

'No; but I fancy he's all right. The little rascal was pretty well used up, though.'

'He's a devotee of yours, I believe.'

'He? Why do you think so?'

'Oh' it's the same fellow. I've seen him standing about here, staring at you like a little owl.'

Windham laughed.

'I must send this morning and find ou how he is. Jackson, here's your soup Smith—Armitage—Wilbur—and your health along with it. Here's to our victory to day!"

At this instant quick, staggering steps were heard upon the porch without; the door was pushed open, and a wild little figure rushed in. It was Tom.

'Stop, stop!' he gasped, holding his hand to his side. 'Stop, stop! Don't eat, don't,' and immediately he fell down on the floor.

The young men could not account for this strange visit. Was the boy crazy? His bare feet were covered with mud, his clothing torn, and his face and eyes looked ghastly and terror stricken.

Windham sprang towards him.

'What is it, Tom?' and he passed his arms around him, and tenderly lifted him up.

'The broth is poisoned.'

'Poisoned!'

Every one started to his feet.

'Yes,' panted Tom. 'It'll make you sick. 'Twas put in a purpose—I—I'm so tired—I ran most all the way. Did I get here in time?'

'Time?' cried Windham; 'you're right on the dot, my boy. A minute more and it would have been all day with us. Fellows, look here. This little chap ran all the way from his house to warn us against an enemy's meanness. He has saved us the race. Here's a hero for you. Look at him.'

The young men gathered around Tom and shook hands with him and praised him for his friendship and true grit. Windham placed him in a chair, and they gave him water to drink, and bathed his face. In a few words he told them what he knew about the drugged soup.

Just then another step was heard on the porch, and the evil face of Tom's uncle looked in. He was greeted with a cry of rage, and two or three of the young athletes rushed forward, as if they would tear the man to pieces. But he did not wait till they could lay their hands on him; for as soon as he saw that his villiany was known, he took himself out of the way with all haste.

'Men,' said Windham, after they had questioned the boy, and learned his brief story, 'little Tom has paid his debt. He and I are quits. But we all owe him a good round reward. He is an orphan. That rogue of an uncle never has treated him decently, and it won't do now to leave him in reach of his revenge. The man shall be indicted for this busines, but we'll take care of the boy. We can afford to start him in the world. What say you—shall we 'adopt' him?'

'Aye, aye, aye,' burst out all the crew in chorus. And fortunately the generous purpose of these brave youths did not end in boy's play.

Passing over the day of triumph on the lake, that made Windham and his classmates glad; passing over the trial and conviction of the two rascally sutlers, again we see our friend Tom, ten years older, a senior at St. Catherine's, and a member of the University crew.

He proved one of the first men of his class, and is to-day studying hard in his profession. If industry and faithfulness deserves reward, the world will yet hear of him in his chosen calling.—*Youth's Companion.*

☞ There is a story related of Jarvis, the distinguished painter, to the effect that, walking down Broadway one day, he saw before him a dark-looking foreigner bearing under his arm a small red cedar cigar box. He stepped immediately into his "wake," and whenever he met a friend (which was once in two or three minutes, for the popular artist knew everybody), he would beckon to him with a wink to "fall into line" behind. By and by the man turned down one of the cross streets, followed close by Jarvis and his "tail." Attracted by the measured tread of so many feet, he turned round abruptly and seeing the procession that followed in his footsteps, he exclaimed: "What for de debbil is dis? What for you take me, eh?" "Sir," exclaimed Jarvis, with an air of profound respect, "we saw you going to the grave alone with the body of your dead infant, and we took the opportunity to offer you our sympathy, and to follow your babe to the tomb." The man explained, in his broken manner, that the box contained only cigars, and he evinced his gratitude for the interest which had been manifested in his behalf, by opening the box and dispensing them very liberally to the mourners.—*Scribner for August.*

A GENTLEMAN.—Show us the man who is ever ready to pity and help the deformed; show us a man who covers the faults of others with a mantle of charity; show us a man who bows as politely and gives the street as freely to the poor sewing girl as to the millionaire; who values virtue, not clothes; who shuns the company of such as gather at public places to gaze at the fair sex, or make unkind remarks of the passing girl; show us the man who abhors a libertine; who scorns the ridicule of his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy due woman, as a woman, in any condition or class—and you show us a gentleman.

☞ The enumerator inquired of one family in South Rondout the name of the head of the family, and was answered John Hines, and asked the further usual questions, when to his surprise he found three children, two sons and one daughter, the two former were named John and the daughter bore the name of her mother, Elizabeth. The enumerator asked her how she distinguished them and she answered: "I call them 'Old John,' 'Big John,' and 'Little John,' and 'Young Elizabeth.'"

☞ Please, sir, have you anything to give a poor unfortunate?" inquired a begger of a druggist. "Nothing but pills," was the surly reply,—"Well, then," answered the begger, "I will take a bread-pill the size of a loaf," Get, out, you pill-fearing loafer," ejaculated the druggist, as he fired a mortar at the head of the retreating pauper.

AN ACTIVE OLD GENTLEMAN.—The Portland *Advertiser* relates the following adventure of an old citizen of the Forest City.

A number of our oldest citizens, such as John Neal, Judge Howard, T. C. Hersey, and others, were riding up home in the street cars, about 6 P. M., as is their wont, when two young roughs, perhaps twenty-two or three years of age, jumped on to the front platform of the car, one of them puffing away at a villianous cigar. The front door was open, and the clouds of smoke rolling in almost choked the occupants. At last, one of the older gentlemen could stand it no longer, and so remarked, at which one of the others touched the smoker, saying that the smoke was very offensive, and that the rules of the Company did not permit smoking on the cars. To this appeal the man paid no more attention than if he had been a statue. Mr. John Neal, leaning forward remarked as follows:

"Young man, that smoke is very offensive, and you must put out that cigar."

"Is that so, old man?" replied the rough, lazily looking over his shoulder at Mr. Neal, without removing his cigar from his mouth.

The color in the old gentleman's face rose steadily, but repressing he wrath, he again remarked: "Young man, that cigar must be put out. Smoking is not allowed on the cars."

"Well, old man, what are you going to do about it?" replied the rough.

With the quickness of lightning Mr. Neal made a bound on to that platform. Quicker than it takes to tell the story he seized the cigar from the man's mouth, and flung it in the street. With one hand he grasped the rough by the nape of the neck and with the other, by the left forearm, raised him off his feet and dashed him to the platfonm, and, as he placed his foot upon him, he exclaimed in quivering tones, "Thank your stars, young man, that I did not pitch you into the street after your cigar."

The fellow was completely cowed. When we remember that Mr. Neal is eighty-four years old, the mere physical energy and power displayed was some thing remarkable. Every one will say he served the rough just right.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING FEAT.—On the third of July, Capt. Webb, master of an English merchantman undertook the unprecedented feat of swimming from Blackwell to Gravesend, a distance of twenty miles. Mr. Webb is a sturdy, well proportioned Englishman, twenty-seven years of age, stands five feet eight inches, and weighs fourteen stone. He has from early life accustomed himself to the water, and has succeeded in accomplishing more than one notable exploit; among them, jumping from a Cunard steamer, in the Atlantic Ocean, during a gale, to rescue a sailor who had fallen overboard. The present feat was undertaken on a wager of £20, and a steamer, having on board a party of his friends, accompanied him. Capt. Webb plunged into the mid channel of the Thames at 2 25 o'clock on the first of a low ebb. Feeling confident that he could sustain himself against the coldness of the water, Mr. Webb took his work gently. Striking well out with his hands, and resting on his chest, he drove himself steadily along with smart strokes by the feet. When in little more than an hour and a half nearly one half the distance had been accomplished, and Capt. Webb was still vigorous as ever, the chances became decidedly in his favor. On his receiving at this state three successive sips of brandy and water, he declared himself to be quite fresh, and to all appearance showed no signs of falling off. A thunderstorm of heavy rain passed over without interfering with the steady progress of the swimmer, who, lying chiefly on the chest, took an occasional change to the side for a brief period. At 7 18, off Gravesend Town pier, Capt. Webb was taken on board his attendant boat amid general plaudits. The twenty miles was done in four hours and fifty three minutes, on a tide running about four miles an hour. Capt. Webb was pale and seemed somewhat chilled by his long immersion, but according to his own outspoken and manly words, was "all right." The feat is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary of the kind ever accomplished. It is said that a swim across the Channel will be attempted next.

☞ The death of Lady Franklin closes a life that has been remarkable, especially its latter portion, for devotion to a single purpose, the carrying forward of the work that was undertaken by her illustrious but unfortunate husband. For over a quarter of a century her name has been familiar to the civilized world, and during all that time she has bent her energies to the completion of the task proposed for herself with a determination that won the admiration of all. Doubtless she was animated by motives that were largely personal in all that she did, but the results of the enterprises which were set on foot by her zeal and money have been of value to all who were and are interested in the work of Arctic exploration. Polar discoveries have not been as yet definite enough to make much of a place in history, but in the attempts that have been made within the last twenty-five years in England, Lady's Franklin's name figures conspicuously and her expeditions have had their full share of what glory has been won, as well as of the sacrifices that have been made. The recent equipments and departure of the Pandora for Northern seas was her latest effort, and though the expedition left her on her death-bed, the interest she took in it showed that physical decline had not relaxed the fixedness of her purpose.

☞ Three years ago, John Blackford an American actor, lost his life while climbing Mont Blanc. The other day a huge block of ice fell down the mountain, having sealed up in its centre the body of poor Blackford. The remains were perfectly preserved, like those of a fly in amber.

☞ Follow after Justice and Duty, such a life is the path to Heaven, and into the assembly of those who have once lived, and now, released from the body, dwell in that place.

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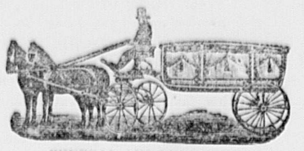

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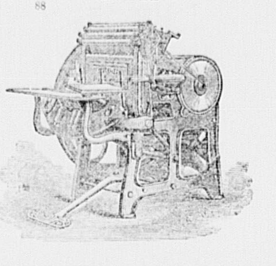

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Poetry.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

It is strange what a great deal of trouble we take,
What sacrifice most of us willingly make,
How the lips will smile though the heart may ache,
And we bend to the ways of the world for the sake
Of its poor and scanty praises.
And time runs on with such pitiless flow,
That our lives are wasted before we know
What work to finish before we go
To our long rest under the daisies.

And too often we fall in a useless fight,
For wrong is so much in the place of right,
And the end is so far beyond our sight,
'Tis as one starts on a chase at night,
An unknown shade pursuing.
Even so do we see, when our race is run,
That of all we have striven for, little is won,
And of all work our strength has done,
How little was worth the doing.

So most of us travel with very good speed,
Falling in thought where conquer in deed,
Least brave in the hour of greatest need,
And making a riddle few may read,
Of our life's intricate mazes.
Such a labyrinth of right and wrong,
Is it strange that a heart once brave and strong,
Should falter at last, and most earnestly long
For a calm sleep under the daisies.

But if one poor troubled heart can say,
"His kindness softened my life's rough way,"
And the tears fall over our lifeless clay,
We shall stand up in heaven in brighter array
Than if all earth rang with our praises.
For the good we have done shall never fade,
Though the work be wrought and the wages paid,
And the wearied form of the laborer laid
All peacefully under the daisies.

Selected.

LUMLEY'S PARDNER.

I have forgotten the name he brought with him from the States, for nobody here ever called him anything but 'Lumley's Pardner.'

We miners have a familiar knack of re-christening, and a name once altered, sticks to a man as long as he sticks to the mines; so even after Lumley had thrown up his claim and left the diggings, a good three years ago, Lumley's Pardner still remained, a finger post to trace the distance back. After all, John Jones, or Lumley's Pardner, what mattered it, in that doubtful tide of immigration setting in toward the wild regions, where the first confidential question, after intimacy could seem to warrant the liberty, was invariably, 'Say, comrade, what was your name before you came here?'

You see, I knew Lumley's Pardner when he first came into the mines. I was up at Wood's Diggings at the time he and a party of two or three more came around prospecting. I remember I thought what a fine stalwart young fellow he was, as straight as a young pine tree, and no foolishness about him either, for he had been roughing it a year or two down on the Texas border. I never saw the boys more downright pleased over a new comer than when he bought a claim and went in with us. He was not a man to talk much about himself, nor one you would feel free to question; but there was honest square dealing looking out of his clear gray eyes, for all the trouble and unrest laid up behind them.

Lumley was as different as a man could be. I have often noticed that men take to unlikes in mating among themselves, as well as in choosing mates for life. He came into the diggings a week or so later, and they somehow fell in together. Lumley was what you might call an extra clever fellow. He looked scarcely more than a boy—these fair-skinned people never show their age—with his handsome womanish face, bright blue eyes, and trim built figure; but he had confidence until you could not rest, plenty of the gift of gab, and a something about him—I believe people call it magnetism; at least, when you were with him you believed just as he did, and then wondered at yourself afterwards for doing it.

Lumley always had a knack of twisting folks around his little finger, for all that the lines of firmness were quite lacking about his mouth. Lumley's Pardner, now with his close set lips, and square massive jaw—you might as well hope to move a mountain as him against his will. He would be strong to do, or to bear; you could easily see that.

I do not know as it was exactly fair. I never meant to eavesdrop, but it happened in this wise: one night I went over to Lumley's shanty—it was amazing strange how soon his name got tacked to everything—to see about a broken pick he wanted mended. I used to do the smithing in those days. As I opened the door I saw there was no one in, and being tired with my day's work, I dropped down on a log just outside, lit my pipe, and sat leaning back against the pine boards waiting for Lumley to come back. I guess I must have got drowsy and fallen asleep, for the first thing I heard was voices, and Lumley's Pardner speaking out bitter and short, in a way we seldom heard him speak.

'I reckon it's of no use to ask if there's any letters come to my name,' he said. 'There's no one to write to me.'

I rubbed open my eyes, and saw two gleams of light streaming out through the open door and the one loop hole of a window, and then I knew that Lumley and his mate must have passed me by and never seen me in the twilight. Raising myself up, I saw Lumley through the window, sitting down to a pine table, beside a tallow dip, with two or three letters lying before him, and one open in his hand. Then it flashed across my mind that one of the boys from a camp beyond had gone in to the station and was due with the mail that night.

Lumley's Pardner sat over the far side of the table with a gloomy look in his eye. Being in the same boat myself, I knew how lonesome it asw never to have news from home, and wondered to myself how a manly, fine-looking fellow like him should be without wife or sweetheart waiting with a woman's pride in him, somewhere.

Lumley was busy reading his letters. I thought I had better stay outside. He was that intent, at first, that he seemed not to have heard the other's words, but after a moment he lifted his face with one of the proud, bright looks that were Lumley's own. 'Ay, comrade!' he cried, cheerily; 'and don't tell me it isn't all your own fault. Don't dare to envy me my wife and child.'

There was no reply; but, looking over, I saw such a bitter, sorrowful look on the face of Lumley's Pardner, that, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I stood and watched and pitied him. I heard Lumley read aloud; words of love and trust, watching and waiting, and of happiness in himself and the child. I saw his face as he read. He might be a weak man, but he loved the woman and the child. From the last there dropped a *carte de visite* Lumley caught it up with boyish eagerness.

'Old pard,' he cried, 'you shall see my two treasures. Here they are—Lulie and the boy!'

He tossed the picture across the table. The other picked it up. I saw a man die once, stabbed through the heart. Just such a look came into the face of Lumley's Pardner, as he glanced at that picture in his hand. Lumley, bending over his letter, did not see it. When he had finished reading, he held out his hand. The other did not even raise his eyes, but kept them fixedly on what he held.

'I, too, once thought to have a wife and child,' he muttered, presently, less to Lumley than to himself.

The words, following that look, were a whole book of revelation to me. Happily Lumley did not notice. His face showed some surprise, but it was mingled with that placid satisfaction the successful man always wears.

'Ah!' he returned, shaking his head knowingly, 'is that the way the land lies? I knew you were always close mouthed, but a disappointment—I never suspected that. She, whoever she was, had precious bad taste when she looked the other way!' and he ran his eye admiringly over the other's splendid proportions and manly, handsome face.

'She never refused me,' broke in Lumley's Pardner, in a low, smothered tone, his eyes still fastened intently on the picture. 'I—never asked her; but she knew my mind, and I thought I knew hers. I was sure that she would wait for me until I came back. It was for her that I went away.'

'But you wrote to her?' questioned Lumley, with genuine interest.

'Not a word—not a line. I am a poor scribe. But she knew me well enough to need no written assurance of my intentions. Every day would be lived for her. There could be no doubt of that in her mind.'

Lumley made a hasty gesture of dissent. 'And there, old man, was precisely where you failed to connect! It don't do, you know, for women to take too much for granted. They like to be well fortified: and then you are the surest to win if you take them by storm. Why, my Lulie—'

'She don't look as though she ever walked over a true heart with her dainty feet, and that glad little smile just curving her lips!' broke in Lumley's Pardner, his white face still bent on the picture. His deep voice trembled a little over the last words.

'Lulie is truth itself,' answered Lumley quickly. 'She never loved anybody but me. To be sure, she had admirers—how could she help that and be what she is?—but she loves me truly. You can see it in her eyes!

Lumley's Pardner turned deathly pale. He caught the table by one hand, as if to steady himself, and fairly hurled the picture across to Lumley. It missed its mark and fell to the floor. As he saw it fall, all the fierceness died out of his eyes, and then a frightened look crept into them.

'Pick her up,' he said, with timid apprehension, as though it were a human being to whom, in a moment of passion, he had committed some act of violence. 'I didn't mean to do that—poor little mother!'—that last word seemed to give him a stronger footing with himself. 'I was thinking how *my wife* married another man, and never let me know.'

'Come, come, old man, don't take it so much to heart,' said Lumley, soothingly. 'There will be a pleasant home, a dear, little woman, and bright-eyed children in the future for you yet.'

'NEVER!'

Lumley's Pardner brought down his fist like a sledge hammer; then he leaned forward in his seat, with a feverish eagerness in his manner which he tried hard to keep out of his voice:

'Tell me, how would you have given up your Lulie?'

Lumley laughed with easy, careless good nature. 'You put me in a tight place,' he said. 'But, supposing the case, the first question I should ask would be, Did she go over to the enemy's camp—in other words, forsake me for an old rival?'

'N-n-o!' answered Lumley's Pardner, slowly. 'It was some one I had never seen. I've nothing ag'in the man.'

'Why, then,' went on Lumley—'truth cuts hard, old fellow—I think it was your fault, and not the girl's. It is a man's privilege to speak his mind; a woman's destiny to fold her hands and wait. She can never be quite sure unless he has spoken out. Then, perhaps another, who has learned to love her, does speak. She feels the need of love in her life; women as often marry to be loved as because they love. Then, instead of wasting her life for that which may never come to her, she takes up the fate lying at her feet. Does she go so very much astray?'

Lumley's Pardner dropped upon his breast. 'Poor girl! I never thought of that,' he said.

I do not know just how it was that I remembered all the words so plain. There was no more said, and, feeling guilty like for stealing a mate's secret which was not meant for me to know, I crept to my shanty, bunked in, and let the broken pick lie over until morning.

I always felt bad for Lumley's Pardner after that.

Well, for a time things went on in the old way. Then Lumley's Pardner came down with mountain fever, and Lumley nursed him through it. He was as tender as a woman, was Lumley! When I used to drop in of nights, occasionally, to lend a hand at watching, the sick man's eyes would follow him about the room, in a helpless, beseeching way that was pitiful to see.

It was only the ghost of Lumley's Pardner that got up from it, but the two were always nigher after that.

When Lumley got back to his claim, and Lumley's Pardner was just able to crawl about they came into a wonderful streak of luck. Lumley struck into a big pocket, and there they were, in the turn of a die, rich men. Mining, after all, is a game of chance—you buy your ticket, but it does not always win; there are plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not matter the exact amount that this prize netted, if I had remembered it. Lumley was jubilant over his 'pile,' anxious to sell out, and leave the mines; so no one was surprised when his partner bought him out for a good round sum saying in his quiet way, that he guessed he'd stay and see the thing through.

It was very quiet in camp the morning that Lumley went away. The boys were sorry to lose him, for he had not any but well-wishers among us.

Well, six months went by, and then came a little white letter, 'scribed' in a dainty woman's hand to Lumley's Pardner. The man trembled all over like a leaf when it was put into his hand, took it into his cabin, and shut fast the door. Within the next half hour he came out again in a desperate hurry saddled his mule, and rode off down the trail.

'Unexpected business!' was his hasty explanation. Could not say how soon he might be back.

The news came to us at last by a party of traders, stopping to noon in camp. Then I knew what those marks of weakness about his mouth stood for; Lumley had never left the city at all! He had sat down to the gaming table one night, and gotten up from it the next morning poorer than when he had come into the mines. He had first won, then lost, and lost and won, and won again; and then that last total blank stared him in the face.

Lumley could never give up at that. He must win it all back! Luck was surely in store for him yet! He haunted the gambling hells, playing recklessly, desperately, so long as he could win enough to keep the ball rolling; pawning his watch, his ring, even his clothing when other resources failed.

So Lumley's Pardner found him—heavy-eyed, with a seedy flashiness in his dress, marks of dissipation on his fair womanish face—a pretty nearly played out individual.

The blood rushed all over his face, for the manliness yet left in him could not but feel the shame of that meeting. But there was no backing out now. Lumley's Pardner took him to one side.

'I've heard of you, old man," he said, in his matter of-fact way, 'and I've come to see you out of this! How much do say will clear you up, and have a trifle ahead?"

Lumley never raised his eyes,

'Old Pard,' he answered, choking up, 'you're a better friend than I deserve. Don't ask me to take anything from you. I went in with my eyes open, and thanking you all the same, I'll have nobody's help out.'

Lumley's Pardner laid a broad hand on each of the pitifully drooping shoulders.

'Old man, when that fever had me down, I'd ha' gone under if it hadn't been for you. So help me God! I'd rather ha' died than have taken what I did at your hands. Do you dare deny me this small return, now? What's a paltry sum of money between you and me, and the 'little mother waitin' at home?'

Lumley put down his head upon that, and cried like a baby; the which; if it be not manly, I like him the better for. There are tears, I am thinking, that are far from disgracing even the eyes of a man.

'I'm ashamed of myself, through and through, for what's gone by," were Lumley's next words,' but I can't give it up now. Matters can't be any worse, and there's a chance of bettering. Perhaps to-night I shall win it all back.'

There were the old wilfulness and pride, and the new fascination of the gaming table. There was no turning him back, no moving him from that resolve.

Lumley's Pardner took him by the arm.

'Either way, I'm bound to see you through,' he said. 'Come.'

So night after night, as Lumley played there stood Lumley's Pardner looking on, with never a word of that little white letter, his answering message, or the two passengers on board an ocean steamer bound for California.

Despite Lumley's hopefulness, luck never turned. It was the same feverish unrest and tedious waiting, the sense of degradation by day, and at night the brilliantly lighted gambling hell, the excitement, the fascination trembling betwixt hope and uncertainty the frequent potations to steady his shaking nerves, and, as the night wore on, uncertainty deepening into failure and disappointment; and each morning Lumley's Pardner led him slowly and silently away, until time wearing on, brought at last this appeal:

'For God's sake, old man, when will you let up?'

'So help me heaven, as soon as I get back two thousand dollars, I swear never to touch cards or dice again.' And Lumley was dead in earnest this time. Still he would accept nothing from his partner.

The night the Ocean Belle was signaled into port, Lumley's Pardner beckoned 'Monte Bill' aside (I reckon you have heard of Monte Bill, the best brace dealer and card player west of the old Mississippi), and some secret understanding passed between them.

In the midst of a game, Lumley's Pardner left his post, which was something unusual, passing Monte Bill on his way to the door. It was not generally noticed, but as he passed he dropped a small compact package into the gambler's hand; then, slouching his *sombrero* over his eyes, he left the hall.

Pausing in the street, Lumley's Pardner looked anxiously down. It would have been dark but for the street lamps, for it was full two hours to moonrise; but down by the wharf shone out the gleam of a new signal light, which, poised at mast head, glowered though the dark like the fiery eye of a gigantic Cyclops; the Ocean Belle was in. Ten minutes later, pushing his way through the bustling crowd that thronged the deck, he hurried across the plank and made his way straight to the cabin.

The past seemed all a dream, as he stood again with wildly beating heart before a once familiar form—familiar still, though bearing the maturer crown of motherhood. Her face was ever fairer than of old, blushing with its own wild rose tints of loveliness, her soft eyes shining up in glad expectation. The broad *sombrero*, slouched over his forehead, shaded his features. She saw only bronzed cheeks and a strong brown beard. The tremor in his voice might have meant diffidence.

'Pardon me, Madam, you are—I believe—that is to say—I am Lumley's Pardner.'

She held out a white hand cordially.

'And my husband?'

'Is well. I am to take you to him.'

He took timidly the hand she extended awkwardly, the little woman thought, and then let it go.

'Give me the child.'

He took the sleeping boy in his arms, and so burdened piloted the way to a carriage waiting close beside the wharf. Putting her inside, he laid the child very gently, almost reverently upon her lap.

'We're to drive round and take up Lumley. It is only a few minutes' ride.'

One last searching glance from under the protecting *sombrero*, and he closed the carriage door, mounting to his place beside the driver.

Oddly enough, Lumley had just finished a winning game with Monte Bill when Lumley's Pardner came hurriedly in. As he slipped quietly back to his post, Lumley sat eying the 'pile'—twenty-five hundred dollars. He put out his hand to rake it up, paused, drew it back, picked up the cards and began to shuffle for another stake; not that he had forgotten his oath, or the woman and child he loved, but a long way ahead of anything else was the thought that luck had turned—that he had only to follow it up to win back all the past. Lumley's Pardner stooped to his ear:

'You'd better throw up the game. The 'little mother' and your boy are waiting here, outside.'

Lumley started—half rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the cards, then at the door, then wistfully back upon the cards and the gold. As with a heavy sigh he sunk into his seat again, Lumley's Pardner, dashing the cards from his hands, raked up the stakes and forced the money into Lumley's pocket.

'How long will you keep your wife and child waiting alone, at night, in a strange city before the door of a gambling house?"

The thrust struck home. Like a man awakening from a dream, Lumley sprang up, crushed on his hat, and flew to the door.

Once in the little woman's arms, he was safe. Lumley's Pardner knew him well enough to be sure of that. He never followed him, but slipped out at the side door, and the next day saw him back in camp, a trifle pale, and sterner than was his wont, but the clear gray eyes dauntless, honest and brave.

And I reckon to this day Lumley never knows how much he owes his old mate, or that his Lulie had one true lover whom he once knew and appropriated to himself in the person of Lumley's Pardner.

* * *

INSINCERITY AND TACT.—Too often are these qualities confounded with each other, and of an insincere person owning a plausible manner and ready tongue it is frequently said, "So and so possesses tact." Now the two qualities are perfectly dissimilar. The one affects sympathy to compass some end or aim of its own; the other, by reason of its many-sidedness, can enter into feelings outside the range of its own experience. A heartless woman is devoid of tact, simply because her extreme egotism limits her sympathies to what concerns herself. It is said that Lord Palmerton's success in life was mainly due to his great tact. In the House of Commons, it was neither his talent nor his influence which gave him such immense eloquence. Other men might gain the ear of the members, but he had their votes, and few ministers have attained to popularity equal to his. It has been said that his refusals to grant favors were so delicately worded as to cause no resentment towards himself, even among the most importunate of his numerous suitors, and this act of graceful negation saved him from making enemies. How often do we see good and conscientious folks add tenfold to the bitterness of disappointed hopes by their obtuseness. Tact, without bestowing substantial favors, may yet soften the ruggedness of the harsh monosyllable "No," into a kindly expression of regret or of good will. Tact understands the right thing to do and when to do it; it transforms antagonists into allies; wins hearts rather than battles; and is so invaluable a gift to its possessor that it scarcely be over valued. Cultivate tact.

* * *

☞ In advertising for the return of stolen property only men promise that no questions will be asked. It is supposed that a woman would rather never get her jewelry back than forego the privilege of asking about it.

BOSTON ASSURANCE.

Men in the insurance business are constantly meeting with the sharp and tricky side of human nature. Cases are continually coming up where, although evidence to sustain criminal charges fails, there are combinations of startling circumstances and coincidences which make things look remarkably "queer." In adjusting losses there has to be some sharp investigating, and the results are often quite interesting as well as beneficial to the company. A case in point as that of a man who, as now looked upon by one or two companies is not a very desirable party to assure. He formerly lived in Chelsea, but in the early part of 1871 was living in Woburn. In May of that year a certain company issued a policy of insurance on his property. Reference to the following schedule will be interesting further along. There was placed $700 on household furniture, silver and plated ware; $700 on wearing apparel; $200 on watches, jewelry, music, fancy articles and curiosities; $400 on paintings, pictures shells, shell frames, shell boxes, shell work and coral; $50 on books; $50 on trunks and chests; $50 on fuel, provisions, groceries, produce, wines and sweetmeats; $200 on miscellaneous articles, consisting in part of tools, double-barrelled gun, child's carriage, coasting sleds, patent articles, moulds, models, and patterns—all located in the dwelling house occupied by the assured. In July the Building was burned, and soon afterwards $2000 were paid by the company in settlement of the loss.

It appears that in November, 1872, the same party entered into an agreement to purchase a farm in another part of the state, which he subsequently occupied. His next connection with insurance people is in February of the present year, when a policy was issued to him of $300 on miscellaneous articles, consisting in part of lumber, hay, blankets, cushions, furniture, tools, moulds, patterns, etc., and contained in a "stave mill" used for the storage of goods on the estate; also (note the descriptions) $300 on household furniture, silver and plated ware; $300 on wearing apparel and furs; $100 on watches, jewelry, and musical instruments; $100 on oil paintings and pictures; $25 on trunks, chests, and valises; $25 on printed books and papers; $50 on shells, shell frames, shell boxes and curiosities; $100 on fuel, provisions wines, and sweetmeats; $100 on miscellaneous articles consisting in part of sewing machine, children's carriage and blanket, firearms, moulds, models, bird cage, and patent articles in a frame dwelling on the estate. The "stave mill" was burned fifteen days after the date of the policy, and on May 10th the company paid $300 the total loss on the articles covered. The next day, May 11th, the same party and his wife took out a policy of insurance, which included $800 on household furniture, silver and plated ware; $500 on wearing apparel and fuel; $150 on watches, jewelry and musical instruments; $150 on oil paintings, pictures and frames; $50 on shells, shell frames, shell boxes and curiosities; $50 on books and papers; $100 on provisions, groceries, wines and sweetmeats; $30 on trunks, chests and valises; also $200 on miscellaneous articles, consisting in part of sewing machine, child's carriage, firearms, bird and cage, harnesses, robes, cushions, blankets, fuel tools, moulds, models, and pattern articles—all of which were contained in a frame dwelling on the same estate. May 18 the building was insured for $1000, and during the night of July 7th was burned to the ground and the property destroyed. Since the date of the assured's agreement to purchase the estate there have been burned upon it three dwellings, three barns, one stave mill, one saw mill, one shanty and one blacksmith shop.—*Herald.*

* * *

HOW MOUNTAINS ARE SAWED IN TWO.—The contracting of shriveling of the earth causes the rocks near the surface to wrinkle or fold, and such a fold was started athwart the course of the river. Had it been suddenly formed, it would have been an obstruction sufficient to turn the water in a new course to the east, beyond the extention of the wrinkle; but the emergence of the fold above the general surface of the country was a little or no faster than the progress of the corrasion of the channel. We may say, then, that the river did not cut its way *down* through the mountains, from a hight of many thousand feet above its present site; but having an elevation differing but little, perhaps, from what it now has, as the fold was lifted, it cleared away the obstruction by cutting a canon, and the walls were thus elevated on either side. The river preserved its level, but mountains were lifted up; as the saw revolves on a fixed pivot, while the log through which it cuts is moved along. The river was the saw which cut the mountain in two.—*J. W. Powell Popular Science Monthly for August.*

* * *

A FASTIDIOUS GAMIN.—A gentleman about to pass into a California hotel, with two ladies, the other evening, found he had a freshly lighted cigar to dispose of. There was a pleasant looking lad near the door and he asked him to hold the weed until he returned. When the gentleman came out, he was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he gave him five cents, saying: "Don't you smoke?" "Yes," said the boy. "How is it you didn't make off with this cigar, then? Many boys would have done it," said the gratified gentleman. "I don't know about that," said the youth, "it must be a pretty hard-pushed boy who'd run away with such a cigar as that." The ladies tittered, but the gentleman didn't.

"HOT AND HEAVY, YET KINDLY."—Some time since we were waited upon by a gentleman who introduced himself as a retired clergyman. Being out of health he had accepted the agency of a large publishing house to solicit subscribers for a pictoral Bible, a new, elegant, and enlarged edition. The gentleman was very earnest to add our name to his list of subscribers. At last, weary with his importunities, we somewhat unkindly remarked that more printed matter was daily left at our residence than we could possibly digest. To our surprise he replied that by the tone of our answer he was more than ever convinced we needed a copy of the Holy Scriptures, and he trusted we would search them diligently and pray they might do good to our soul. It is an old saying that advice is cheap, and no one is more fully aware of this than an editor or public writer; and though in this instance the reader can easily perceive that the blunt and forcible language of our clerical brother come to us in a manner "hot and heavy," yet it teaches us this simple lesson:—To avoid all grievous words in our intercourse with our fellow-men, lest they stir up strife.

During our fifty years voyage upon the sea of life, we have become firmly convinced that a Power, more mighty than human skill, luck or chance, bids the stormy waves "be still;" that the truth often comes to our ears in a blunt and forcible manner. As an illustration, we have often heard our honored sire speak of an eccentric clergyman occupying a New England pulpit — during the administration of Thomas Jefferson—who startled his congregation one hot, sultry Sabbath afternoon, by thanking God that only one "Democrat" belonged to his Church; after the retirement of the person alluded to, this same shepherd continued to return thanks that his sheep were then all of the same political brand This incident is perfectly true, though it may seem somewhat out of place here. Yet it also hath its instruction, and though it tends to show that a blunt and forcible nature goes hand in hand with honesty yet if God was the Word, and the Word was with God, if the Scriptures are a guide, and the life of Christ an example, then in the ambitious politician we fail to recognize the faithful and dearly loved Christian messenger.

Almost every family throughout the land can boast of a copy of the Holy Scriptures, yet this book generally lies in state upon the table in the best room, and rarely comes in use except to chronicle an addition or loss in the home circle. Again, many read the Bible with great attention, but it is not with a desire to learn what it teaches. They read it in order to find proof of some preconceived opinion to substantiate a creed which they have adopted. In this way the Scriptures are tortured and twisted to favor the views of opposing sects. This is one reason why the Bible is made to speak so many different languages; too many read it to obtain proof of old errors, rather than to learn new truths, It should be our earnest prayer to know what God has said; but who can pray for the guidance of the spirit in reading or studying the Bible when it is never opened except to establish some long cherished opinion? We should never open the Scriptures as a history of a nation, or the records of the Christian Church. They are the revelation of God's will and purpose; they make known our duty and our destiny; while their precepts are all perfect, and when obeyed, lead man into paths of safety and peace.

Kind reader, did you ever realize thst human nature often oversteps its importance? that there are many earnestly seek the spiritual welfare of mankind, while others will severely criticise the character of a neighbor? Is there one among you that can separate the "sheep" from the goats? Who can foretell our future; whether we enter into the joys of Heaven or ornament the other place? No man knoweth of these things, no, not even the angles; only the father which is in Heaven. Then let us by religous toleration and Christian forbearance make our own example a picture we should delight to have our neighbors copy, and though the truth may often be brought home to our ears in a manner "Hot and Heavy," yet judge not lest ye be judged, for with what measure ye mete it may be measured to you again.—*Peabody Press.*

* * *

MAN'S DEPENDENCE.—Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness, on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; may complain of intrusion or interference; but the frown is smoothed away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips are stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.

* * *

☞ Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breath in. They give the whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals; they supply them or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

SHE CAN'T BE VERY BAD.

When my little boy was five years old he went to church for the first time. He sat very quietly through the hymns and the long prayers, but when sermon time came his little head sank heavily upon my arm, and I knew Philip was asleep.

Two or three times he opened his eyes, and, finding that he was in church, sat up very straight and stiff, but in a few minutes, down would go his head, and his eyes would shut up as tightly as before.

During one of these wide-awake fits, while he sat with his great blue eyes fixed on the pulpit, listening with rapt attention the minister, who was preaching about belief in God, said that if a person believed in God he could not be wholly bad; for in a heart where faith in God is found, there must be some good, too.

I did not think that my little Philip had learned much from his first sermon; but the next week proved that he had.

One day, when I was putting on his hat for him to go out to play, I said:

"Come back in an hour, Phil, and, remember, do not play with Nellie Brown. She is a very naughty girl, and I do not want my little boy to have anything to do with her."

At the end of the hour Phil came in, and, throwing down his hat, said slowly:

"Well, I mutht confeth—" then came a long pause, spent by Phil in tying his shoestrings.

"What is it, dear?" I asked, trying to help him in his confession.

"Mutht confeth I wath playin' with Nellie Brown," he answered, with a sudden jerk which snapped his shoe-string right in two.

"Why, Phil," said I, reprovingly, "how could you, when I had just told you that you must not."

"Didn't at firtht. None the fellerth wouldn't thpeak to her, and I felt tho thorry for her; I asthed her if sthe believed in God, and sthe thaid sthe did, and, courth, after that, I *couldn't* refuthe to play with her. I don't fink sthe ith tho *vewwy* bad, mamma."

I pressed him to my breast, and thanked God for the sweet spirit of my child, praying that he might ever increase in that love and charity which forgiveth all things, hopeth all things.

All this happened years and years ago, and I am now a white-haired old woman, and a happy one, too; for the little boy who played with Nellie Brown because "she believed in God," spends his life in teaching poor, sinful men to believe in God and love Him; and Nellie, his sweet, Christian wife, helps him with all her soul.

There is another little Phil now, and another Nellie. When they have been naughty, and I am begging them to be good, and they say, "'Tain't any use, gwan'ma; we tan't never be dood," I always tell them that if we believe in God, and ask him and our dear friends to help us, the very worst amongst us may yet become the best, and be God's own dear child.—*Congregationalist.*

* * *

PRESIDENT WHITE ON COLLEGE BOATING. In the course of his speech of congratulation to the victorious Cornell crew, on Saturday, at Ithaca, President Andrew D. White said:

"I say I believe in college boating. I will tell you briefly why I believe in it. First, on account of the physical training it gives. If there is anything which has cost Americon scholarship dear, it is the want of physical training, going on at the same time with intellectual training. If the reasons are sought why the scholars from American universities have not made themselves felt as they have expected to make themselves felt in public matters, I think that one of them is the fact that physical strength—that bold, determined, elastic strength which gives men of intellect such power among their fellowmen—has been neglected. And often men of rude and uncultured strength have been seen to step in before them and take the reward which it was supposed the college-bred men would take. I hail this enthusiasm for boating as the beginning of a better day in this respect. There are more troubles which arise out of dyspepsia than men generally think. It was the remark of an eminent divine that half the bad theology in the world, and half the bigotry, is the result of bad digestion, and I am induced to think that many of the defects in politics can be traced to the same cause. I firmly believe that in promoting physical at the same time with mental culture we shall do a good thing for this country, and fit our men to take the leading positions in the country.

I am glad to bear testimony in regard to the scholarship of the boating men. To-day the Registrar has furnished to me the official statement of the standing of the members of the University crew which has won the race, and I am glad to say that it represents admirable scholarship in the various departments, and I feel waranted in making the statement, that were you to choose out by lot an equal number of students from the University, the chances are two to one that you would not take in as many men who have been as faithful and diligent in their intllectual pursuits at the University."

* * *

☞ "William," observed a Danbury woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass—that we've all got to go the same way; and see if she is going to use her dripping pan this afternoon.—*Danbury News.*

* * *

☞ "The best watering-place, my dear," says Perkins to Mrs. Perkins, "is the wash-tub," and an excited argument is now in progress. Later: Perkins has appeared four times in succession in a dirty shirt.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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RECOVERS HIS WATCH.—Eleven months ago the dwelling house of Mr. S. O. Pollard was entered in the night and his wallet containing $1000, together with his gold watch and chain, were stolen from his chamber. No trace of the robbers has ever been discovered, though the difficulty of disposing of the watch, the number and maker of which was known, gave Mr. Pollard some hope that it might again come into his hands. Thursday evening he received through the mail a letter post-marked Boston, July 28, 7 P. M., which on opening he found to contain the following, written in a disguised hand, with pencil, on a piece of printing paper, perhaps the fly leaf of a book:—

Mr. Pollard
You will find your watch under G. H. Conn Front Door Steps in a Tin Box
Honor among thieves
One of them.

On receiving the missive Mr. Pollard called at G H Conn's office, but he was not in, and he then went to C K Conn, and they proceeded to the place designated by his correspondent. After a little search under the temporary wooden steps they found a Rochelle Powder box, tied up with a string. The box was rusty and the string rotten, and on opening the former the watch and chain were found in good condition. There was no clue to the party who concealed the watch in that place, and the affair is as much a mystery as ever. Mr Pollard is much elated at recovering so much of his property, and it is to be hoped that conscience, which "doth make cowards of us all," may yet move the perpetrators of the robbery to make still further restitution.

39TH REGT. RE-UNION.—The committee of arrangements on the part of Co. "K" met Thursday evening at the residence of Capt L R Tidd. The organization was effected by the choice of Capt Tidd as Chairman and Chas K Conn, Secretary. The following named gentlemen were chosen a committee, and are invited to co-operate with the committee of the Company in making arrangements for the annual re-union of the old thirty-ninth, to be held in this town, early in October. John Cummings, J G Pollard, G R Gage, Nathan Wyman, A E Thompson, Capt J P Crane, John I Munroe, Col W T Grammer, Maj A Bancroft, Capt C S Converse. This year being the tenth anniversary of the return from war, it is proposed to make this occasion one that will be creditable to the town and pleasing to our visitors. It is probable that a committee will wait upon Maj Gen G K Warren, the beloved commander of the old 5th Army Corps, and secure his presence.

THE HAY DIFFICULTY.—John Nelson has leased the Bethesda Laundry to Charles M. Wendall, who has ordered Mrs. Phelps to vacate the premises. On Saturday Wendall and Nelson went over with a wagon to get the hay Nelson sold to Tuttle as mentioned last week. The laundry people had poled the hay off the meadow and stacked it near the house. The police and several outsiders attracted by curiosity were on the ground when the men commenced to load the hay, but there was no demonstration on the part of the laundry folks and the affair was quite tame. Mrs. Phelps was confined to her bed. We understand that she has lately embraced Catholicism, and several leading Catholic ladies have interested themselves in her behalf and provided a nurse and medical attendance.

BURGLARS.—An attempt was made to enter Leathe's Bath Room Wednesday night. A panel of the back door was cut through, but a wooden bar barred the progress of the burglars. It was probably a boy's job.

Some one tried the doors and windows of a house on Court street occupied by Mr J L Pinkham, on Monday night, but whether for the purpose of attempting an entrance is unknown, as the prowler left on hearing some one stirring in the house.

Mr William Kimball had a similar experience. Some one tried the windows, and Mr. Kimball being aroused hastened down stairs to assist, when the robber left the premises without waiting to see the proprietor.

BASE BALL.—A committee of the G. A. R. visited Stoneham this week and arranged for the friendly games, one of which will be played at Stoneham next Saturday, Aug. 7, and the other in Woburn Aug. 21, or if stormy the next fair Saturdays. The game will be the national, and a lively ball will be used. As neither Post 33 nor Post 75 are in practice, or comprise any very skillful men, the score will probably be quite high.

☞ We are informed that it was J. E. Littlefield & Sons who were awarded the contract for the Water Works coal, their prices being a few cents under their competitors.

HOSFORD.—Official notice has been posted that Hon. Hocum Hosford, of Lowell, will enter upon his duties as Manager of the B. & L. R. R., on the first of August.

☞ "Where were you born?" said the enumerator. "I don't know," was the reply. "I was present and took an active part, but I can't locate the event."

☞ When lemonade is sold for 15 cents a glass, either the glass is very long or the lemons uncommon strong.

TOWN MEETING JULY 23.

The Town Meeting was called to order last Friday evening, at the time appointed, by M. S. Seeley, Esq., the Town Clerk, who read the warrant. The first ballot for moderator was as follows:—

Whole number,	18
William B Harris,	6
E E Thompson,	4
J I Munroe,	2
A Bancroft,	2
John Wyman,	1
A E Thompson,	1
W T Grammer,	1
William Kimball,	1

Mr. Harris refused to serve. Mark Allen hoped Mr. Harris wouldn't decline. The meeting will not be a very hard one and he is pretty competent. E. E. Thompson moved to proceed to choose a moderator. Allen objected that such a motion was out of order, and moved that Mr. Harris's declination be accepted. This was carried, and the Town Clerk then put Mr. Thompson's motion and it was carried. The ballot was as follows:—

Whole number,	58
John I Munroe,	33
A Bancroft,	19
E E Thompson,	3
John L Parker,	1
A E Thompson,	1
Mark Allen,	1

ART. 2. To see if the Town will reconsider the vote passed at the last annual meeting whereby they voted to adopt the recommendation of the Committee of Fifteen, that the building of all new roads be let out by contract, etc., etc., or act anything in relation to building new roads.

A Bancroft called for the reading of the records of the Clerk relating to this vote. The Clerk stated that the record was not with him, but it should be sent for. Major Bancroft claimed that under the By-Laws the vote could not be reconsidered, but under the last clause of the article he would move that the subject of building new roads be left to the discretion of the Road Commissioners, and any previous votes in relation to building new roads be hereby rescinded. He said that the Commissioners are now obliged to let out the roads to the lowest responsible bidder, whether in town or out. His observations led him to the belief that we have as many men out of work as we want, and he thought we ought to keep the laborers and the money in town. We need the money and we ought to keep it. The Committee of Fifteen recommended the sale of our teams, but this is not a good time to sell. The Town has the property, and a good man to run it, and he hoped his motion would be adopted.

Mark Allen moved as an amendment that the vote passed in April relative to new roads be suspended for the present year. While it might be better at present to employ our own laborers, there might come times when it would not, and the vote had better stand as it is.

Nathan Wyman thought the amendment out of order, as the action of a vote could not be suspended.

Mr. Harris asked if the April vote could be rescinded, and the Moderator replied that it could.

Major Bancroft had no objection to the substance of the amendment, but held that the vote was only good for this year.

Mr. Allen inquired how long a vote remained in effect. If a vote ceases with the year in which it passes, how about the vote on school books, which was rescinded.

Major Bancroft stated that it was the annual meeting which passed this vote, a meeting called to raise money and determine how it should be appropriated, and its action was only for the current year.

Mr. Allen adhered to his view that the action was for the future.

By general consent Major Bancroft withdrew his motion to enable A E Thompson to move to rescind so much of the vote under the recommendation of the Committee of Fifteen as relates to the building of new roads by contract, and allow the Road Commissioners to build new roads by day labor when in their judgment the Town will be best served thereby.

T H Hill thought we ought to know what new roads the Road Commissioners purposed building, and hoped the information would be given. The clerk here read from the records the action taken at the annual meeting, after which Mr. Thompson's motion was carried.

ART. 3. To hear and act on the report of the committee appointed at the last annual meeting to prepare rules and regulations for the government of the Water Commissioners.

Jacob Brown for the Committee stated that they had been unable to get together on account of absence of members, and respectfully asked for further time. On motion of Mark Allen it was granted.

ART. 4. To hear and act on the report of the committee appointed at the last annual meeting to investigate the financial affairs of the Cemetery and Library.

C A Smith of the Committee stated that owing to the sickness of the chairman they had no formal report to make, but he would offer the following motions.

That the Cemetery Committee be authorized and directed to deliver and pay over to the Town Treasurer all securities and moneys relating to the Cemetery, now held by them and belonging to the Town of Woburn, and that the same be kept by said Treasurer as a separate fund for Cemetery purposes, and that they be kept invested subject to the approval of said Cemetery Committee, and the income thereof and such parts of the principal as may be necessary be used and expended only for Cemetery purposes under the direction of said Cemetery Committee.

That the Library Committee be authorized and directed to deliver and pay over to the Town Treasurer all securities and moneys relating to the Library, now held by them, and belonging to the Town of Woburn, and that the same be kept by said Treasurer as a separate fund for Library purposes, and that the same be kept invested, subject to the approval of the Library Committee, and the income thereof and such parts of the principal as may be necessary be used and expended only for Library purposes, under the direction of the Library Committee.

Nathan Wyman hoped the motions would not prevail. The implication is that there is something wrong in the affairs of the Library and Cemetery Committees. As a member of the former, he demanded an investigation. People who in coming years look over the records won't know as we do that this appointing a committee was all a humbug, got up by parties who wanted the places of the gentlemen on the committees. For one he wanted to be interviewed, examined, and investigated, and then be either condemned or exonerated. He moved the committee have further time.

Mark Allen said the last speaker was right. This method of disposing of this matter looks as if something was covered up, and it cast a stigma on the committee.

Geo M Champney said as the matter now stands it looks as if the Library Committee had done nothing but hold funds for their own use, whereas they have already invested their funds in Woburn Water Bonds. It seems as if there was something to investigate and no investigation. It should be put quite clear, and if anything is wrong let it be known.

Major Bancroft thought the whole thing could be put right that night. Funds have been left to the Library and to the Cemetery, and the question is who shall hold these funds. As a general thing the Treasurer should hold them, and as he has received them from the committees, he moved a resolve exonerating the Committees.

Mr. Wyman insisted that it would look like whitewashing. The Major's speech will not go on record, although it may appear in the genteel columns of the local papers, and nothing but a report of the committee which could be recorded would be satisfactory.

Major Bancroft then withdrew his amendment. He did not believe the committee would report, however. He had had some experience as a town officer, and did not believe any officer had been dishonest, and knew that all of them were ready and willing to be investigated.

P L Converse had faith to believe that the word investigate was not put in for an improper purpose. Mr. Buckman was superintendent of the Cemetery and kept the funds which were only a little handful. No one believes there was any humbug about Mr. Buckman or his successors. The Cemetery funds are in my hands and invested, but I think the Treasurer should hold them. None of the Committees give bonds, while the Treasurer does.

Mr. Champney said the Library Committee had made inquiries in regard to investing the funds in their hands. Boston City Library funds are in City Stock. We have put our funds into Woburn Water Bonds and the Treasurer holds them to-day. To direct them to do a thing they have already done is a misnomer.

John Murphy believed in having all things investigated, especially as to money matters. The investigation should be in the primary meetings, and if done faithfully we should see less dishonesty in high places. He didn't know who was honest and who not; they may be all right, but let us see.

Mark Allen said he had once the honor or dishonor of being on a committee to investigate a grave charge, and the stigma was placed by implication on some one. Some of the committee were faithful, but we could not report and were ignominiously discharged. He hoped this committee would investigate if it took all summer and all the fall.

Major Bancroft said it was terrible hard to kick against nothing. Our distinguished lawyer says the Statute provides that the funds should be in the hands of the Treasurer. Why in time ain't they there to-day?

Mr. Wyman asked where these facts appear on the record.

Major Bancroft said there was no charges against these gentlemen.

Mr. Smith explained that he offered these motions as a citizen, and not for the Committee.

Mr. Wyman raised the point of order that no one had a right to make two motions at the same time.

Mr. Hill said that before the Committee of Fifteen there appeared a discrepancy between the Auditor and the Library Committee, and he hoped the Committee might have further time.

Moderator ruled the two motions of Mr. Smith out of order.

Mark Allen moved the committee have further time.

W. T. Grammer asked if it would be in order to instruct the committee, and on being assured that it would, moved to instruct the committee to investigate and report in accordance with the vote of the town. Col. Grammer said the Library and Cemetery Committee were composed of good men, but next year they may not be. They are chosen at large, and irresponsible men might be placed on the committee.

John Johnson said it was a great mistake for the treasurer to sign the cemetery certificates, and not hold the funds.

Mr. Allen inquired if all the funds were in the Treasurer's hands.

Mr. Converse replied that he held a Savings Bank Book, a railroad bond and some other funds.

Col. Grammer said if we were always to have Converses and Buckmans to hold the funds it would be all right, but we know not who will be their successors.

Major Bancroft remarked that if he were Treasurer he would demand the funds, and get them, even if he had to appeal to the courts. The matter never ought to have been brought into Town Meeting. The Town officers ought to have done this.

Col. Grammer's motion to instruct was then carried and the meeting adjourned.

THAT ELM.—An elm tree on the southeast corner of the Baptist church lot was taken down on Saturday. Mr. Leonard W. Harris who deals in chopping blocks, &c., attempted to negotiate for the trunk. Mr. James Ingalls who had felled the tree was not quite pleased with some of Harris's former transactions, and addressed him in a very uncomplimentary strain, and finally seized him by the whiskers. Harris raised his cane, and a fight seemed imminent, when a policeman interfered and separated the excited belligerants.

FIGHT.—Quite a crowd gathered in front of James McDonald's store Saturday evening, drawn thither by the report that McDonald and his wife were fighting. The police quelled the disturbance and dispersed the crowd.

T.—John S. Brown has put on the road an illustrated wagon, which advertises his store far and near.

COAL.—Now is the time to buy coal. Cash takes it at $6.50.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Monday afternoon, while workmen were engaged in raising a large sign on Summer street, Boston, a ladder fell from the slings to the sidewalk. Mr. Charles A. Torrey, boot and shoe dealer of 112 Summer street, whose residence is at Swampscott, and who had returned only that morning from the White Mountains, where he left his family, was passing at the moment, and was struck by the end of the ladder and prostrated. His wounds are serious, though not necessarily dangerous. He sustained a severe abrasion on the right forehead; his collar bone was broken, and he complained greatly of intense pain in his hip. He was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, where he is as comfortable as could be expected. Mr. Torrey formerly lived in Woburn, and is a son-in-law of Deacon John R Kimball.

FALSE ALARM.—About eleven oclock Saturday night two fellows shouted "fire" in the entrance of Simonds's shop, and on being asked where, responded "West Side." The watchman accordingly signaled with the gong, and the Fire Department turned out. The Engineers met No. 3 near B. F. Flagg's, coming this way, and reported no fire in their district. Accordingly Nos. 1 and 5, the steamer and H & L truck were sent home. A handsome reward would be paid for informarion in regard to the men who started that alarm, and if they were caught they would be severely punished.

AT LAST.—Luke McGrath was arrested last Friday on an old case which he ran away from six months ago. He said he would plead guilty and pay the fine, but when the case came on he appeared with a counsel and demanded a trial. He got it, the officers told all they knew about him, and the consequence was he received $50 and costs with six months in the House of Correction.

SERIOUS FALL.—Mr. John Barrett the veteran railroad conductor is spending his vacation with D. D. Hart, Esq. While assisting Mr. Hart in the hay field, on Tuesday, he had the misfortune to be thrown from a load of hay by a sudden movement of the horse, and striking his head it was at first feared he had received serious injury. He escaped however with only a severe bruising.

FOUND IT.—A woman complained to the police that her stepson had stolen six dollars, and desired them to arrest him. Being unable to find him in Woburn they went to Boston, and were equally unsuccessful. On their return the woman informed them that she had found the money, having secreted it herself and forgot all about it.

☞ We understand that Mr. George A. Tidd, of this town has leased the Marion Tavern in Burlington and will open it as a public house next month. It is finely situated and might very easily be made a popular summer resort. Mr. Tidd will make the estate a Stock Farm, and give especial attention to the care of horses.

GENEROUS.—The *Herald* says that a well known business man has sent from his farm in Woburn a fine cow, to the "Children's (Vacation) Home" at Arlington, as a loan for the season, with the word that if this one cow will not furnish milk sufficient for the children's use, to send for another.

FAMILY EXCURSION.—Last Wednesday the Nichols family to the number of sixty-nine, visited Revere beach in Jones's elegant Commonwealth and many private teams, passing a day of unusual pleasure in boating, bathing, bowling, and feasting on one of Tarlton & West's celebrated beach dinners.

UNDERSTANDING.—A good understanding is always desirable, and to be well shod equally important. C W Nute & Co, 209 Main street, have an excellent variety of boots and shoes, including some late and much improved styles which they are offering cheap. Give them a call.

THOSE CLOTHES.—The mystery concerning the clothes found near Horn Pond, as mentioned last week has been solved. They belong to a little girl who was intending to go in bathing when some boys came along and she hid in the bushes. The boys found the clothes and took them away.

WEALTHY.—A man was arrested for drunkenness Thursday afternoon who claimed to be worth $800,000. Some of his property was near the Post Office in Boston, and his elegant mansion adorns the Somerville Broadway. Of course he paid his fine.

R. R.—There was a railroad meeting at the Central House, Wednesday, John I Munroe Chairman, and James McFeeley secretary. A committee was chosen to confer with the committee chosen by the citizens last January.

COURT.—July 26, Henry Harris and Patrick McCarty; 29th, Patrick Fitzgeald, and 30th Bernard Shields and John Reddy, each fined $3 and costs for drunkenness.

TO BE SOLD.—The J B Winn & Co tannery property will be sold at auction, Aug. 19, three weeks from last Thursday. It is a peremptory sale for cash, and will be put up in one lot.

FOUND.—Wednesday morning a gentleman found a gold watch lying on the sidewalk and later found its owner who had dropped it from his pocket.

THE BEACH.—Beach parties are quite popular at present, and parties may be seen any morning, hastening toward the sands of Chelsea or the rocks of Nahant.

BAKERY.—We understand that Mr. J. R. Currier has sold out the Woburn bakery to Mr. Hosea H. Day, of Wakefield, who will continue the business.

☞ Waters' New Scale Pianos possess qualities which commend them highly to all who use them.—*Methodist New York.*

B. B—Are you going to Stoneham next Saturday to see the muffs?

☞ Dog days.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A freight car got off the end of C. K. Conn & Co.'s coal track, and Thursday morning a brakeman named James Granger attempted to hitch to it and pull it out. As he stepped back from the coupling he stepped his right foot under a sleeper, and the weight of the car pressed it upon his foot, pinning him to the ground. After considerable labor, digging the dirt from under his foot, and prying on the rail, he was released. The bones of the foot did not seem to be broken although they had had a very tight squeeze. The limb was dressed in the depot, and Granger went home to Lowell.

☞ The sixth annual session of the district assembly of the Good Samaritian Brotherhood was held in Temperance Hall Wedneday evening. The following officers were elected and installed: R W C R, J W Watson of Boston; R W V R, J J Skinner of Woburn; R W S, Mark Allen of Woburn; R W T, S B Holden of Woburn; R W G, T S Brown of Boston; R W W, F W Jones of Boston.

ROW.—The neighbors were a good deal disturbed by a row that occurred Saturday night on the corner of Mt. Pleasant Street and McCabe place. Jealousy was at the bottom of it.

—Services at Almshouse Sunday, Aug 1, at 5 1-2 o'clock, P M, by Rev E Mills.

SALISBURY, July 28TH.

MR. EDITOR.—Your friend and correspondent having a little leisure, thought a few lines from him might be acceptable to you at this time while you are so busy collecting items for your very valuable paper, which we receive regular every week through the politeness of our mutual friend, Sparrow Horton, Esq. Your correspondent is stopping at present for a few weeks at Rocky Hill, Salisbury, on the north bank of the Merrimac, about five miles northwest from Newburyport; it is situated on very high ground overlooking the city and harbor of Newburyport with a fine view of the Merrimac and the high grounds of Newbury. One of the oldest churches in the state is in this place, built in 1785, of which I may give you some particulars hereafter. Salisbury is the oldest town in Mass, on the north bank of the Merrimac, and was incorporated in 1640, being two years older than the town where you reside. The first church was formed in 1638, first pastor, Rev. William Worcester who came from Salisbury, England and was settled at the organization of the church; he died in 1662, and was succeeded by the Rev. John Wheelwright the brother of the famous Mrs. Hutchinson, and founder of Exeter, N. H., who was minister here some time, and died here in 1779, at a very advanced age; he embraced Mrs Hutchinson's antinomian sentiments, and on this account was banished from the jurisdiction of Mass. He was, however, restored afterwards on confession. Several sessions of the General Court have been held here; an important sitting was held in 1737, for the purpose of settling the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the legislature of New Hampshire sitting at Hampton, the adjoining town at the same time. There are three villages in this town, one opposite Newburyport, called East Salisbury, another called the Point, at the mouth of the Powow river, where formerly ship building was carried on; the continental frigate Alliance was built there during the Revolution; the other is called the Mills village, nearly divided with Amesbury, the Powow river running nearly through the centre, and is called Amesbury and Salisbury Mills, but I think more generally known as Amesbury Mills. Why it is so called I know not, I think there is as much of the Mills property on the Salisbury side as on the other; the Post Office is built over the river, as much in Salisbury as Amesbury, and yet it is called the Amesbury office. All letters have to be directed to Amesbury. The Eastern Railroad Co. sell tickets to Amesbury, but they have never carried a passenger there yet. The Branch Road terminates at Salisbury Mills. The depot and telegraph office are both in Salisbury. Amesbury was formerly a parish in the town of Salisbury under the name of Salisbury, New Town. Salisbury is bounded by the Merrimac on the south about six miles to the mouth of the river opposite Plumb Island, in full view of Cape Ann, Isle of Shoals, Boar's Head and Hampton Beach, and the broad ocean as far as the eye can reach. The Regatta which came off Saturday at the Isle of Shoals, was in full view of the Beach. Salisbury Beach is a quite a noted place of resort, where thousands of people go for a few days or weeks to enjoy the refreshing breeze and mountain waves of the mighty ocean. I think it is the most extensive beach in New England; you can ride in your carriage from the mouth of the Merrimac to Hampton river, a distance of six miles, dotted nearly all the way with pleasant cottages and summer residences, where many go to spend the summer. Many of these cottage houses are to be let by the day, week or month, most of them are let during the entire summer months. At the closing of the season they have one day appointed, called the great beach day, when all, old and young, rich and poor, lame and halt go and have a merry time. While at Rocky Hill, your correspondent has had a fine opportunity to overlook the mining operations of this place with great satisfaction; but more expressly the famous diamond drill of which he has often heard but never seen before. The mining operations are suspended for the present, and so has your corresponpent

ASHLER.

JOHN BEST.—John Best of Stoneham went into court at Cambridge, Tuesday morning with Col. Russell H. Conwell for counsel, and plead "not guilty" to the indictments against him. His trial goes over until October. His bail was fixed at $4500. One of the indictments was for simple larceny and the other for larceny from a building. His counsel stated that his client never had any intention to leave the State for the purpose of avoiding trial, but had always been prepared, and, at the time of the calling of the case, a few days since, he was not aware that it was to come up.

☞ Isaac M Singer, of sewing machine fame, died at Torquay, on Thursday last.

☞ A doughmestic difficulty—heavy bread.

New Publications.

☞ *A Double Wedding, or, How She Was Won*, by Mrs. C. A. Warfield, author of "The Household of Bouverie," is received from T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and we predict for it as great a popularity and as large a sale as her previous work, "The Household of Bouverie," which has been pronounced by all the best writers and critics in the country to be one of the best and most remarkable works ever written. It has the great merit of arousing curiosity and keeping it alert, from the first to the last line. There is great power of language in it, manifested not only in the descriptive portions, and in rare images, but in the happy epithet that often tells the whole story. The plot is skillfully conducted, and there is an earnestness in the style that is charming. From the first to the last chapter, the reader's interest in the story never for a moment flags. His curiosity, which is excited at the very commencement of the tale, though gratified, little by little, as the story progresses, is not completely satisfied, until the curtain is about to drop at the close of the book. There is in it a blending of heart and intellect really wonderful, and its delineations of character are vivid, clear, powerful, and exquisite. None but a woman could have writeln it—none but a woman of the highest order could give such sketches of character. It is published in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back and side, price $1.75, and will be found for sale by all booksellers, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers.

FIRE IN ARLINGTON.—The smoke seen in this town on Thursday, was from a fire in Arlington. The scene of the conflagration was at the large mill on Arlington avenue, owned by the Hon John Schouler, and formerly known as Shouler Print Works, but recently used as a shoddy mill. The fire, probably by friction, started in the picker-room and spread with great rapidity, soon getting so far beyond the control of the firemen that the adjoining towns were requested to send aid, and Medford responded to the call, sending the whole department, and North Cambridge and Somerville sent several more engines and hose carriages. By the time these machines arrived the building was fast being consumed, giving no time to save the machinery or stock, and scarcely enough for thirty operatives to escape. Though none were severely injured, several were slightly burned about the head and arms.

Most fortunately, the wind was from the southwest, thus saving several buildings in close proximity from total destruction, although a number were charred by the intense heat and the occupants obliged to remove their household goods. The building was situated on the right bank of Cutter's Brook, which partly furnished its motive power, and was four stories in height, the basement, containing the engine and three boilers, being of brick, and the remaining three stories of wood. Mr. Schouler loses on the building and boilers upwarns of $15 000, while Mr T Remick of Boston, the lessee of the building, loses his entire stock. The agent, Mr Samuel Baxendale, loses all the machinery and the engine, and estimates their value at from $20 000 to 30, 000. The property is but partially insured.

☞ This is the season when numerous accidents occur in boating, bathing and swimming. One can scarcely open a newspaper without the eye falling on some record of "death from drowning." The boat upsets, the bathers are carried beyond their depth into the current, the swimmers are seized with cramp. At least half a dozen lives have already been lost at Coney Island this season. A sad affair occurred at Fall River a short time ago. Seven boys were bathing together, when the youngest one became frightened, and asked the others to help him. In attempting to do this they went into deep water, and all but one was drowned. It is not an unusual circumstance for a person who attempts to rescue another from drowning to fall a victim to his kind intentions. Much care and caution are necessary, even on the part of the best swimmers, while endeavoring to save a drowning person; and if one can not swim at all, or but little, it is useless to plunge into the water. Persons attempting the rescue of another should divest themselves of coat and boots if possible. A child may be easily managed by an expert swimmer; but if the drowning person is strong and powerful, it is often imperatively necessary to keep out of his reach until he is partially exhausted; otherwise he will clutch his rescuer, and both may go down together helpless. Calmness and caution are invaluable in the water. The sufferer will clutch anything extended toward him at first—an oar, branch of a tree, a necktie, or a sleeve of a jacket, and if the other end of the article can be held in the mouth, the rescuer has the use of his arms. But still it is needful to keep out of the reach of the drowning person. Go behind him and push him along, but never attempt to reason with him. If he becomes insensible, a good swimmer can easily bring him to the shore or to a place of safety, and then the proper means of restoration should be immediately used. Impulsive recklessness, even though inspired by the most generous feeling, will not be so likely to save a drowning man as thoughtful caution. It may be well to mention that in case one feels cramp coming on while in the water, it is best not to stop, but to strike out faster than before; a sudden jerk of the limb is often an effectual relief.

WILMINGTON.—The assessors return the valuation of the town as follows; Real estate, $500,480; personal property, $74, 214; total, $574 694. Taxation—state $780; county, $239; town, $7971; total, $8994. Rate of taxation, $16.20 on $1000. Amount of land taxed, 10,028 1-2 acres. Number of houses, 200; horses, 133; cattle, 172; sheep, 20.

One of our exchanges wisely remarks that although ten dimes make a dollar everywhere in the United States, it is doubtful if there are ten mills make a cent in Massachusetts.

Winchester.

S OF T.—Winchester Division, No. 110, Sons of Temperance, is located in the G A. R. hall, and is in quite a flourishing condition. The members embrace some of the leading young men of the town, who are doing a good work in the temperance cause, and they trust when it has become more generally known that a Division has been organized here, that the people will take hold with them. The officers for this quarter are as follows, viz:—

W P,—Robert Loughead,
W A,—Dr. B A Sawtelle,
R S,—F E West,
Treasurer—A Cutting,
F S,—H W Plummer,
A R S,—Miss Carrie West,
C,—Frank Weeks,
A C,—Miss Lottie Mason,
I S,—Miss McKay,
O S,—Joseph Loughead,
Chaplain—Rev D S Coles,
P W P,—S C Small.

BIG BLAST.—Arrangements are being made for a tremendous explosion on High street. About 50 holes are being drilled in the ledge, and when all is ready the rock for 100 feet in length, by 45 feet wide and 7 feet deep, will be shattered into millions of fragments and about 1000 cubic yards of stone removed. The explosive will be "rend-rock," a substance composed of powder and dualin, which will rend rock most effectually. Mr. T. Brooks Hadley has charge of the blast, and some time next week the rock rending will occur. Mr. Hadley is an experienced operator, and those who would like to see the discharge may do so safely if they observe his precautions.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.—The length of the old depot being in dispute, two of our young men took a tape line Wednesday morning, and proceeded to measure it, and give the length of the main building 111 feet, and the extension 27, total 138. Some one observing their movements started the story that they were to secure it for a bowling alley and refreshment saloon. Another story is that it will be moved off, and adorn one of our fine estates. It certainly does not adorn the center of the town at present, any more than the signal cottage and bungling fence.

PICNIC.—The Sunday School excursion to Downer's Landing, which was prevented last week on account of the storm, took place Tuesday. Some who went were satisfied, but others were not so well pleased as at Nahant. The day was spent, after a fine sail down the harbor on the steamer, in fishing, rambling, and other innocent amusements (among which was dancing). Fortunately no rain fell, as it did here at home, and all returned safe, but of course tired.

G. A. R. LECTURES.—The Grand Army Lecture Course last season, netted $213 97. Another course will be run by Post 148 this season, and it is intended to put new names on the list, and several variety entertainments of high order; also an instrumental and a vocal concert. The Post has adjourned over for the heated term till September.

☞ The police feel aggrieved that Mrs. Fitzgerald, whom they designate as the "worst rumseller in town," should be released from custody on the recommendation of prominent citizens, after the police have secured her conviction as the penalty of her numerous violations of the law.

BELATED.—We understand that one of the young men who went to Downer's Landing the other day, staid out too long with the girls in a boat, and could not return with the rest of the party. The late steamer and last train brought him up all right, however.

PRACTICE.—The alarm at Waldmyer's Tannery, Thursday morning, was to show some Insurance folks how quickly his men responded. The time was 1 1-2 minutes from the alarm, until a stream was on the building.

BALLOON.—A fire balloon passed over the eastern portion of this town, last week Friday evening, and was the occasion of some speculation, as to whether it was a star, a meteor, or some new phenomena.

CATASTROPHE.—Mr. W. F. Foster had a nice cat at his grocery store previous to last Wednesday morning, but she did not "look out for the engine," and so paid the penalty with her life.

CUT DOWN.—The beautiful elms on the west side of the Common have been felled, to make room for the street widening.

CURB.—The curbing around the Common is finished on the east side, and looks well.

☞ The town voted "no license," and they are going for the little rum holes where they sell it on the sly.

COAL.—The coal contract for school-houses, &c., the ensuing year, has been awarded to E. C. Huse.

☞ Winn's excursion wagon went to Stoneham, Wednesday, to carry a party from there to the Beach.

☞ A project is on foot to erect a first-class hotel in Wakefield the coming season at an expense of $50 000. It will be located on what is called Cedar Hill, a high eminence overlooking the town and sur-surrounding country. The land was originally purchased and laid out by the Wakefield Building Association, and is well suited to the erection of such an edifice.

☞ When life is embittered and pleasure becomes distasteful through the influence of such complaints as dropsy, Bright's disease, kidney, bladder and glandular maladies, mental and physical debility, incontinence and retention of urine, diabetes, gravel, female irregularities, loss of vitality, errors of youth or mature ages, excesses, intemperance and general debility, turn for relief to *Hunt's Remedy* with a certainty of being restored to health.

☞ An editor, having asked an Illinois farmer for crop news, received this answer: And now the reaper reapeth, the mower moweth, and the little bumblebee getteth up the busy granger's trousers-leg and bumbleth."

☞ Winchester, Va., which was taken and retaken seventy-two times during the war, will not vary a hundred in population from the census figure of twenty-five years ago.

DIPSOMANIA.—The English Home Secretary has at the present time before him a memorial asking him to bring under the notice of the Cabinet the desirability of a Government measure, next session of Parliament, "for the control and management of the class of persons known as habitual drunkards, or dipsomaniacs. This memorial bears the names of Sir George Burrows, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir William Ferguson, Sir James Paget, Sir William Gull, Sir Robert Christison, Sir Henry Thompson, along with the principal surgeons and physicians of London, Norfolk, and Norwich Hospitals, representing the medical profession. The Dean of Westminster represents the clergy. Lord Shaftesbury will be accepted as the representative of the philanthropy of the country. Twenty professors of the University of Edinburgh may be regarded as appearing in behalf of literature and science. The memorial has appended to it the names of many distinguished members of the profession of the law. The Liverpool *Mercury* in announcing the fact here stated, discusses the subject at considerable length, and by the narration of several facts all derived from most reliable sources, illustrates the terrible aspect of the affliction. As an example, we quote one instance, given on the authority of the late Prof. James Miller:

"A merchant of middle age had long been intemperate. The physician was at length called in. He found the poor dipsomaniac hopping from chair to chair to avoid, as he said, the myriads of snakes that were crawling on the carpet. He then leaped upon his bed, arranged his limbs quietly, and stated he was dead. From the columns of an imaginary local newspaper he read the announcement of his death, concluding with the words, 'Friends will please accept of this intimation.' All of a sudden he rose. He went to his library; he sat down to his table; he said he had forgotten to add a codicil to his will, and was glad to find it was not too late. He wrote to the effect that he had died that day, and appointed his son successor to his business. He then returned to his bed, but, seeing it empty, broke out into a fit of fury because his attendants, as he asserted, had stolen his body. 'Where is it, where is it?' he cried 'I left it lying there when I went to write the codicil; and when my back was turned some of you scoundrels have taken it away. Bring it back instantly.' Soon after he died, although he had long lived thus, drinking on and yet on; for such men—as thousands who suffer from them know to their cost—do not always quickly die."

WHERE IS THAT MAN.—We have been thinking seriously of offering a reward for the arrest and conviction of an individual who has been making us a great deal of trouble lately, and, we doubt not, has been a source of annoyance to others beside ourselves. We know not his name, nor where he resides, nor have we indeed, any description of him whatever to offer to the public. We have never seen him, to our knowledge, and his whole existance is so veiled in obscurity, that were it not for the frequent proofs which reach us, we might set him down as a myth. It is with the hope that some of our readers may know the whereabouts of the party, that we have indicted these lines.

In collecting, or rather attempting to collect, our usual July bills, we have been greatly delayed by this fellow. On presenting our bill we have been told that "a man" who owed the party with whom we were dealing, was expected in soon, and as soon as he made his appearance with the cash, our bill would receive attention. In probably fifty places this same story has been repeated. The worst of it is, this "man" is evidently a fellow who cannot be relied upon, for subsequent calls on our part always bring the information that he has not yet arrived, though expected hourly. Once or twice we have sat down to wait for him, but it was a clear waste of time. How much this "man" might do for us if he would only keep his engagements! We are at a loss to explain his conduct. Various theories are advanced. He may be rusticating at some inland or seaport place! may have been suddenly called to the bedside of some friend—perhaps his mother-in-law! may, (oh, dreadful thought!) have been robbed and murdered—in which case we are a bankrupt and a beggar. Our only hope in collecting these bills is that this "man" will turn up. The only way in which we can escape the financial ruin is by his eventual return to the haunts of men, and his keeping the promises he has made.

If this "man" is alive and within easy distance of Cambridge, we conjure him to lose not a moment in returning. His advent into our city—supposing him to be now out of it—will be hailed with rejoicing by multitudes. He is wanted. He is the man for home. Why doth he delay his coming? *Cambridge Chronicle.*

"TRAMPS."—Last evening I was asked by a friend who lives about eight miles out of town on the Boston & Albany road, to come out and stay over night. I accepted, of course, with pleasure. We passed a pleasant evening and retired at 11 o'clock. By the way, my friend's family consists of himself, wife and child. About 4 o'clock in the morning I was awakened out of a sound sleep by hearing him shout vociferously, "Frank! Frank! come here." I feebly answered, "What do you want?" "Come here! quick!" I arose and went to his door, when he again said, "Come in." "I am not dressed," says I. "No matter, come in; d—n him, I've got him." "Got who?" says I. "I've got him, and if he stirs I'll shoot him." I went nearer and beheld my friend with a revolver, full cocked, pointed at an object in the corner of his room. "D—n him, I've got him," and to take better aim he dropped on the floor and rested his arm on the bed, in the meantime telling his wife to keep quiet and not to be afraid; he would shoot over her. "Who is it?" says I. "A tramp," says he. "Then wait until I get a light." I procured a light, and returning to his room found him in the same position. I held the light towards the corner where the tramp was and beheld—two pillows with a pair of pants thrown over them. I turned round, looked at him pityingly, shook his hand kindly and retired, deeply grieved. He appeared the same as usual in the morning, with the exception of a few gray hairs here and there —*Herald.*

☞ Says a New Hampshire paper: One of our lawyers was recently seen at a railway station, with carpet-bag in hand and overcoat on his arm, apparently waiting for the up train. A brother lawyer, seeing him, accosted him thusly: "Going north, Mr. F.?" "No, sir." "What, then, have you got carpet-bag and overcoat for?" "Because, if there is one thing in this world I abhor more than another, it is to see a man standing around the station without any apparent business."

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The following are the dates selected by the several societies of the State for holding their annual exhibitions:—

Essex, at Danvers, September 28 and 29.

Middlesex, at Concord, September 28, 29 and 30.

Middlesex North, at Lowell, September 29 and 30.

Middlesex South, at Framingham, September 21 and 22.

Worcester, at Worcester, September 23 and 24.

Worcester West, at Barre, September 30 and October 1.

Worcester North, at Fitchburg, September 28.

Worcester Northwest, at Athol, October 5 and 6.

Worcester South, at Sturbridge, September 9 and 10.

Worcester Southeast, at Milford, September 29 and 30, and October 1.

Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, at Northampton, October 6, 7 and 8.

Hampshire, at Amherst, September 28 and 29.

Highland, at Middlefield, September 16 and 17.

Hampden, at Springfield, October 5 and 6.

Hampden East, at Palmer, September 23 and 24.

Union, at Blandford, September 22 and 23.

Franklin, at Greenfield, September 30 and October 1.

Deerfield Valley, at Charlemont, September 23 and 24.

Berkshire, at Pittsfield, October 5, 6 and 7.

Housatonic, at Great Barrington, September 29 and 30 and October 1.

Hoosac Valley, at North Adams, September 21, 22 and 23.

Norfolk, at Readville, September 30 and October 1.

Bristol, at Taunton, September 28, 29 and 30.

Bristol Central, at Myrick's. September 15, 16 and 17.

Plymouth, at Bridgewater, September 22, 23 and 24.

Hingham, at Hingham, September 29 and 30

Marshfield, at Marshfield, October 6, 7 and 8.

Barnstable, at Barnstable, September 21 and 22.

Nantucket, at Nantucket, September 29 and 30.

Martha's Vineyard, at West Tisbury, October 5 and 6.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.—The Boston *Transcript* says it is frequently remarked that this is the fast age; but it must with reverence be admitted that we have not yet arrived at the period when "the chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, and they shall run like the lightning." We beg leave to differ. It seems to us that we have arrived at just that period. Do not the chariots indeed rage in the streets? We think so when railroad trains go rushing through our public thoroughfares at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If that isn't raging, we don't know what is. Do they not justle against one another in the broad ways? Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of collisions which seem to us like justling to some purpose. And who that has seen a railroad train at night, with smoke and flame and fiery sparks pouring forth like a torrent from the locomotive chimney, can liken it to anything better than a huge torch? No simile could be more perfect. And if a railroad train does not run like the lightning, what does it run like? If the prophet Nahum had in his vision really seen a railroad train in motion, and at night, how better could he have described it? "The chariots shall be with flaming torches," he says, "and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken." An exact description of the appearance and effect of a railroad train passing through a grove or patch of woods. A more perfect piece of word painting it would not be easy to find. We do not pretend to assert that Nahum meant to describe the scenes which are so common to our eyes to-day, but if he did, he succeeded remarkably well—quite as well, at least, as a modern poet could do it, with those scenes often before him. The broad ways, the justlings, the running like the lightnings, the raging and the torches could not be applied to anything ever known in the history of the world so aptly as to the railroad trains of the present day.—*Lynn Reporter.*

☞ Elections occur this year in the following order:

Kentucky,	Monday, Aug 2.
California,	Wednesday, Sept 1.
Arkansas,	Monday, Sept 6.
Maine,	Monday, Sept 13
Iowa,	Tuesday, Oct 12.
Ohio,	Tuesday, Oct 12
Virginia,	Tuesday, Nov 2.
Kansas,	Tuesday, Nov 2
Maryland,	Tuesday, Nov 2.
Massachusetts,	Tuesday, Nov 2.
Mississippi,	Tuesday, Nov 2.
Minnesota,	Tuesday, Nov 2
Missouri,	Tuesday, Nov 2
New York,	Tuesday, Nov 2
New Jersey,	Tuesday, Nov 2.
Pennsylvania,	Tuesday, Nov 2.
Texas,	Tuesday, Dec 7.

JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.—"Justice's justice" has become, in process of time, a no less opprobrious than familiar phrase in England. The tyranny of the Magistrates' Courts has got to be proverbial. The severity with which the slightest infringement on "property" is punished is and has long been unpleasantly notorious. A recent case very vividly exemplifies to what extent the "unpaid magistracy," composed mainly of country rectors and squires, exceed the bounds of justice in the direction of cruelty. It appears that in the village of Spalding there lives a wayward girl of thirteen, by name Sarah Chandler. This child, in the eyes of the Magistrates, is clearly given over to the works of the evil one. Sarah Chandler has an aged aunt, who perhaps has seen "better times," but who, in the stress of circumstnaces over which she doubtless had no control, has drifted into the almshouse of that peaceful English village. The niece, in visiting the aunt, cast longing eyes upon the dainty flower-beds which adorn the approach to the abode of impecunious aunthood. Born with a love for flowers, which perhaps the magisterial mind of Spalding regards as in itself an evil symptom, Sarah Chandler, in a fatal moment, plucked a geranium bud, and, whiffing its perfume, sped on her way homeward. But an eye that she had not seen saw her. A vigilant matron of the almshouse caught her in the very act. It was rank burglary; or at best, was a most deliberate arson. Steal a geranium bud from the almshouse garden! Oliver Twist "asking for more" was heinous; but to take the property of an institution supported by the parish was simply abandoned. It was an evidence of total depravity, at least, in small Sarah Chandler. Murder will out, and Sarah Chandler was reported for summary correction.

It happened that on the Magistrate's beach of Spalding sat the Reverend Mr. Moore. This gentleman is a clergyman of the Church of England, holding several livings and dignities besides; according to the Clergy List, a "sinecure" of no mean value. Indeed, Mr. Moore is the presiding Justice of the rural Court. The case was at first privately reported to him. There was to be a Sunday-school festival, and the matron thought that the reverend messenger of "grace, mercy and peace" would think Sarah Chandler sufficiently punished if, in his capacity of clergyman, he forbade her participating in the good cheer. But the Reverend Mr. Moore was a Magistrate as well as a clergyman. He had duties to society as well as to the Church. He was bound to defend property as well as to scatter the consolations of religion. So he refused to stop with prohibiting Sarah Chandler from attending the festival. That was punishment from wronging religion; it remained to deal with her as a ruthless assailant upon property. He insisted that she should be summoned before the bench of Magistrates. Once there, in the prisoner's dock, Sarah's defence was not very strong. Presiding in Court was the Reverend Mr, Moore. Proof being given of the burglary, or arson, or theft, the reckless depredator was told to listen to her sentence. Fourteen days in the common jail of the county; four years in the county reformatory. For picking a geranium bud, Sarah Chandler was ruined for life, by the fiat of a minister of God, with the indelible brand of "jail-bird" upon her. The very same day a man was fined forty shillings and incarcerated for a fortnight, for beating his wife almost to a jelley in the midst of London! Such are the wayward vagaries of British justice's justice; such the chasm between the crime of disrespect of property and that of forcibly governing the Englishman's castle with fist and tongs.—*Post*

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.—Ashtabula Johnson is a mysterious man, and he lives on Aberdeen street. Ashtabula is one of those eccentric individuals who buttonholes you on the street, leads you carefully to the edge of the sidewalk, and then looking about him, says very cautiously:

"How's Spriggins?"

"Spriggins, Spriggins," you reply, "what Spriggins?"

"'Lonzo!"

"Oh! I dunno anything about him."

Drawing you still nearer to the edge of the walk, the mysterious man says:

"This is between you and me, now."

"Well!"

"I heard that Spriggins was going into oats heavy. Now he's got reasons, see," and he holds up his forefinger and looks as wise as an owl. You get away from the mysterious man, and presently you see him collar Jones in the midst of a large company and march him off to whisper about an equally important matter. As near as can be calculated Johnson has no other business but this. Well, the other day, Ashtabula dropped in to see Philo Martinberger, who tips back his chair in front of a livery stable on State street. He found Philo in conversation with some parties from the country regarding the sale of a carload of horses. Taking the dealer by the arm, Ashtabula led him through the stable out of the back door and round the corner to a blacksmith shop. Then he sat down on a box, took out his knife, pried off a sliver from the box, and says he:

"Phil, I understand you've got a cow to sell. Sit down."

Philo looked at him a moment, and then said, very quietly, "Oh, you heard I had a cow to sell?"

"Yes," responded Ashtabula, "sit down and talk her over."

Philo looked at him a minunte; then he said: "Come here, Johnson."

Johnson came, and his companion took him by the coat-sleeve and started into the street. He went down to where that six-story unfinished building stands, between Dearbon and State, and crawling through the boards that are nailed over the door, led Ashtabula up five flights of uncompleted stairs, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck. Puffing and blowing, they reached the top; and Philo led the way over the pile of rough lumber to the extreme east end of the building. Then, after stopping to take breath, he put his mouth close to Ashtabula's ear, and softly whispered, "I've sold her."

It has been a week since that occurrence, and Mr. Johnson is still full of wrath; but a large circle of his acquaintance declare that Philo Martinberger deserves a medal and shall have one.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A funny incident recently took place at a Crystal Palace concert in London. The Liverpool choir had just begun to sing Handle's chorus from Theodora, "He saw the lovely youth," when a side drummer of Colman's Band, who was standing apart from his comrades, lost his drum and his footing, and tumbling down two or three steps of the orchestra, fell on his back, his legs alone being visible. The contretemps led to a burst of laughter from the audience, which nearly unnerved the choir, and was renewed with increased hilarity when, upon the choir arriving at the words "the youth began to rise," the unfortunate cause of all the merriment picked himself up and resumed his place, no one laughing more heartily than Madam Goldsmidt.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

Married.

In Reading, July 27 by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. George E. Parkhurst, of Woburn, and Miss S. Fanny Turner, of Reading.

In Boston, July 28, by Rev. R. H. Neale, Henry Weston, of Woburn, and Elmira L. Chase, of East Boston.

In Woburn, July 29, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. Geo. W. Dinsmore and Miss Ida F. McDonald.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Providence, July 18, Thomas Briggs, aged 68 years 9 months.

In Woburn, July 24, Dennis Leary, aged 35 years 11 months.

In Woburn, July 24, John, son of John and Mary Shean, aged 11 months, 16 days.

In Woburn, July 25, Margaret, wife of William F. Bradley, aged 22 years, 4 months.

In Woburn, July 26, Benjamin Fisk, aged 77 years, 3 months.

In New York, July 26, Richard M. Gage, aged 52 years, 7 months.

TO THE PUBLIC!

We have this day made arrangements with

WITHINGTON & CO.,

to sell their

FRENCH AERATED BREAD

in Woburn. It being baked in the morning we shall receive it FRESH by the noon express. Remember these leaves average one pound and a half to the loaf.

J. H. NASON.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

Main Street, Woburn.

LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.

☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 138

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F WYER. 43

Pasturing for Horses

Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be ccommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.

137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

CLOSING OUT SALE

—OF—

SUMMER

MILLINERY!

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST,

—AT—

MISS BANCROFT'S,

No. 175 MAIN STREET,

Bank Block, WOBURN.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. JULY 26, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of August next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Robert I. Cameron, of Somerville, in said County, had on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1874 (the time when the same was *especially attached*), on mesne process in and to the following described mortgage real estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Henry Cameron to wit:—A certain lot or parcel of land situated in said Somerville on the northwesterly side of Irving street, being lot numbered sixty-nine (69) on a plan of land belonging to Jesse Simpson, W. S. Bantour and A. Hodges, Surveyors, March 6th, 1872, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book of Plans No. 21, bounded and described as follows, viz:—southeasterly on said Irving street, fifty (50) feet; northeasterly on lot No. sixty-eight (68) on said plan ninety feet (90) northwesterly on land of said Simpson, fifty feet (50); Southwesterly on lot No. seventy (70) on said plan, ninety feet (90); containing 4500 square feet, be said measurement more or less, being the same premises conveyed by said Jesse Simpson by deed Lib. 1318, Fol. 94, in said registry.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
25 Deputy Sheriff.

THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS. | MUSIC BOOK. AND THE BEST!

Song Monarch. The BEST book for SINGING SCHOOLS, for which it is specially designed, and filled with cheerful glees and songs for practice, by H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. Emerson. Price, 75 cts.

Chorus Choir. The NEWEST book of Choruses, Anthems, Motets, etc., for CHOIRS and SOCIETIES. Highly recommended. Compiled by Dr. Eben. Tourjee. $18 pr doz.

The following three books are in press, and nearly ready. Wait for them!

High School Choir. The BEST NEW book for High Schools, successor to that universal favorite, the "HOUR OF SINGING," which it resembles in general arrangement, and is by the same authors, L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN. Price $1.00

The Shining River. A NEW SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK of startling beauty. Price, 35 cts.

Living Waters. Choice devotional music hymns and tunes. For Prayer Meetings, &c. Price 30 cts.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To all persons interested in the estate of Emily George, late of Woburn, in said County, Deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Gustavus A. Somerby the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge in said County, on the first Tuesday of September next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn *Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy five.

135 J. H. TYLER, Register,

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL!! REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL!!

Excelsior, Lackawanna and Draper Coals.

$8.50 CASH PER TON! $8.50 PER TON! $8.50 CASH PER TON!

THE ABOVE REDUCTION APPLIES TO ORDERS ALREADY TAKEN.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD, 93 Main Street, Woburn. J. B. McDONALD & Co., near depot, Winchester.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled MORSE BRO'S, Prop's, Canton, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

R. MARSTON & Co.'s

DININGROOMS

For Ladies and Gentlemen,

23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST.,

BOSTON.

Neatly Furnished Rooms

To Let by the Day or Week.

NEW STORE.

No. 129 MAIN STREET,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

W. I. GOODS.

GROCERIES,

WOODEN WARE,

And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.

Saturday, July 24

I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.

Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123

J. W. KNIGHTS.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Bottled Bliss. It is impossible to conceive of a more refreshing draught than is afforded by

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient,

which combines the advantages of a luxury with those of the purest, safest and most genial alterative and tonic ever administered as a cure for dyspepsia and billious affections.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LATEST IMPROVED

HORSE POWERS

GRAIN THRESHING AND

WOOD SAWING MACHINES

Patented, Manufactured and sold by

A. W. GRAY & SONS, Middletown, Vt.

Parties who wish to purchase machines that have proved to be the best in market, will do well to send for Circulars and Descriptive Price List, which will be forwarded free.

BEFORE YOU START

INSURE IN THE

TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

WATERS' new SCALE PIANOS *are the* best made; *The* touch elastic, *and a* fine singing tone, powerful, pure *and* even.

WATERS' Concerto ORGANS *cannot be* excelled *in* tone *or* beauty; *they* defy competition, *The* Concerto Stop *is a* fine imitation *of the* Human Voice.

PRICES EXTREMELY LOW *for* cash during this Month. Monthly Instalments received; Pianos and Organs to let, and Rent-Money allowed it Purchased. Second-hand Instruments AT GREAT BARGAINS. AGENTS WANTED. A liberal discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, New York. *Box* 3,567.

N. F. BURNHAM'S

TURBINE

WATER WHEEL.

Was selected, 4 years ago, and was put to work in the U. S. Patent Office, D. C. and has proved to be the best. 19 sizes made. Prices Lower than any other first-class Wheel. Pamphlet free. Address N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

RIDGE'S FOOD

IS THE

ORIGINAL (COOKED) FOOD

of its kind. It does not cause acidity or wind; is of guaranteed purity; remains unchanged; it is put in in sizes to suit all. For sale by Druggist everywhere.

DOUBLE YOUR TRADE

Druggist, Grocers and Dealers! *Pure China and Japan Teas* in sealed packages, *screw top cans*, boxes or half chests—*Grower's Prices*. Send for circular. THE WELLS TEA COMPANY, 201 Fulton St. N. Y., P. O. Box 4569.

WANTED AGENTS—everywhere to canvass for our great Centennial Book, *worthy the special notice* of experienced agents. For particulars address the publisher, B. B. RUSSELL, Boston Mass.

$50 TO $10.000

Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid

900 PER CENT. PROFIT.

"How to Do it," a Book on Wall St., sent free. TRUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall St., N. Y.

$77 A WEEK guaranted to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Me.

"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CHARMING." How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. This art all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc. 1,000,000 sold. A queer book. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Pub's Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. CONN,

INSURANCE AGENT,

No. 174 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, - - - - - - - MASS.

TO ORGAN STUDENTS.

Now Ready:

CLARKE'S IMPROVED SCHOOL

FOR THE

PARLOR ORGAN,

By HUGH A. CLARKE,

(Prof. of Music in the University of Pennsylvania.)

Just Issued. Sent by Mail, Price $2.50.

LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

The Troy Patent Collar Ironing Machine

IS OWNED BY THE

CHELSEA DYE HOUSE AND LAUNDRY,

12 Temple Place Boston.

Collars and Cuffs laundried with the original finish after being soiled.

Collars Laundried for anufacturers.

A liberal commission allowed to parties collecting and forwarding Collars and Cuffs to be done up as new.

Price, 3 Cents each.

Rights and Machines for sale for Towns or Counties

ROACHES, RATS, and MICE

are effectually destroyed by the use of

Parsons & Co.'s Exterminator!

20 All dealers in medicine have it.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover, Boston

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

HARD & SOFT COAL,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

Also a large Assortment of all kinds of

Steam Coal constantly on hand.

WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

HERDS GRASS,

Cheap for CASH, at 46

Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

TAKE NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,

all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.

H. E. STROUT

39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 7th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M

Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.

Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.

Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.

Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.

Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 4, 5.45, 7 P.M.

Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.

‡Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.

East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.

Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.50, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

† Northern Depot.

‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.

Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.

Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 8.30† P. M.

Lowell, 7.00, 7.32,* 8.30a, 9.35* A. M., 12.17* 2.15, 5.35,* 9.00*† P. M.

Billerica, 7.18, 9.52 A. M., 2.33, 5.53 P. M.

Wilmington, 7.28, 8.13 10.01, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.

Woburn Watering Place, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.

¶Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 8.50, §10.05, A.M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50,‡ 6.20 P. M.

East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.

Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.

Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.

* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

† Northern Depot.

‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later

a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,

Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.

WOOD SAWED.

☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜

Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.

24

For Nantasket Beach, Hingham, Hull and elville Gardens, Downer Landing.

STEAMERS GOV. ANDREW, JOHN ROMER and ROSE STANDISH, leave Rowe's Wharf, junction of Atlantic Ave. and Broad Street.

For Hingham and Hull at 9.15 A. M., 12.15, 2 30 and 5 30 P. M,

For Downer Landing at 9.15, and 10.30 A. M., 12 15, 2.30, 3.30, and 5.30 P. M.

For Nantasket Beach at 9.30, and 10.30 A. M., 2.30, 3 30, and 5 P. M.

Boats for Boston.

Leave Hingham at 7.30, and 10.30 A. M., 1.30, 3.50 and 6.40.

Leave Downer Landing at 7.35, and 10.35 A, M., 1.35, 4, 5.20 and 6.45 P. M.

Leave Hull at 7.50, and 10 50 A. M., 1.50, 4.15 and 6.30 P. M.

Leave Nantasket Beach at 8 and 11 A. M., 12 M., 3.30, 5. and 6.10 P. M.

Fare 25 cents each way--50 tickets for $10. Round trip tickets, including admission to Melville Gardens, can be obtained at the wharf (except on Mondays) at 60 cents.

A GOOD TENEMENT TO LET

On Pleasant Street, Inquire of

126 A. V. HAYNES.

WOOD FOR SALE.

WHITE BIRCH AND

HARD WOOD TRASH.

WM. H. WINN,

Pleasant Street, Woburn Center,

July 16th, 1875.

IT IS A

PLEASURE

—TO USE—

Liebig's Extract

LEMON & VANILLA,

SOLD AT 41

ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James McMahon and Ellen C. McMahon to Stephen Thompson, dated August fifteenth, A. D., 1868, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex S. D., Lib. 1048, fol. 90, will be sold at auction, for breach of the condition of the said mortgage, on the 2d day of August next, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Walnut Street, in Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded Southwesterly by Walnut Street, South-easterly by land of Andrew McHugh, North easterly by the westerly side of a ditch, and by land of Winthrop Wyman, and North westerly by land of James N. Page, and being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James McMahon and Ellen C. McMahon, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

STEPHEN THOMPSON, Mortgagee
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, July 10th, 1875.

AND NOW COMES

THE SEASON FOR

CHILDREN'S

CARRIAGES,

(New Style Canopy Top,)

AFGHANS & MATS,

CARTS, WAGONS,

Wheelbarrows,

HOOPS, MARBLES,

BASE BALLS & BATS, 45

SELLING AT

LOW PRICES!

—AT—

HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,

No. 195 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

C. E. CHASE, M D,

RESIDENCE,

Cor. Pleasant & No. Warren Sts,

WOBURN, MASS.

A. WINN & Son,

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,

PARK ST., WINCHESTER.

Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.

"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.

Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103

Boston Daily Express.

Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

MASON'S FRUIT JARS,

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

FOR SALE AT

A. E, Thompson's,

No. 3 WADE BLOCK, WOBURN.

BY E. HENRY GREENWOOD.

OFFICE: NO. 235 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, ROOM, 12.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To William A. Wilson, Mortgagor, and supposed owner of the equity of redemption of the premises hereinafter described; to S. C. Demarest assignee of second Mortgage and to all others whom it may concern.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by said Wm. A. Wilson to Augustus B. Perry, dated January 1st, 1873, recorded with Middlesex, South District Deeds, Lib. 1245, Fol. 208, and for a breach of the conditions contained in said Mortgage deed, will be sold at public auction, on, or near the premises hereinafter described on TUESDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1875, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

All and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz: A certain piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in said county of Middlesex, on the B. & L. R. R., about 3 minutes walk from East Woburn station, being a part of lot numbered "38" as shown on a plan of land recorded with said Middlesex deeds, Book of plans "5" Plan "23" and bounded southerly by lot "39" on said plan, about one hundred and fifteen feet; westerly by Tremont street, one hundred and twenty-eight and 6-10th feet; northerly by Nashua street, seventy-five feet; and easterly by the remaining part of said lot "38" about one hundred and twenty feet, six inches; or, however otherwise, bounded, measured, or described, containing eleven thousand four hundred and forty-eight feet more or less. $200 to be paid at the time and place of sale. Other terms and conditions made know at sale.

For further information, apply to W. C. Kinsberry, No. 235 Washington Street, Boston, Room 12.

By order of
AUGUSTUS B. PERRY, Mortgagee.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"She's only a farmer's daughter,"
  A stylish lady said,
With a scornful glance of her handsome eyes,
  And a toss of her haughty head.

Her hands, that sparkle with many a ring,
  Are as fair as the lily in hue;
They play the piano with wonderful grace—
  'Tis the only work they can do.

Should you hear her talk of the "lower class,"
  Of their "ignorance of propriety,"
Of "her family," and of "country girls,"
  And her horror of "mixed society,"

You'd suppose that among her ancestors
  She boasted a duke or an earl—
Her father was once a poor carpenter,
  And her mother a factory girl.

Then call her brilliant and beautiful,
  Nor do I her charms deny;
But the farmer's daughter she scorns in her pride
  Is fairer by far in my eye.

Mirth and innocent happiness
  Out of her blue eyes shine;
Her hair is untutored by crimp or by curls,
  And she wears it by right divine.

Though her fingers can skillfully touch the keys,
  They can wash the dishes as well;
And her voice singing blithly at work or play,
  Charms all with its musical spell.

No mother toils in the kitchen for her
  While she on the sofa lolls,
Novel in hand, or dressed in her best,
  Receiving her morning calls,

But a share in the heat and the burden of life
  She willingly, cheerfully takes,
And a dutiful love, in her happy home,
  A pleasure of labor makes,

And I think you will own spite the verdict of those
  Who live but in fashion's gay whirl,
That "only a farmer's daughter" means
"Only a sensible girl."

A STORY OF A SHERIFF.

A well trained hotel clerk, who knows his duty, rightly, considers that the accepted guest in the hotel is as much in his own castle as in his own house, and will not permit him to be knowingly disturbed by unpleasant or unauthorized intruders.

This, sometimes, is of service, and pervents disagreeable consequences, as will be seen in the history here about to be given, the scene of which was at the Tremont House in Boston several years ago, and one of the actors therein a well-known merchant of Boston, who, over the *nom de plume* of "Acorn," used to furnish some of the liveliest sketches of humor, and sharpest of dramatic criticisms, to the old New York *Spirit of the Times*, whom we shall designate as Jim Pines; the other a well-known business man of our sister city of Portland, whom, for convenience sake, we will call Short, inasmuch as he was short when one of the actors in the scene we are about to recount.

It chanced, one fine evening, that a stranger entered the Tremont, and, addressing himself to the "gentlemanly clerk," inquired if Mr. Short, of Portland, was stopping at the house.

"He is, said the clerk, referring to the register.

"Well, I want to see him; show me up to his room, if you please."

"If you will send your card, I will see if he is at home," replied the clerk.

The visitor produced a card, which was handed to a bell-boy, whom he was about to follow up stairs, when he was restrained by the clerk.

"Be kind enough to wait, till we see if Mr. Short is in and will see you."

The bell-boy returned with word that Mr. Short "would see the gentleman to-morrow morning."

"Where's the room?" said the visitor. "I'll go right up myself."

"Excuse me, sir! Mr. Short has already sent word he does not wish to see you till to-morrow, and I cannot permit him to be disturbed."

"Well, sir, I think *I shall* go up if you will give me the number of the room, for I'm the sheriff, and I intend to arrest him."

At these words Jim Pines, who was sitting in a little room behind the key board where he had heard all the conversation, and who is always ready to aid a man in difficulties,—Jim, knowing this to be a case of late-at-night arrest to force a claim, rose and remarked that "he was going to see if his supper was ready," and slipping through the dining hall up to his own room he took from thence an old pair of boots and went to Short's room, where he was at once admitted.

"Take your valise and duds, old boy, and come along with me."

"What's up, Jim?" asked Short.

"Not much. but the sheriff will soon be here, so come along."

The pair left the room, locked it behind them, and Pines dropped the old pair of boots outside the door, after which they passed over to another wing of the house, to Pines's room, where Short was left, and the former descended, where he found the hotel clerk still engaged in conversation with the sheriff.

I've seen about my supper, and *its all right*," said he as he passed the clerk with a wink.

"I see this room against Mr. Short's name on the register is 26; is that where you put him?" asked the sheriff of the clerk.

"Yes, sir,"

"Then I demand to be shown to that room, immediately,"

"All right, Mr. Sheriff. Boy, show the gen'leman No. 26."

The unwelcome visitor was conducted upstairs to the desired room. There it was, sure enough, number on the door, pair of boots sitting outside. The sheriff looked at his watch. Half past nine.

"Humph! goes to bed early." He knocked; no response. Knocked a little louder; still no reply.

"Boy," said he to the bell-boy, who still stood near him, "is there any door opening out of this room to the chambers either side?"

"No, sir, you can see for yourself there's nobody in this one."

The sheriff looked into the unoccupied rooms on each side, and satisfied himself that there was no communication, and then, with a grim smile, took a chair from one of them and sat down beside the door of number 26.

"Boy," said the officer of the law, "do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, as his eyes sparkled.

"Well, take this note for me," said the officer, as he hastily scribbled one on the back of an old letter, "and bring me an answer and you shall have it."

The waiter was off like a shot, and returned with an answer, which was nothing less than a deputy officer, to whom the other in a whisper explained the situation. "He's in here, and no way of getting out; we can't break in the door, you must watch here till morning, and when he comes out to breakfast arrest him. Boy, there's your dollar."

Thus left, the deputy settled himself comfortably down in his chair, and the sheriff walked off, satisfied that he had trapped his bird.

Next morning, about eight o'clock, he re appeared. There sat the watchman, looking a little red about the eyelids, and there stood the boots, as when he left the night before.

"Any movement, Linx?"

"Not a bit as yet; quiet as a church-yard."

"Ah, ha! Thinks to tire us out. Go down and get some breakfast, Linx, and I'll mount guard while you're absent."

The deputy went away, and in half an hour returned invigorated and refreshed, and resumed his post, which he faithfully held till noon, when his principal again made his appearance on the scene.

"What! Not up yet?"

"Not a motion!"

The two men looked at each other doubtingly. At this moment one of the chambermaids came along, with broom and bunch of keys in hand.

"Got a key that'll open this room?" said the sheriff.

"Yes, sir," said the maid. Applying it, the door flew open, and the two officers rushed in.

It was empty.

The bed was unpressed; a half smoked cigar and a newspaper of the day before lay upon the table. which were all the traces of its having been occupied.

From force of habit the deputy guarded the door, while his principal looked into the shallow closet, under the bed, out of the window (it was forty feet to the pavement), and had even taken off the blower at the little fire-place, with the vague idea that the man sought might have vanished, in some mysterious manner, up the chimney, when his eye caught sight of the bell-boy, standing outside the door.

"Say, boy, do you know where Mr. Short is, who occupied this room."

"Sure, sir, he must be in Portland," said the boy, with a grin, "he left in the seven o'clock train, and it's twelve now."

The Sheriff glanced at his watch. "Yes, but whose boots are those at the door."

"These." said the boy, taking them up; "these be Mr. James Pines's boots, here's his name on the lining."

And so it was, and the officers had never thought to look in them.

"Are ye afraid any one would stale 'em, that ye sit by 'em so," asked the waiter, maliciously.

The sheriff made no answer, but strode out of the room, sending the boots aside with a vigorous kick as he passed toward the staircase. When he was half way down, he was stopped by the voice of the bell-boy, who, leaning over the bannister, called out,

"Sir just a moment, plaze."

"Would ye tell me, plaze, how much it is Mr. Pines pays an hour for the watchin' av his boots?"

The sheriff vouchsafed only an indignant "humph," and passed on. He and his deputy had passed out upon the front steps of the house when another waiter, running after him, tapped him on the shoulder with the message that the hotel clerk wished to speak with him. Hastening back with the thought that he was to hear something respecting his lost game, he was met with a bland smile by the clerk, who remarked,

"I b'lieve you forgot this little bill."

"Little bill! What little bill?"

The clerk presented a paper bearing the pictoral representation of the Tremont, and beneath which was the charge,

Stephen Grabem, Esq.
To Proprietors Tremont House, Dr.
Lodging..........................$1.00.

"Do you mean to say that you intend charging me a dollar for my man's sitting up in a chair here all night?" said the officer of the law, red and irritated.

"Can't tell how he passed the night, all I know is that we gave him lodging, and one dollar's our price," replied the clerk icily.

"Say, Charley, have you seen my old boots?" asked a gentleman at this juncture who appeared to be *accidentally* standing near. I've missed 'em from my room. I hope some one has kept an eye on 'em, for I would rather give a dollar than lose 'em."

"Ah! right, the boots is safe, sure didn't the gintleman sit by 'em all night," answered the grinning waiter as the sheriff turned round.

"Ah! Grabem, good morning,—much obliged to you,—here, let me pay this lodging bill, for I prize those boots," said Jim Pines, as he took the slip of paper from the sheriff's hands, who stood staring at him.

"Mr. Pines, I give it up. I'm euchred," said the officer, "and that's the first pair of boots I ever knew that helped a man to run away without his being in 'em."

"Ah," said Jim, "there's nothing like leather when there's business afoot."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

YOUNG AMERICAN WONDERS.—I wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding his master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the schoolmistress when she was going to whip him; and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was!

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke!

Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without any supper every time I tell a lie!

☞ A countryman fell off a ferry-boat at Vicksburg, and his wife, waiting cooly until his head showed above the water, shouted, "There, durn yer, I known'd you'd do it! Bet yer never get out, either!"

ETHAN ALLEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER.—Ethan Allen's granddaughter, Mrs. Jemima Groves, was visiting in Springfield, last week, and the reporter of the *Union*, who called upon her, gives the following description of her appearance: "When Mrs. Groves came in, we saw a bright, active old lady, who walked about the room steadily, and without a cane. She is social and chatty, and a good party to a conversation. Her left eye and ear have lost their acuteness, but she still sees to read good print with glasses, and looks through a photograph album, recognizing the pictures of friends she has not seen for years, and that without spectacles. Alluding to the changes that have occurred during eighty years, she was asked if she thought the world was growing better or worse. She replied that each generation is probably wiser than the one before it, but she didn't think the world could grow wickeder, and called attention to the newspaper accounts of murders, robberies, and other tokens of depravity in proof of her position. Her father was a revolutionary soldier, and she remembers his return from the war. She was born at Sturbridge in September, 1774. She was married when twenty-four years old, and had eight sons and a daughter. All but one of her children reached a good old age and five are now living. Her youngest son is a venerable, gray haired man. Her husband died in 1840. Her father died at the age of eighty-four and her mother at fifty-two. Her childhood was spent in Sturbridge, her married life mostly in Brimfield, and recently she lived in Clarkson and Sweden, N. Y. She is now on her way to Brimfield, to spend so much of the next century as God wills, with her daughter, Mrs. Eudosia Howard. When asked if she intended to visit Philadelphia, during the Centennial, she replied that she was tired of travelling, and then spoke of the Bunker Hill celebration in a way that showed she had taken much interest in it though she was not present. She still has a great desire to be busy about something, and her sewing is said to be straight in the seams, and even the stitching, and puts to shame many a young Dorcas of to-day. A gentleman offered her $5 if she would complete a pair of knitted gloves for him on the day she finished her 100th year, and she complied with the conditions and took the money. She has seen two eras of paper money and inflation. She has knitted another pair of gloves, this year, and insists upon waiting on herself and even of doing some of her own washing.

CLAIRVOYANCE EXTRAORDINARY.—One day, last week, a lady stated in the dry goods store of John Harrington & Co., that she had lost her wallet in that establishment. Lost wallets are not rare things in the store, and the rule is to pass them to the cashier's desk as soon as found. Nothing had been seen of the wallet in question, and after careful search the lady was politely informed that it could not be found and might possibly have been mislaid elsewhere. But she was positive, and so sought the office of a neighboring clairvoyant. The obliging investigator of two or three worlds at once located that wallet in the pocket of a clerk in the store of John Harrington & Co., and with her visitor sought that establishment. Taking the clerk one side, the clairvoyant very generously informed him that he had better confess and restore the wallet to its rightful owner and not cause any trouble. The clerk stoutly insisted that he had nothing to confess and no property of a stolen nature to restore, and quite a warm argument followed between the two parties. Meanwhile, the lady who had lost the wallet, had been searching in other stores, had found her property in one of them, and returned to find the debate still in progress. She announced its recovery, and that clairvoyant wished she was enjoying a clam-bake at Downer's, or a fish dinner at Nahant, ere she had made her wonderful discovery. The clerk suggested to the clairvoyant that if she had been a type of Adam instead of a type of Eve, he should have taken a social delight in following Humpty Dumpty's theory of "putting a head" on the cause of such an insult, with the added ornament of a couple of "tin ears," if that shining metal was to be had at reasonable prices in the markets of the Hub. The moral for lady shoppers who lose wallets is plain.—*Globe.*

☞ All newspaper men know Mr. W. D. Thomas press agent of Barnum's Hippodrome, and it is to him that the great showman owes the entire fulfilment of his contract at St. Louis. There being no Donaldson to send up, Mr. Thomas volunteered his services for a balloon ascension. As the undertaking was an experimental one with him, he very properly and considerately refused to allow any one to accompany him, but ventured out into space alone. He ascended to an altitude of 5000 feet, and made quite a trip, though when he got ready to come down he had to trust to luck for a landing place. Fortune stood his friend, however, and he descended safely in a swampy spot near a settlement of colored persons, whose superstitious natures were so worked upon by the unwonted and unexpected apparition, that it was scarcely possible to induce them to touch the balloon or to assist the aeronaut in securing it. Mr. Thomas, however, has a persuasive tongue, which he used to such good effect that he finally convinced the frightened darkies that he was not a messenger from a better or a worse world, but of the earth earthy, and as mere a mortal as they were. Thus the aerial steed was stabled and safely sheltered from harm, and the daring rider retired to bed to dream of the wonders of the upper air. In the morning he caused the collapsed concern to be conveyed to the railroad and took the first convenient train for St. Louis.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?—This question makes the mind homeless. Do right and fear no one; thou mayst be sure that with all thy consideration for the world thou wilt never satisfy the world. But if thou goest straight forward on thy way, not concerning thyself with the friendly or unfriendly glances of men, then thou hast conquered the world, and it is subject to thee. By heeding the question "What will people say?" thou becomest subject to the world.—*Auerbach.*

MINNESOTA FOR HEALTH.—A lady came from Detroit, Mich., and her great pride was being an invalid. She lost no opportunity in stating that she came to Minnesota to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into a conversation with any person she came in contact with, giving advice, climatological or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry, so common to visitors, "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at the dinner table of the Metropolitan a few days since and the following dialogue ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs, in fact my bones were but little toucher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and you lived?"

"I did, miss, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word and dependent upon others for every thing, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since, hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case!" said the lady, "but do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends sir?"

"Indeed I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with severe illness during the time of my greatest prostration."

"How sad! Pray what was your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk, that being the only food my system would bear. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life-giving properties of Minnesota air, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvment dated from my arrival. My limbs became strong, my sight and voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared."

"Remarkable–miraculous! Surely, sir, you must have been reduced in flesh?"

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota. Good day."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

☞ A young man was recently persuaded to go from New York to San Francisco on the representation that in the latter place he could find plenty of work. He went, but was not long in seeing that there were a host of unemployed persons there as elsewhere. Accordingly, instead of joining the waiting gang he took off his broadcloth coat and went to a hotel where mechanics were at work and asked for a chance to paint. The superintendent inquired if he was a practical painter, saying if so, he would employ him, as he needed more men. The youth had to confess that he had never done a day's mechanical work in his life. As told his whole story, however, and in conclusion said: "I suppose I could putty." The superintendent, liking his pluck and recognizing his real desire for *something* to do, gave him a trial and ended by employing him at $3 a day. That is the kind of spirit that becomes a man who is actually needy, and it is the kind of spirit, too, that prevents a man from being a beggar or a tramp.

☞ The poor (?) druggist is not wholly to blame! As may be judged from the following misnomer, he has a very reasonable excuse for the errors which often occur in putting up prescriptions. Just think of "tin cints worth of red Mississippi state" being demanded; you ponder a moment and put up "red precipitate." Calls for "crochet powders" are frequent and easily filled; while "opodeldoc" metaphorphosed into "opodiddledoc" is rather harder and more pleasing. "Cupids" (cubebs) are in active demand, and the call for "cardinal seeds" seems to indicate that a new crop was desired. These are a few of the mistakes made by the customers; while of the druggists' own mistakes—we will say nothing.—*Waltam Free Press.*

☞ A man must not only desire to be right, he must be right. You may say "I wish to send this ball so as kill the lion crouching yonder, ready to spring upon me. My wishes are all right, and I hope Providence will direct the ball." Providence won't. You must do it; and if you do not, you are a dead man.

☞ Considerate father—"You should eat Graham bread, my son; it makes bone." Responsible youth—"H'm, I'm 'bout all bones, now."

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Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
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Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
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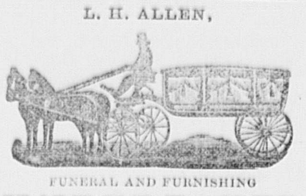

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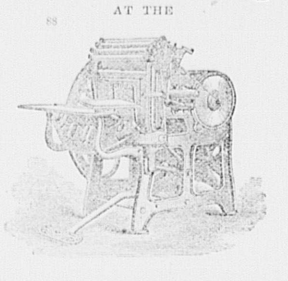

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875. NO 47.

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PLANTS
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CUT FLOWERS and Floral Designs
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Hardy Trees and Shrubs.
Grape Vines, Strawberry and Vegetable Plants, Rustic Furniture, Baskets, &c.

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Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at shor notice. 4

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are effectually destroyed by the use of
Parsons & Co.'s Exterminator!
20 All dealers in medicine have it.
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Poetry.

HARDLY EARNED.

To her humble room at last returned
To seek for the rest so hardly earned,
The poor little teacher has come.
She has patiently worked the long, long day,
To read and to spell she has taught the way.
And unravelled many a sum.

She has guided the strokes of tiny hands,
Traced winding rivers through foreign lands,
Till all the lessons were said;
And the evening hour is here once more,
That comes at last when labor is o'er,
The weary struggle for bread.

The heights of knowledge are hard to reach,
And the tiny heads that she tries to teach,
How stupid they sometimes seem!
Her heart is weary with toil and care,
And the aching head lies helpless there,
Watching the fire-light's gleam.

The shadows fall on the tired eyes,
The hand of sleep on her eyelids lies—
There is rest for the toiler now;
The cheerful kettle its story speaks,
The fire-light plays on the pallid cheeks,
Peace falls on the care-worn brow.

No friend or lover is waiting near,
No lips to kiss her, no voice to cheer,
Only the Angel of Sleep;
He comes to quiet the sorrowful moan
Of the woman-heart that is all alone,
And his gentle watch to keep.

Harpers Weekly.

Selected.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

I happened to pass a corner the other day just as Mr. Kennedy struck Mr. Thomas a left-hander on the nose. I saw the blow struck; I saw Mr. Thomas fall; I saw blood; I even halted and explained to Mr. Kennedy how a man could get along in this world without either fighting or running.

Mr. Kennedy was arrested. It was right enough to arrest him. If a man argues with another man, knocks him down to enforce his particular views, and doesn't exhibit a meek and lowly spirit after his fit of anger has passed away, it is but right that he should be arrested.

His Honor the Judge made me take a solemn oath to tell the truth. He might have judged from my looks that I would tell a deliberate lie about a one-horse knock-down, or perhaps he hoped I would perjure myself, and give him a chance to send me to State prison for five or ten years.

The counsel for the prosecution then wanted to know what my name was. I had lived next door to him for eleven years, but he suddenly suspected that I might be John Smith or William Patterson. After I had satisfied him that my name was my name he wanted to know if I lived in Detroit. He could have walked from the court to my house blindfolded, but he persisted in his question. Then he wanted to know if I lived in "Detroit, County of Wayne, State of Michigan." He seemed to suspect that the name of the county had been changed, and that I didn't know whether I lived in Michigan or Ohio, but I satisfied him.

All this didn't use up but half an hour's time, and then he wanted to know if I saw the difficulty between Kennedy and Thomas. I was quite sure I saw it, but he didn't seem to be. He wanted to know if I saw the blow struck; if I was certain I saw it; if there was more than one blow; if there were three blows; if there was any kicking; and after another half hour he seemed to believe that I had seen some part of the difficulty, if not all of it.

The counsel for the defence had been impatiently waiting, and as soon as I was turned over to him he began:

"You say your name is Quad?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want the jury to remember that! And you say you live in Detroit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let the jury remember that this witness says he lives in Detroit!" exclaimed the attorney as he gave me a fierce look. He made a note of the fact himself, and then continued:

"Now, sir, do you own the house you live in?"

"Yes, sir."

"You hear that, gentlemen!" he said, turning to the jury. "Now, sir, is there a mortgage on that house?"

"N——"

"I object!" said the counsel for the prosecution, suddenly springing up.

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, I do. I can't see what bearing this question has on the case."

"Well, your honor," replied the other lawyer, facing the desk, "the question is a vital one—a hinge question. We expect that the answer to that question will decide the innocence of my client."

His honor leaned back as if the fate of kingdoms depended on his decision, and the lawyers read from the Twelfth Michigan report, the Seventeenth Massachusetts, the Ninth New York, the Eleventh Vermont, and one or two others, and for an hour and a half the case was put aside. They finally got through, and the court decided that I need not answer that question. It was then noon, and the court adjourned until two o'clock.

When the court opened in the afternoon the lawyer resumed the cross-examination by asking:

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-two."

"Thirty-two! Didn't you tell me this morning that you were fifty-five?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't eh?"

"No, sir."

"Remember, sir, you are on your oath! Be careful, sir! Now answer me, aren't you forty years old?"

"No, sir."

He noted the answer down and then asked:

"Haven't you been arrested for manslaughter?"

"Never."

"What? Remember, sir, you are on your oath!"

"I never was."

"Were you ever engaged in a riot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! you were, eh? Let the jury make a note of that. This case is becoming interesting, and before we get through with it we'll make the prosecution open their eyes! Now, then, when was the riot?"

"In 1870."

"And where?

"In La Crosse."

"Tell the jury what started it, what part you took, and the sentence of the court in your case."

"We hung a lawyer to a lamp post for —for—"

"What!" he yelled, shaking his fist, "am I to be insulted by this witness, your Honor?"

The two attorneys then brought in another pile of law books, and after arguing for an hour the Court decided that the defence had no right to ask me the question.

The cross-examination was then resumed by his asking:

"You say you saw this difficulty?"

"Yes, sir."

"You swear to that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say that the plaintiff struck the defendant first?"

"No, sir; it was the other way."

"Now, sir, look me in the eye and tell me which man struck first."

"The defendant."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look out, Mr. Quad, you are under oath, and if you swear to a lie the punishment will not be less than one year in State Prison. Do you say that my client here kicked the defendant in the stomach?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, I thought my warning would touch you. So my client didn't kick the plaintiff?"

"No, sir."

"Nor bite him?"

"No, sir."

"Nor hit him with a club?"

"No, sir."

"Nor draw a revolver on him?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's all, Mr. Quad—that's all. Oh! by the way, did you ever have a fight with my client?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you threaten to shoot him about a year ago?"

"No, sir."

As I was the only witness, the lawyers at once went to business, and on the third day after the suit commenced the case was given to the jury, and the jury promptly cleared the defendant, possibly on the ground that I never voted for Andrew Jackson.—*Hearth and Home.*

☞ Gen. Fitz John Porter, who holds the chief office in the New York Board of Public Works, gives his opinion decidedly in favor of water metres, as against the system of faucets, or of establishing rates without measurement. He says:—

"The water works which supply New York exceed in extent and excellence those of any other city in the world, and send into the city even more water than enters the water ways of London, in spite of the fact that the population of London is nearly four-fold that of New York. Yet for emergencies this city to-day has no spare water.

"The only effectual way of stopping water waste, in my opinion, is to make a charge for the water actually used by each consumer. This is also the only just method. It has often been tried, and always with satisfactory results. In Liverpool, for example, in 14 districts, the comparison between the constant supply service with metres and the same without metres, showed an average use per head, without metres, of 33.55 gallons per day, while with the metres only 13.32 gallons per day were used. Our present water supply, under metre measurement, would suffice for the population of the next quarter of a century."

THE OLDEST PRINTER IN GEORGIA.—Mr. Marshchalk, of the Cartersville, (Ga) *Standard*, says: I am, I think, the oldest printer in the State, though only fifty-eight. In fact, I was born a printer. I am not joking. From reliable information I am able to assure you that I was born within two feet of a printing press, and that as soon as I was wrapped in "swaddling clothes" my father spread some blankets upon the bed of the press, and laying me upon them, said he would christen me a printer—the bed of the press was my cradle, and my earliest recollection is of standing on a box in front of a case with a stick in my hand. I was so young that I have no recollection when I began to set type. It seems to me that I always knew how.

A BAD SPELL.—The Salem *Register* says the other day a sailor called at the post office and asked for a letter for Orris Habit. The clerk inquired whether he spelled his name with an H or an O. He replied that he did. After a diligent search a letter was found directed to Horace Abbott, and the man went on his way grumbling at the stupidity of post-office people.

☞ A man rushed breathlessly into a lawyer's office in St. Paul, and approaching the legal luminary, excitedly remarked, "A man has tied a coop to my horse's tail. Can I do anything?" "Yes," replied the attorney, "go and untie it." That was good advice and didn't cost the man but five dollars.

☞ A Boston paper speaks of a boy who was "suppositionably drowned seven years ago."

MADAME SCANDAL.

A long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple whose time had passed away, since youth, in the every day round of a farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling towards each other, since the good old time when good old Parson Heriot had united them in holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of far and near as the happiest pair in England. Now the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called "a fuss in the family" between these old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being too late or the old woman to give a single curtain lecture.

After repeated efforts, the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless have given up in despair. One day as he walked along in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old lady, a neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop on the way and chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so bad this morning. Isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but (and he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab-apple tree), old Blueford and his wife over here are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example; and after trying four years to induce them to do right, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The hag stood a moment in deep thought.

"Are you sure you have tried everyway?"

"Everyway I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to old Blueford's house, and found Mrs. Blueford busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual complimenta had passed, the following dialogue took place.

"Well, friend B., you and Mr. B have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years, coming November," replied Mrs. B.

"All this time you have never had a quarrel?"

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag. "I consider it my duty to warn you, though, this is the case, you must not expect it to be always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Blueford.

"I knew it," continued the hag; "and let me warn you to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as how she should manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long, harsh, hair growing under the chin on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These are the cause of the trouble, and as long as they remain, you had better look out.—Now as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble, and as long as they remain, you had better look out."

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness passed between him and the old woman.

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty as a Christian to warn you to be on your guard; for I tell you your wife intends your ruin.

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself on a bed in perplexity, and feigning himself asleep, studied the matter over in his mind. His wife thinking a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was, so between the two, she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs, instead of cutting them off. Mr. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what had been told him and seeing this, he could not doubt but that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So from that time there was a jaw, jaw, quarreling and a wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the faithful emissary, and sent her word if she would meet him at the end of the lane, at a certain time, he would pay her the shoes. At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on a pole and standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was very much pleased with them —they were exactly the article.

"But there is one thing, Mr. D., I would like to have explained, that is, why you hand them to me on a stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he, "and one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet to me." So saying he fled in terror.

After a while the old woman died, and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions, the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might dethrone him, as she was much his superior. So the old woman is yet condemed to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you know her name?

It is Madam Scandal. When she died the young Scandals were left orphans, but the Devil in consideration of past services done by the mother, adopted them, and so you see he is father to that respectable class called *scandal-mongers.*

Reader, don't you know some of the family.

"A DEN OF THIEVES."—Mr. James J. H. Gregory, the well known seed man of Marblehead, in a recent communication to the Boston *News*, chdracturizes the Boston Post Office as a "*Den of Thieves*," and he adduces strong reasons for making such a strong assertion. Read what he says:

"Last season I sent to Representative Williams, member of the committee on Post roads, a list of thirteen hundred and seventy-two letters to my address, that had been stolen within a period of four or five months. In addition to this vast number, two hundred and twenty-six letters containing P. O. orders were stolen during the same period. As sixty-eight thousand (68,000) were received during this period, it will be seen that the loss is nearly 2 1-2 per cent. of the correspondence. I have not by me the number of letters stolen the present season, but an inference may be drawn from the fact that thus far, between January 1, 1875, and May 20, I have had to apply for four hundred and sixteen duplicate money orders to replace an equal number stolen. It is doubtless true that a very small fraction of these letters were lost through the fault of the senders, but "stolen" is the word for the great mass, and nine-tenths of the thefts are by post-office officials.

My business extends over all the United States, and hence my losses are not confined to one distributing office, but I am satisfied from an examination of the names and the towns from which these lost letters were sent, and from the fact that towards the close of the season when my business is mostly confined to New England, the proportion of letters stolen noticeably increases, that of all offices my letters pass through, the Boston post-office is the great thieving den.

As I warrant all letters to reach me, provided sums greater than one dollar are sent in post-office orders, registered letters or cashier's checks, correspondents who follow my direction incur no risk, and my individual losses are confined to the sums of the value of one dollar and under, but the aggregate of these small sums is over two thousand dollars a year a very great strain on any business. This extensive thieving has compelled me to employ a clerk whose sole business is to attend to this as a special department.

But the direct pecuniary loss is not the only one. The terrible derangement of correspondence, the great injury to reputation among the masses who are ignorant of the facts of the case; and in my business of seedsman, the utter impossibility of preventing immense losses to individuals who at times learn to late for their season's planting, that their order, for the filling of which they have waited for weeks, never reached its destination. The sum of these indirect losses cannot be estimated. The wear and tear of anxiety because of these rascalities and the sense of wrong and indignation consequent thereon, make the most disagreeable feature of the seed business. Instances are by no means rare where the same individual has written three letters in succession, and all have been stolen in the process of transmission. At times men have made journeys of hundreds of miles because they could not get a letter to reach me; others more shrewd have had to register ordinary business letters after having sent several in vain. The rascals soon learn under what address to look for money.

I have always met with courtesy when making complaint of losses, and I believe that under the present stupid system the detectives of the department do their best, but the system of appointment is radically defective, *the antecedents of applicants, as a rule, have not been thoroughly investigated.*

I have heard a detective declare that he knew of persons in places of responsibility in the Post-office department that, were they in his employ, he would not trust beyond his sight. The whole department system is wronged; foremost give the matter of investigating the antecedents into the hands of the detectives *before appointments are made*, and not allow, as at present, rogues to enter as clerks and then set detectives to catch them. The United States has erected a magnificent building in Boston, but when I enter the Post-office department I can but feel indignation that means of detecting thieving were so generally lost sight of in the planning, and that such elegance and grandeur should be desecrated by so many plunderers of the public. Let others praise the elegance and grandeur of the building; personally, I feel more inclined to see in it a den of thieves."

☞ A man in Newcastle, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

The little village of E——, was one of the many mining towns in the interior of California, and in this village dwelt Dr. Hammond and his family. They were noted for their kind hospitality, and the interest they took in the general welfare of the village.

So it very often happened that their only daughter Artie was the belle of many social parties. There it was that she repeatedly met a young man by the name of Charles Bavey, and his fancy for Miss Artie's pretty face, blue eyes, and dark brown curls, kept him constantly at her side.

But what I was going to tell you was this—that the doctor had made up his mind to spend the summer up near Lake Tahoe, so he could have a fine time hunting and fishing during the heated term and, as a matter of course he wanted to take his family with him, for he could not think of leaving them down there in the terrible heat of summer.

Now Artie did not like this idea at all, so after having a good cry about it, she came into the parlor where Mrs. Hammond sat and said:

"Now, mamma, this is too bad; just to think of us going away off up into the mountains, where we can't see anything but Indians and sage brush. I shall die, mamma, I know I shall, if you take me away up there."

"I? No, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, gently, "and to tell the truth, Artie, I shall be glad to get away off up there, where you can't do so much running around. I am about sick of this going all the time."

"Well, I am not," said Miss Artie, with an independent toss of her pretty head, as she went off to the window. She had not been there long before she saw some one coming up the lane which led to the house. Then she turned to her mother and said:

"O, mamma, Charlie Bavey is coming here."

"Yes, just as I expected; you can't think of anything but Charlie Bavey now," said Mrs. Hammond, as she left the room.

She soon heard Artie and Charlie talking very low together, so she began to wonder what they were saying, and finally she went to the door to listen. She heard Charlie say:

"Yes, darling, I will come with the buggy just at dark to-morrow, so we can go and get married in a very short time. Your folks won't think of such a thing until it's too late."

"But Charlie, suppose papa won't forgive us," said Artie.

"Oh there's no danger but he will; and you'll go, won't you Artie? Only think what a heavy, lonesome life it will be without you, darling."

As Artie looked up into a pair of very loving hazel eyes she said:

"Yes Charlie,"

"Now, good night, darling, and by this time to-morrow night you'll be my darling little wife."

Saying this, Charlie kissed her and was gone.

Now, as Mrs. Hammond had been listening all the time she heard everything Charlie said. So she said to herself, ironically:

"Your dear little wife by this time tomorrow night. Oh yes, we'll see about that."

But when Artie came out, her mother was sitting at the table sewing. She looked up and asked:

"Well Artie has Charlie gone?"

"Yes, mamma," was all that she said, as she left the room.

The next day passed off, at last, and just at dark a buggy drove up at the front gate.

"Now," thought Mrs. Hammond, "I'll show them a trick that's worth two of theirs."

So she put on Artie's cloak and hat, and ran down to the gate. A gentleman very gallantly helped her into the buggy, but never spoke a word.

"Well," thought she "he's afraid to speak for fear Artie's father and mother will hear him. Ahem!"

So away they went, and Mrs. Hammond sat there thinking what a trick she had played on Artie by running away with Charlie. Then she began to wonder if this was the way he treated Artie when they went out riding; and next what the doctor would say? But what puzzled her the most was they were going in an opposite direction from what she expected. So at last she said:

"Well, Charlie, hadn't we better go home?"

Imagine her surprise to hear the doctor's voice answer.

"What! Maggie, is this you? what in the name of all that's good, bad, or different, are you doing here?"

"Oh, doctor, I thought it was Charlie!"

"Well, I'd like to know where you were going with Charlie at this time of night?"

"Indeed, and I'd like to know who you thought you had in here if not me?" asked Mrs. Hammond.

"Indeed! I thought it was Artie!"

"And what in the world ever put such a notion into your head as to take Artie out at this time of night?"

"Well, the fact of it is, Maggie, as I sat on the porch last evening I overheard Charlie and Artie talking about running off and getting married, so I thought I'd just save Charlie the trouble, and take Artie out for a ride. I began to think she was keeping very still."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Hammond, "that's just what I heard, and my object in going with Charlie was the same as yours in taking Artie off."

"We are a couple of pretty fools to be eloping in this way; here we are home again."

Saying this the doctor helped his wife out of the buggy, and then went into the house. One glance at the empty room convinced them that Artie had gone, they could have easily guessed where. So they made up their minds to make the best of it, and wait for the runaways to come home.

The next morning when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bavey came home to implore forgiveness for running off to get married, they could not understand the mischievous twinkle in Dr. Hammonds eyes, as he readily forgave them, and said:

"Certainly, children, I ran off with your mother once and didn't know it."

Charlie and Artie looked from one to another and asked:

"How? When? Where?"

The doctor only laughed and shook his head as though the story was too good to tell and that was all they could get out of him.

THE THRIFTLESS UNEMPLOYED.—While much stress is being laid upon the general dullness of the times and the difficulty of obtaining work by many who are idle, the fact is not to be ignored that many of these idlers evince a shiftlessness and lack of disposition to work when work is offered them. Some farmer or other man of business has a job of work to be done, and hearing that many men are idling away their time lounging about at the corners and elsewhere for want of employment, he walks out with the purpose and expectation of securing the first unemployed man he holds a conversation with. He observes a man who is ostensibly waiting for, and eager to fairly snap at the first offer of work made to him. He makes known his object and offers him a price that might be deemed liberal, considering the number of competitors for such jobs everywere abounding. To the surprise of the farmer, his offer is not responded to with the eagerness he expected. The man tries to bargain for a greater price, or finds fault with the nature of the job, it either being not the kind he would like, or will not hold out long enough; as, for instance, if the offer be a job at cutting hay, the man objects because it is not a steady job—a three months job, or some other kind of a job. And so the seeker for an employe goes from man to man with a like fruitless result; while these same seekers for employment continue to be seekers week after week, if they can be called seekers who will neither ask for work nor accept it when offered them. We are not speaking exclusively of tramps, however true of them these remarks may be, but of another class, residents among us, and some of them having families dependent on them. The simple truth concerning such fellows is that they do not want work, preferring laziness and thriftlessness and total or partial support from the public, and in some cases ekeing out a living on the wages of their children earned in factories. Now and then one of these fellows gets complained of as a vagabond, and is put to work in the service of the State for awhile, so that the public in the end gets backs a trifle of what the fellow has already cost them. But these instances are so rare as practically to amount to nothing as an offset to the evil, which, in connection with the tramp nuisance, is getting to be so serious as to demand the application of more efficient remedies than have yet been provided. Would that we had some Rumford among us to utilize every beggar and shiftless idler, converting them into useful and industrious members of the community. But though Rumford is dead, his system was not a secret, and did not die with him. If the kingdom of Bavaria was able to make so much out of it, why cannot his own native state derive some benefit from it, or at least a few useful hints?—*Malden Mirror.*

LADDERS.—Did you ever see a person carry a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or it may be he puts his head between the rounds, and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and, having it nicely balanced, walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object in a crowded street. He looks at the end before him; but the end behind he cannot see. If he moves the front end to get out of the way of a person, away goes the rear end just as far in the opposite direction, and the slightest turn of his body—only a few inches—will give the ends a sweep of several feet, and those in the way may look for bruised hat and bumped heads, while the window-glass along the street is in constant danger from the unseen rear end of the ladder.

When a small boy I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said, very quietly:

"Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you always to remember—that is, a ladder has two ends."

I have never forgotton that, though many, many years have gone; and I never see a man carrying a ladder or other long thing but what I remember the two ends. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting 'fast' habits I think he only sees one end of that ladder.

☞ "Johnny, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms, receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry now." "Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice, "my father knows how much I can carry." How low it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny had by heart! "Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontent, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we will not be overburdened. Our Heavenly Father never lays a burden upon us we cannot bear. So we will trust him, as little Johnny did his father.

A TEA-VENDER'S MISTAKE.—A good story is told of a certain tea peddler, who lives not a hundred miles from Napanee, and who was pushing his vocation in the back country. Having called on a poor woman and asked her to purchase a box of tea, she told him she was not able to pay for it, whereupon he proposed to take the baby that lay in the cradle in exchange for it; and, she at once consenting, he took the baby and left the tea, thinking the woman would soon follow. When he came to the next house he told what he had done, and was informed that the baby did not belong to the woman, but had only been left with her the night before. He then concluded to return the child, but had to give the woman another box of tea to get her to take it back. He says he'll not buy any more babies.—*Toronto Globe.*

MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.—The late Samuel Brown, Esq., a merchant of this city, Pesident of the Union Bank and the owner of "Brown's" wharf and of a large amount of real estate now the property of the Boston Gas Light Company, is still remembered by our older citizens. When the elder Quincy was Mayor, with his wonderful sagacity he saw the necessity of moving the Almshouse and House of Correction (then on Leverett street) to South Boston. Mr. Brown owned a very large vacant estate where these buildings now stand, and Mr. Quincy called upon him and stated his purpose to induce the city government to remove the institutions to South Boston, and asked the price of the estate referred to. The reply was $30,000. Mr. Quincy said that would do, and asked thirty days refusal and a bond of it, in order to endeavor to persuade the City Council to agree to the measure. Mr. Brown replied that he should give no bond, as he said his *word* was his *bond* always. The Mayor took his *word*, and in 23 days had obtained the proper authority, and again waited on Mr. Brown, saying that he had come to complete the sale of that land.

"What land?" said Mr. Brown.

"Why, the South Boston land we spoke of," said the Mayor.

"At what price, sir?" asked the former.

"Thirty thousand dollars," replied the latter, "the price agreed upon."

"Did I say that amount, sir?"

"You did."

"Have you any writing to that effect?'

"No, sir, none."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "since you were here I have been offered $60,000 cash for it, and can you expect me to sell it for $30,000 to the city?"

"I do," replied Mr. Quincy, "because you agreed to."

"Have you any proof of that?"

"Yes, I am the witness."

"But you, being an interested party, can't be a witness. Have you any other witness or proof, and do you ask me to refuse $60,000 for the land and sell it to the city for $30,000?"

"I do."

"You have no bond for it, have you, Mr. Quincy?"

"None, sir, whatever," replied the Mayor, stretching himself up with great dignity,—"none whatever but your *word*, and that you said was your *bond.*"

"And," replied Mr. Brown, stretching himself up with equal dignity, "so it is. My word is my bond, and for $30,000 the land is yours."

And it was. The buildings were erected upon that estate, and there they stand, a monument to Mr. Samuel Brown's mercantile integrity.

To-day that land is worth millions of dollars to this city. Can any person but feel proud of this instance of sterling integrity? In those times $30,000 was a fortune, but the world could not bid high enough to bribe Samuel Brown to a mean action.—*Traveller.*

HOW SHE KNEW IT.—A West Washington street man went home from a day's meandering down town, as usual, the other night, and was met at the door by his wife with the customary kiss. Thinking what a nice, blessed little body she was, he hung his hat on a nail, and was about to return to her side, when he beheld that a great change had come over the spirit of her dreams. She looked as one to whom had come a revelation, while her face and attitude gave evidence that a great gulf had suddenly become fixed between them as man and wife.

"Wha—wha—what's the matter?" he asked, misgivingly.

"John Henderson," said she "didn't you tell me you would give up smoking, if I'd go without a new bonnet this year?"

"I did," was the reply; "tha-that s-moke you smell I got from sitting with a man——"

"None of your lies to me, John Henderson," interrupted his spouse.

"Let me ex——"

"No, I won't let you explain any of your mean, dastardly falsehoods," said she, choking with the sense of the great wrong she had suffered.

"But I hain't lit a——"

"That will do," said she; and then she twisted one of John's pants legs around so that he could see for himself, and pointing to a dozen long white marks up and down the thigh she asked with triumph in her eye:

"Do you pretend to say them wasn't made with matches?"

The next day Mrs. Henderson asked her husband for some money to get a bonnet with, and he gave it to her; but he doesn't strike his matches on his pantaloons any more when he wants to light a cigar.—*Chicago Journal.*

WHAT AN ASTRONOMER CAN DO.—Professor Simon Newcomb, in a letter to the New York *Tribune* on the present needs of astronomical science, says:—"Place an astronomer on board a ship; blindfold him; carry him by any route to any ocean on the globe, whether under the burning tropics or in the frigid zone; land him on the wildest rock that can be found, remove his bandage, and give him a chronometer regulated to Greenwich or Washington time, a transit instrument with the proper appliances, and the necessary books and tables, and in a single clear night he can tell his position within a hundred yards by observations of the stars."

☞ Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coolness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would have scarcely been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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TRAMPS.

The air is full of "tramp, tramp, tramp," so much so, that it is hardly safe to be found on foot outside the villages, lest the pedestrian be taken for a "tramp," and summarily dealt with. The professional tramp is a nuisance of the lowest type. Entirely irresponsible, estranged from friends and home, perhaps never having enjoyed either, he is the foe of the world. Expecting nothing but suspicion and ill treatment, he abuses every advantage given, and preys upon society as do savage beasts. How to treat him, is the great question for magistrates and others. The District Attorney has issued a circular to Selectmen as follows:—

> In view of the increasing dangers to persons and property, from the class of persons known as tramps, now infesting all our towns and cities, and committing so many daring crimes, I recommend that orders be given to Police Officers and Constables to arrest every such person at once, as a vagrant, under the provisions of Chap. 235, Acts of 1866. The arrest can be made without a warrant, and the party be taken before the proper magistrate or court for complaint, prosecution, and punishment. The provisions of law are ample, and if no tramp be allowed to go unarrested, the county may soon be rid of this growing and very dangerous class of criminals. Under Chap. 258, Acts of 1869, and amendments thereof, they should be sent to the State Work House, Bridgewater.
>
> GEO. STEVENS,
> Dist. Attorney.
>
> July 24, 1875.

This will do for the police, but what is the peaceable citizen to do? The tramp will very likely avoid the principal streets, where officers may be met, and will appear among the isolated homes of the town, where only the females or the children of the family may be encountered. The only protection these have is by excessive vigilance, and preventing if possible the entrance of these vagabonds. It is hard to refuse food to the hungry, but in nearly every case where tramps have entered houses, it has been on the pretence of a need of food. The custom prevalent in the retired parts of a town of leaving houses open while neighborly calls are made, should be abandoned, and houses secured when the occupants leave them. The prompt action of the authorities will do much to allay the evil, but it would be well if the ladies would imitate their mothers in the early days and their sisters of the frontier, and learn the use of arms sufficiently to protect themselves and their children from the inroads of these scamps. The tramp is often armed, but the determined action of an armed defender of a house is not the sight he yearns for, and it is seldom that he fails to retire before such a display.

As the season advances the pest will increase, and if a large percentage of the fraternity is arrested, what to do with them will be a problem. To fill our jails and poorhouses with them, and give them nothing to do, will be as bad as ever, for while we may have made them less dangerous we have saddled ourselves with their maintenance. There are many industries they might profitably be engaged in, and they be made to contribute toward their own support and to the general profit. It should not be, however, so pleasant a task that these fellows would seek it, but it might be sufficiently laborious to induce them to exhaust all other sources of work before allowing themselves to be captured and put on the public work. This problem is forced not only on the County but on the towns, for every man sent to Bridgewater entails an expense which ultimately we have to pay. In New Hampshire, where the new law is being enforced, they employ tramps on the town farms in breaking stone for macadamizing the roads, making brooms, peeling willows, &c. Something of this kind should be done here, and the idle vagabond made to work, and then we shall see the nuisance abated.

* * *

POMEROY.—The young fiend whom Gov. Gaston hesitates to hang, has written his autobiography, and it is now published in a neat pamphlet by J. A. Cummings & Co., 248 Washington Street, Boston, and sold by the newsmen for 15 cents. The book is the work of a shrewd, coolheaded villian, and will deceive no one but the sickly sentimentalists who would make him a hero.

* * *

BRIBERY.—In a late copy of the *Advertiser* the editor remarked that it had been intimated that some publishers in this town have received certain amounts as a consideration for the suppression of certain cases. The absence from its columns of the case of a Woburn man, which all the Boston papers noticed, is good ground for the opinion that Mark knows how it is himself.

* * *

ARTISTIC.—We have seen at Horton's some very fine pencil portraits drawn by Mr. H. W. Berthrong, an artist who has recently come to town, and now residing on Everett Street. Among the pictures are Dr. Wolgamott and wife, Collector Simmons, and Senator Boutwell, all good likenesses, and in execution equal to an engraving,

* * *

TAXES.—The Assessors have proceeded so far in their labors as to be able to announce the following statistics: Whole number of polls, 2700; total valuation, $8,741,043; gain from 1874, $85,467; rate on polls, $2.00; rate per thousand, $17.

BIG FAMILIES.—In the town of Washington, Berkshire Co., live a woman 57 years old, who has given birth to 25 children. In Newburyport lives another who is the mother of 26. But then she is 70 years old.

FIRE.—Sunday morning about two o'clock, the watchman at Simonds's factory discovered Maxwell's old shop on High Street, on fire, and blew an alarm. Hook and Ladder 1, Hose 1 and 5, and the Steamer were quickly on hand, and a second alarm brought in Hose 4 and 3. The building was all ablaze when the firemen arrived, but they attacked it with eight streams of water, only the roof and one gable falling in. The fire was the work of an incendiary, and it is a pity that the case was not investigated, and an effort made to detect the rascal. The building and a portion of the machinery was owned by John Maxwell. E. W. Corey, of Arlington, also owned some machinery. Maxwell had $5,000 insurance on building: Alliance, $2,000, and Citizens (N. J.), Exchange and Atlantic of New York and North Western, $1,000 each. The machinery was insured for $2,500: Exchange $1,500, Atlantic and North Western, $500 each. Corey had $1,400 on the machinery, at Conn's Ins. Agency. The shop has been recently run by Dodge & Fitzpatrick, who were furnished leather by E. W. Corey. The partners had some trouble and the stock was worked out. Saturday, the 24th ult., Mr. Corey and one of the partners, with two workmen, removed the balance of the stock in the night. The shop remained empty during the week, and was burned as stated above. An attempt to fire it was made several weeks ago, but did not succeed. No suspicion attaches to any one, so far as we can learn, but the affair is mysterious. A watchman in a neighboring tannery says he saw a light passing about in the burned building, a short time before the alarm was given, and several persons heard a sound like the discharge of a gun just before the breaking out of the fire.

The sparks from the fire ignited the roof of a house on Mt. Pleasant street, occupied by E. D. Layton. It was extinguished before much damage was done.

* * *

ACCIDENTS.—While opening a chuck gate at a hydrant Sunday morning, Warner Parker, of Hose 1, had his fingers jammed.

J. R. Hamilton, of Hose 5, was knocked down by the Highland Hose carriage, while laying a second line of hose, Sunday morning, and the wheels passed over his fingers. He escaped with a few bruises.

H. L. Andrews, clerk of Hose 5, fell while at work at the fire Sunday morning, and cut his hand.

While on his way to the fire Sunday morning, A. S. Leslie fell into a culvert on the railroad, and sustained some heavy bruises.

On Tuesday, Bertie Clarke, son of Prof. W. H. Clarke, visiting with his grandmother, fell off the hay mow in the barn and broke his arm. The arm was broken in the same place a few weeks ago.

Patrick Smith, living on Spring Street, and in the employ of P. W. Kinney & Co. had the bones of his hand badly crushed in a glassing jack on Tuesday.

On Thursday, the driver of Clement's ice team, while attempting to chuck the wheel of his wagon on High street, had the thumb of his left hand badly jammed.

* * *

SLEEPY.—No. 2 did not respond to the alarms last Sunday morning, as they were not heard in North Woburn. The story is told, but we do not vouch for it, that a member of the company boarding down town went up to meet Hose 2. He was at New Bridge Hill when the second alarm was blown, but found no one up in the village. He cried "fire" several times, and took out the carriage, but getting no help closed the house and went home. As the gong was heard in Reading, Stoneham, East Woburn and Cummingsville, it must be that in North Woburn after the day's "fitful fever they sleep well."

* * *

BOATING ACCIDENT.—Last Friday a party that was sailing on the Connecticut river, near Agawam, capsized on account of the overloading of the boat. In the party was Misses Annie Davis, Susie and Lillie DeLoreia of Woburn. Two boys witnessed the accident, and giving the alarm to a picnic party near by, they were saved. No harm was done but a severe fright, and a thorough drenching.

* * *

PARK STREET.—The debris has been partially removed from the old Baptist church site, and the western boundary of Park street staked out. The width of the street can now be seen, and if the corner was off, as it should be, the street would be greatly improved. Work will be commenced on the street next week.

* * *

CRUELTY.—Dr. Carl H. Kylander, veterinary surgeon, was arrested for cruelty to his horse "Yellow Boy." There were two complaints for driving a disabled horse. He was tried before Judge Converse, and fined $10 and costs on one, and $5 and costs on the other.

* * *

NEW BAKERY.—Dearborn & Estabrook, both practical bakers, have leased the building 219 Main street, and are putting in ovens for a bakery. C. F. White does the mason work. The ovens are to be so constructed as to use coal for fuel rather than faggots.

* * *

☞ The tone of the Waters' Pianos are rich, mellow and sonorous; they possess great volume of sound, and the continuation of sound or "singing" power is one of their most marked features.—*New York Times.*

* * *

SLIGHT FIRE.—Saturday evening the roof of the Iron Foundry caught fire from the chimney, and a small hole was burned through. The workmen had not left the foundry, and it was quickly put out.

* * *

AURORA.—Mrs. Phelps continues sick at the Bethesda Laundry. She made a requisition on the town for provisions and clothing, and relief was given by the Overseers. Boston being her legal residence was notified of their action.

* * *

LEGAL.—G. W. Norris, Esq., has opened an office in Kelley's Block, 211 Main street, where he will be found evenings by any one who may have occasion for his services.

* * *

32D.—The annual picnic of the 32d Reg. Mass. Vols., occurs at Fresh Pond this week Friday.

BASE BALL.—The Burbank Muffers of Post 33 will go to Stoneham this Saturday afternoon, to play a friendly game with the J P Gould Muffers of Post 75. The efforts of the Burbanks while in practice have afforded the experts who assemble on McDonald's field a good deal of sport, and doubtless the play at Stoneham will be equally inspiring. The Burbanks will probably play in the following positions:—John Devlin, catcher; J H Nason, pitcher; John L. Parker, short stop; W R Wheelock, 1st base; Albert Gleason (one arm), 2d base; Albert S Leslie, 3d base; H W Berthrong, center field; N Z Tabor, right field; E Hoskins, left field. W C C Colegate, scorer. Comrade John B Davis will run his barge to Stoneham, leaving Burbank Hall at 1 o'clock; tickets for the round trip 25 cents. The game will be called at 2 o'clock.

* * *

I. O. G. T.—The following officers of Woburn Lodge, No. 106, Independent Order of Good Templars, were installed Monday evening:—

W C T,—James H Winn,
W V T,—Sarah A McDonald,
W R Sec,—David Cronin,
W F Sec,—Scott Ward,
W Treas,—William Dobbins,
W I G,—Isabel Ward,
W O G,—Charles A McDonald,
W M,—Robert Shaw,
W D M,—Cynthia Tuck,
W Chaplain,—Hattie Blaisdell,
W A R Sec,—Fred Carling,
W R H S,—Julia A Winn,
W L H S,—Addie Stickney,
P W C T,—Frank Greydon.

* * *

CANAL STREET.—The County Commissioners have laid out Canal street from Pond to Sturgis, the County not controlling it beyond that point. As a consequence the street will be a good broad avenue to Sturgis street, and beyond that it will remain as it is. Work will commence on it next week, or after the work on Pond street is finished. In connection with the widening of Park street, we are reminded that when the street was first opened a heavy blast was put in the ledge at the northerly end, and a piece of rock, more than a foot in diameter, was thrown into the garden of the late John Tidd, on Main street, a distance of over three hundred yards in a straight line.

* * *

SELECTMEN.—All present but Munroe. The returns of Co. G, 5th Reg. under the new law were received and placed on file. A communication from the District Attorney was read [printed elsewhere], and the police were instructed to arrest all tramps. The Chief of Police was instructed to remove all obstructions from the street and sidewalk between Woodberry's corner and Railroad street. The usual bills were approved.

* * *

BANKS & LAMAR.—Mr. C. W. Thompson an ambitious young man in Boston, has attempted the difficult feat of nominating N. P. Banks of Waltham, and L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, for president and vice president. Perhaps he thought the coolness of the operation would have a beneficent effect upon the heated term. Certainly such a couple would never enthuse anybody in this weather. Col. Conwell must look after this Mr. Thompson.

* * *

POLICE COURT.—August 4, Carl H Kylander, for driving a horse unfit for labor, two complaints, fined $5 and costs on one and $10 and costs on the other.—5th, John Curley and Edward McElhany, single drunks, fined $3 and costs each. Henry Ralston, of Winchester, assault on J D Sharon, Jr, of the same place, fined $3 and costs.

* * *

FAST DRIVING.—Last Saturday, W. S. Whitford, while racing on the milldam in Boston, was arrested by the mounted police. The team belong to G. F. Jones, and the police took that as the name of their prisoner, and it was so printed in all the Boston papers. Whitford recognized for his appearance Monday, when he went into Boston, and paid a fine of $10.

* * *

REAL ESTATE.—Mr. Alvah Buckman is putting up a very nice two-story dwelling house on High street 35x30, for his own use. G. W. Kimball is doing the work. Mr. Buckman has sold his half of the house now occupied by him with L. L. Whitney, Esq., to Mr. Chas. H. Buss for $1,700.

* * *

THE PARADE.—It has been definitely decided to have the parade of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies in Woburn on the 11th of October, and Mr. James McMahon of Woburn, has been chosen Chief Marshall. There are twenty societies in the County.

* * *

DOG KILLED.—A Chinese dog, the property of Charles Parker, ran out at Sheriff Collamore's team Thursday. As he jumped at the horse he somehow lost his balance, and falling to the ground the wheels passed over his head and killed him.

* * *

PREACHING.—Rev. Dr. J. W. Chickering will occupy the First Congregationalist pulpit on Sunday.

Rev. W H Cudworth, of East Boston, will preach at the Unitarian church on Sunday.

* * *

☞ Mr. William L. Eaton, of Woburn, has been appointed Master of the High School at Concord, Mass. Mr. Eaton was lately at Uxbridge, and is a very successful teacher.

* * *

EXCURSION.—An excursion party, the guests of the B L & N R R and the Boston & Hingham Steamboat Co., visit Nantasket Beach and Downer Landing, next week Tuesday.

* * *

RAIN.—Monday we were threatened with rain, Tuesday rain fell throughout the day, and Wednesday and Thursday abounded in showers. Floods are reported in various parts of the country.

* * *

YACHT.—Mr. Edwin Story, on Wood Street, has built a yacht this season in his dooryard, and last week trucked it to Medford, and launched it in the Mystic.

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☞ Miss Sallie M. Clough, soprano, who is studying in London, will return home in October.

* * *

ÆRATED.—Nason sells the popular ærated bread.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT.

Several years ago we had in Woburn what was called a Tree Society, and to its efforts the town is indebted for many of its beautiful shade trees. It flourished for a season, and then like the autumn leaves scattered and became extinct. Our attention has lately been recalled to the subject by the reports and speeches of B. G. Northrop, now Sec. of the Connecticut Board of Education. He is an enthusiast on the subject and talks tree with an earnestness that is contagious. In a note to us he urges the "adornment of our country villages and the beautifying of our rural homes. Disparagement of the country and of rural pursuits is one of the unfortunate tendencies of the age. Our cities are crowded with idlers 'seeking a place,' who ought to be busy and might be thrifty and happy in country occupations. Having visited every town in Mass. while agent of your State Board of Education, I know well its great natural advantages and the need of organized efforts for village improvement like those which have been so successful in Stockbridge, Mass., and New Milford, Conn."

In a recent address at Great Barrington, in this State, he said:—

"Tree planting is usually one of the first things undertaken by village improvement associations. There is a genuine pleasure in the parentage of trees, whether forest, fruit or ornamental—a pleasure growing with their growth. They bring rich filial returns. A noble tree is one of the grandest products of nature. It was the trees of his own planting at Sunnyside on the Hudson, together with the beauty of the surrounding landscape, that let Washington Irving to say: "After all my wanderings, I return to the spot with a heart-felt preference for it over all others in the world." It was the simple beauty he had created at Marshfield, the grassy lawns, the shaded approaches, the hundreds of trees of his planting, and especially the noble old elm in front of his mansion, that bound Daniel Webster so strongly to that sequestered spot. The multitude of elms planted by James Hillhouse are beautiful monuments of his taste and foresight, as well as the central attraction of the far-famed City of Elms.

The charm of Abbottsford—the grand Mecca of Scotland—comes largely from its beautiful ivy and shrubbery, and the thousands of trees planted by the hand of its illustrious proprietor. In his diary, Sir Walter Scott says, "My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree in it that does not owe its being to me, * * * Once well planted, a tree will grow when you are sleeping, and it is almost the only thing that needs no tending." With a little foresight, many may thus enlist nature in his constant service for long years to come.

Village improvement includes many things besides the planting of trees. It is sure to secure better roads, clearing the streets and highways from unseemly brush, weeds or rubbish, after keeping the space between the side walks and the traveled path mown like a lawn. It extends concrete or gravel side walks, encloses and adorns the public park of the village "Green" and builds sewers and gutters. Its influence soon extends to private grounds, as seen in new shrubbery, hedges, lawns, flower pots, shade trees, better varieties of fruit trees, better style of building and painting houses—in the adoption of the neutral tints in place of the glassy white, or the old red. Example is here peculiarly contagious. One improvement usually serves as a precedent for many others, and the happiest result of all is to fill a town with beautiful homes. You ask how shall we proceed? I answer the method is very simple. Organize an association with a moderate charge for membership. Enlist first the ladies and then the gentlemen will join. Collect subscriptions from the more willing or wealthy. Invite the co-operation of the non-resident sons of Great Barrington. Are there not many who have gone forth from this ancient town and achieved success abroad who will gladly remember here the mother soil that bore them and send some filial gifts to beautify the old homestead. The great problem is to overcome the inertia that hinders the first movement. "It is the first step that costs," but when once taken, men are surprised to find how little the first step really did cost and to how many others it led."

It would be a good thing to revive the old Tree Society, or something similar, and secure the planting of shade trees on many of our streets that are now bare of foliage. Trees are not only valuable for shade, but they add largely to the beauty of the landscape and to the value of the town as a residence.

* * *

G. A. R.—Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, Commander in Chief of the G A R, has appointed Capt Henry B Pierce, Gen Horace Lee and Major E B Blasland as aids upon his staff, and Charles O Welch, Assistant Inspector General—all from Massachusetts.

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REMOVED.—Mr. Joseph Sykes has removed his stock to 245 Main Street, where he will have more room, and be able to keep a larger stock of goods.

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☞ George H. Norman has contracted to extend the water works of Manchester, N. H., to the town of Piscataquog for $26,000.

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☞ The committee of the 39th reunion are requested to meet at Armory Hall this (Friday) evening.

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BEACH WAGON.—M. Ellis & Co., advertise a beach wagon with two or four horses to be let to small parties.

* * *

☞ There are eight doctors in town, and yet we are not healthy.

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MAJOR.—A fully attended meeting of officers of the 5th regiment was held at the regimental headquarters on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of filling the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Maj. B. Frank Stoddard. Col. Trull presided, and the first ballot resulted in the election of the senior captain, F B Hogan, Co. D, but he declined promotion. Another ballot resulted in the election of Capt. Geo. P. How, Co. C, (Concord) the next captain in seniority.

* * *

MYSTIC VALLEY SEWER.—The Committee on Finance, of the Boston Board of Aldermen, to whom was referred the order authorizing the construction of a sewer in the Mystic Valley at a cost of $205,000, last Monday reported in favor of the passage of said order, together with an order authorizing the Treasurer to borrow the sum of $205,000, to constitute a special appropriation for the purpose of constructing a sewer in the Mystic Valley. The report was accepted and the order was read once.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Andrew Johnson, who died in Carter County, Tenn., at the home of his daughter last Saturday. President Grant has issued an order to the following effect:—

"It becomes the painful duty of the President to announce to the people of the United States the death of Andrew Johnson, the last survivor of his honored predecessors, which occurred in Carter county, East Tennessee, at an early hour this morning. The solemnity of the occasion which called him to the Presidency, with the varied nature and length of his public services, will cause him to be long remembered and occasion mourning for the death of a distinguished public servant. As a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several Departments of the Government at Washington be draped in mourning until the close of the day designated for his funeral, and that all public business be suspended on that day. It is further ordered that the War and Navy Departments cause suitable honors to be paid on the occasion to the memory of the illustrious dead."

Mr. Johnson was born in Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29, 1808. When he was four years of age he lost his father, who died from the effects of exertions to save a friend from drowning. At the age of 10 he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city, with whom he served seven years. He never attended school a day in his life. The story, however, is told of his ambition to learn being fired by his hearing a collection of the speeches of British statesmen read aloud in his workshop; and we know from his traits subsequently developed with what tenacity and sure success he must have applied himself to the task. Having completed his apprenticeship in the autumn of 1824, he went to Laurens Court House, S. C., where he worked as a journeyman for nearly two years. After returning to Raleigh and staying there a short time, he set out to seek his fortune in the West, carrying with him his mother, who was dependent upon him for support. He stopped at Greenville Tenn., and commenced as a journeyman. He remained there about 12 months, married, and after one more change settled down at Greenville, which was always afterward his residence.

Up to that time reading had been his only intellectual accomplishment, but under the instructions of his wife he soon added writing and ciphering. The first office which he ever held was that of Alderman of the village, to which he was elected in 1828. He was re-elected to the same position in 1829, and again in 1830. In that year he was chosen Mayor, which position he held for three years. In 1835 he was elected to the Legislature. In 1840 he served as Presidential elector for the State at large on the Democratic ticket. He canvassed a large portion of the State, meeting upon the stump several of the leading Whig orators. In 1841 he was elected to the State senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, where by successive elections he served until 1853. In the latter year, and also in 1855, he was elected Governor of Tennessee. In 1857 he was elected to the Senate of the United States. When the rebellion came on three years later, preceded by the withdrawal of the Southern Senators, Andrew Johnson, to his lasting credit, stood firm and hurled his anathemas at the rebel conspirators. On March 4, 1862, having been nominated by President Lincoln, he was confirmed by the Senate of the United States Military Governor of Tennessee, with the rank of Brigadier General, with all the powers, duties and functions pertaining to that office, during the pleasure of the President, or until the loyal inhabitants of the State should organize a civil government in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. His designation for the position was considered by everybody as eminently proper, both in view of his apparent fitness for the office and of his great popularity among all loyal people, besides his devotion to his own State. His services were so generally acceptable that the Republican National Convention of 1864, moved by a desire to strengthen the Union sentiment of the South, nominated him for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln.

The death of the latter in 1865 promoted Mr. Johnson into a sphere which made him the central figure in the stormy political contests of the next three years. The passions excited during that eventful perod have not yet subsided, while all its events and incidents are yet fresh in the public mind. Plainly it would be impossible at this time to write impartially the history of Andrew Johnson as President of the United States, nor standing as it were over his grave, would it be seemly to undertake the task. Posterity will do him, as well as his contemporaries, exact justice. Suffice it to say that he exhibited in his administration an energy, a tenacity, a disregard of public opinion, which, under happier circumstances, would have given him a prominent place on the roll of American politicans.

After the close of his Presidental term in 1869 Mr. Johnson returned to his home in East Tennessee, and lived in retirement until 1874, when he entered into a vigorous contest for the United States Senate. He claimed still to be a Democrat, but not of a sectional or ultra type. His old popularity seemed to be retained among a large part of the people of Tennessee, and he was chosen by the Legislature. He took his seat at the extra session of the Senate, March 4, 1875; and a great deal of interest was soon excited by intimations that he might make a speech on the state of the Union. But the result showed, when he came to take the floor, that although he had grown somewhat more moderate in his prejudices and expressions, he by no means rose to that degree of statesmanship which his friends had confidently claimed for him.

Andrew Johnson, when he is considered in connection with his circumstances, and with the candor which should mark all judgments of the past, must even be considered a remarkable illustration of the developing and stimulating influences of our institutions, and his life contains enough of incitement, suggestion and admonition to make it one of the most instructive that has closed for many a year.

Winchester.

POLICE MATTERS.—Several years ago the writer of this was a witness of the arrest of a burglar, late at night, by two of our police. The culprit submitted passively and allowed the handcuffs to be put on his writs with but little, if any, resistance. He did indeed protest his innocence, but in a very quiet manner. What he might have said and done, had circumstances encouraged, we cannot say.

As to the police, matters were quite different. Both were excited, talked loudly, swore profanely, and charged their prisoner abusively, and all in a way utterly uncalled for by appearances. Whatever there was of noise or disturbance was produced by them. Perhaps they thought that their official position and existing circumstances necessitated such a course.

Such however was not my view. It seemed to me well that it was night—that there were no others to witness the scene and to hear the profanity. Had it been day and had they been surrounded by other spectators, their language, most likely, would have been more constrained and guarded.

From different sources it comes that similar occurrences are still common—that along with the arrest of offenders language is sometimes used unfit for *gentlemen* to utter or for delicate ears to hear—fiercely abusive and vindictive, and the billy is revengefully and illegally applied, at times.

Now the office of police is one of protection not of vengeance, to arrest culprits not to punish them, and no more force should be used in the act than is needed to apprehend and safely keep them. No policeman has a right to maltreat a prisoner any more than innocent persons. Other officials are charged with examining, judging and punishing the perpetrators of crime. **

TRAMPS.—Last Sunday the servant girl of Deacon White, returning from a brief call to a neighboring house, met a man coming down stairs. She accosted him, inquiring who he was and how he came there. He said his name was Smith and it was none of her business how he came there. He told her she ought not to have left the door open. She denied having done so, and seized him, screaming for help. The servant girl at J. F. Stone's ran over to assist her friend, but the robber broke away from them and ran down the road. He had been up stairs and hunted over the bureau drawers, but had taken nothing. He was next heard from at James Russell's, below Symmes' Corner. Here he met the girl coming out, and inquired for the folks. On being told they were away, he remarked that he would go round and get a drink of water. Going round the house he found a window open, climbed in and took $115 in money which he found there, and escaped to the woods without molestation. The boldness of the robbery quite paralyzed the spectators, and not till he was beyond reach did they think of apprehending him. He will probably never be heard from in these parts again.

PERSONAL.—Henry U. York, Esq., is confined to his house with typhoid fever.

Mr. J. H. Prince is improving slowly.

C. O. Billings, Esq., and family have gone to Cohasset Narrows.

J. Clarence Thompson, the head clerk at the Post Office, has returned from his vacation.

Rev. Mr. Dascomb has gone to Woodstock, Vt.

Rev. Mr. Barnes to Plum Island.

LOST BOY.—Chief of Police Mann, of Woburn, riding through No Winchester on Wednesday, encountered a boy who was lost. He belonged in Boston and was visiting in Winchester, and gave the name of Tommy Thompson. Officer Mann took the lad in charge, and succeeded in restoring him to his parents before they had missed him.

BUILDING.—Mr. D. N. Skillings has the material all ready and cellar about done, to a large brick house, which he proposes to erect on land near his residence, owned by him.

PREACHING.—Rev. Mr. Black, formerly of Nashua, N. H., and now settled at Montreal, will preach at the Congregational Church next Sunday.

DUALIN.—We learn that the dualin blast on High street, will be made this Saturday afternoon at half past six o'clock.

M. E. C.—The Methodists have bought a portion of the Winsor lot on Pleasant street, and will build a church there.

* * *

Burlington.

BASE BALL.—The following game was played here Saturday between the Sweepstakes of this place and the Rough and Ready's of Billerica:

SWEEPSTAKES.	R.	O.	ROUGH AND READYS.	R.	O.
Nichols, c	2	1	Fletcher, 1st b	1	3
Carter, s s	4	2	Cann, 2d b	2	3
Walker, 1st b	6	1	Drew, p	0	5
W. Clay, 3d b	6	1	Bradley, c	3	2
Reed, 2d b	6	2	Hannaford, l f	0	4
R. Clay, c f	2	3	Hill, 3d b	1	3
Tebbetts, r f	3	3	Young, c f	2	2
White, l f	3	3	Sprowl, r f	2	2
Carr, p	2	[illegible]	Brooks, s s	0	3
Total,	33	27	Total,	11	27

H.

MELROSE.—The assessors of Melrose have finished their labors, and present the following statistics: Total valuation of the town, $4,452,828.10; real estate, $4,062,450; personal estate, $390,378.10; total tax, $73,443.25; poll tax raised, $2198. The sum of $8905.66 has been raised to add to the sinking fund to reduce the town debt. Total number of dwellings and buildings, 046; total population, 4164; rate of taxation, $16 on $1000. The valuation is nearly $250,000 higher than last year.

WILMINGTON.—On Sunday night some parties broke into the stable of T D Bond, the famous cracker baker, and stole a valuable harness, and tried to take a buggy, but probably got alarmed and decamped. The guilty ones are thought to be tramps.

ACROSS THE OCEAN IN AN OPEN DORY.—By reference to advertisement it will be observed that two of our fishermen propose to start in June next, on a trip across the ocean in an open dory. They wish for some enterprising man to raise them a sum of money to assist them in the feat, and feel confident of their ability to go across, as they are experienced dorymen. If this is properly worked up, it promises to create some excitement among the large class interested in nautical affairs.—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

OFFICIAL TIME TABLES.—The National Railway Publication Company, of Philadelphia, is now publishing each month a small railway guide called "Official Time-Tables." This book is designed for the use of those travelers who do not desire the full information in respect to the names of all stations, lists of officers, &c., which is given in the Travelers' Official Guide, preferring a more portable volume with information of a more general character. In the new work there are no lists of officers, and, as a rule, only the towns boasting of 5000 inhabitants or over, and junction points are named in the tables, the population of all points mentioned being given. Telegraph stations are designated, which is a great convenience to travelers who may wish dispatches to reach them, or who may wish to send messages while *en route.* But the crowning feature of the book is the fact that it is impossible to mistake a morning train for an afternoon one, by reason of a different kind of type being used for each, so that they may be distinguished at a glance. This is a new feature in the way of railway time table publications, and must commend itself to the traveler. There is also a page showing the through trains leaving the principal Eastern cities for the West, and *vice versa*, which combines in one table all trains leaving by each route, enabling a traveler to decide without difficulty which train will best suit his convenience. No such table has ever before been published in any railway guide. Following the schedules is an alphabetically arranged list of towns and cities of 4000 inhabitants and over, giving their location, railroads, business interests, hotels and public halls. A number of handsome sectional maps and a very fine general railway map are contained in the volume, as well as much other valuable information, such as the sailings of steamers, &c. The low price of Twenty-five cents, at which it is sold, the little room it occupies in a pocket or valise, and the valuable features mentioned above, must commend it to all. In fact it has already a large circulation, which is likely to be constantly increased as its advantages become better and better known.

* * *

☞ The bunko-ropers of Chicago appear to have reached a point quite beyond their brethren in other sections. A recent visitor in that city thus narrates his experience: "The day after my arrival I walked up the street and met two smart-looking young men, one of whom stopped and offered his hand, saying, "How are you, Major?" I replied, "I am well, thank you, but I am not a Major, and I have not the pleasure of knowing you." "Why," said he "are you not Major Johnston?" "No," said I; "I am Mr. Dudgeon, of Grosse Isle, Mich." "Ah! Grosse Isle? Is that near Detroit?" he inquired. I replied, "It is one of Detroit's beautiful suburbs." "Well, Mr. Dudgeon, I am very happy to meet you—pardon my mistake," he said, as he rejoined his companion. Now the moment this young man accosted me I suspected he was a "bunko roper." I purposely told him my name to see what he would do. Going a little farther my arm was touched by another smart, genteel-looking young man, who said, "Mr. Dudgeon, how are you?" I replied I did not know him, when he at once handed me a card, with, "William A. Butler, Jr., Detroit," handsomely engraved thereon. Now, William A. Butler, Jr., is the son of an old friend of mine, who is a wealthly banker of Detroit. I had been expecting to meet my friend, and exclaimed, "Why Butler! I thought you were a bunko-roper, and was just thinking of calling a policeman." I then told him of meeting the other young man, whereupon he seemed embarrassed, and he suddenly left me, and I feared I had offended him. When I returned to Detriot I told the story to Mr. Butler, and he replied, "Mr. Dudgeon, I am William A. Butler, Jr., but not he who presented my card in Chicago." Now, I had not a suspicion that the man was not Mr. Butler, and had he asked me to cash a small check, or anything of that kind, I would have done so at once. My exclamation, however, luckily saved me."

* * *

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—You may be interested to learn that during the recent meeting of the Health Association in Philadelphia, one of the members read a paper, in which he threw out the idea that "the posterior half of the zygomatic arch *is* indicated by the homologies of the synomosal bone." You will at once perceive the importance of this when you reflect upon the influence it will have upon the nebular hypothesis and the hired girl system, and the tendency it will have to depress the price of produce. When an uproarious hired girl fully comprehends the truth in regard to the homologies of the synomosal bone, it seems to me that it will probably have a soothing effect upon her, aud a grocer who can have the face to ask eight cents a quart for beans when he is fully aware of the circumstances in reference to the posterior half of the zygomatic arch, ought to be led out to some quiet nook and be gently banged into a better world. I have only one doubt concerning the matter, and I mention it with diffidence because I do not care to create unnecessary excitement at this juncture among scientific men; but it appears to be my duty to ask how it is that if the posterior half of the zygomatic arch is indicated by the homologies of the zynomosal bone, we are never able to detect the isosceles maxillary cunifex, buried in the peripolygonal eclampsy of the caumatic solfeggio? This has always struck me as being odd, and unless it is explained, I fear we shall be at sea again about the nebular hypothesis.

* * *

☞ What other medicines have failed to do *Hunt's Remedy* surely accomplishes the perfect restoration to health of those afflicted with dropsy, Bright's disease, kidney, bladder and glandular complaints diabetes, gravel, errors of youth or mature age, incontinence and retention of urine, excesses, intemperance, female irregularities, general prostration of the nervous system, loss of appetite, etc. There is no doubt but that it is the most efficacious medicine ever discovered for the eradication of the above enumerated maladies.

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ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 56 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

THE CENTENNIAL.

The following circular has been issued to the citizens of Massachusetts proposing to exhibit the products of their art, industry and skill, at Philadelphia in 1876. It is signed by Dr. G. B Loring.

As the commissioner of Massachusetts, for the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, I desire to call the attention of all manufacturers, mechanics and others proposing to take part in the exhibition, to the importance of prompt and vigorous action at the earliest practicable moment; and also to the following statements and suggestions, viz:

1. The government of the commonwealth is preparing for an elaborate exhibition of its various bureaus and departments, for which purpose a liberal appropriation was made by the last legislature.

2. A state agent will soon be appointed to canvass the commonwealth, and furnish such facts to those proposing to exhibit as may be necessary for their guidance and convenience.

3. A board of state managers has been organized to provide for the best possible display of the arts and industries of the state at Philadelphia. In order that this may be thoroughly accomplished, they propose an organization of the industries of the state.

They desire that Massachusetts should present herself at the exhibition in this organized form, and not as a scattered multitude of individual exhibitors. They intend to secure for each industry, whether it be woolen, or cotton, or mechanical, and for the work of artists and architects, the best possible accommodations for an imposing display, in order that Massachusetts may appear well in each department. They propose to erect a suitable building for Massachusetts headquarters, on space already secured on the exhibition grounds; a building in which the exhibitors from this commonwealth can meet for consultation and advice, where they can appeal to the commissioner and agent for the protection of their rights in case of difficulty, and where they can find temporary accommodation, should they require it. They propose to publish a catalogue of Massachusetts' contributions to the exhibition, in which each exhibitor from this state will have an opportunity to add a concise statement with regard to the article which he exhibits. They especially desire that an opportunity should be furnished the artists and artisans of Massachusetts to join hands in rendering the display from this state as complete and conspicuous as skill and taste and combined efforts can make it.

For the perfect accomplishment of these objects, I most earnestly appeal to those who intend to exhibit the products of their industry at the great centennial exhibition of 1876. It must be evident to them that they can derive great benefit to themselves and add largely to the credit and reputation of the commonwealth by appearing in organized form, rather than as individuals, each seeking his own accommodation. In all the great departments of manufactures and the mechanic arts, Massachusetts should take the foremost position. In order to do this, her citizens should see to it that their contributions to each department are attractively massed and arranged; that her woolen and cotton fabrics occupy such space as will give them a good aggregate display and a fair opportunity for comparison; that her machines and implements and engines are so stationed and grouped as to attract the attention to which they are entitled. For this purpose the state board has been organized, and has through its members, each in his own locality, called for the co-operation of the mechanics, and artisans and manufacturers of this community. I most sincerely trust they will meet with a liberal response, confident as I am that every man that contributes to the proposed plan will find himself largely compensated for even the most liberal contribution. The object which the board has in view ought certainly to be accomplished; and it can be accomplished in no other way than by the prompt and generous efforts of the exhibitors themselves.

I would remind the great industries of Massachusetts that the most imposing and ample accommodations have been provided for their exhibition, thus far almost entirely by the state of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia. That the industrial citizens of this commonwealth will be willing to occupy these graceful and attractive buildings, without contributing either for their own convenience there, or to the great national fund out of which the expense of erecting these enormous structures should be met, I cannot for a moment believe. And while the commonwealth has provided for a proper exhibit of her own departments and institutions, I trust the industries of the state will respond to the call made upon them both for their own benefit and as an act of justice.

I regret to say that the applications for space at the exhibition are thus far not numerous; but about 160 having been made up to this time, while there should be more than a thousand. The commission is especially desirous that applications should be made at once. I anticipate that, through the efforts of the state agent and the board of managers, the industries of Massachusetts will secure an honorable position at the exhibition, and that her citizens will respond freely to the call of those who have, with unexampled energy and generosity, provided them with so great an opportunity.

I appeal to the manufacturers, mechanics and all producers to co-operate with the state board, and with the agent, wherever he shall enter upon his work. And I most respectfully request the press of the commonwealth to give a wide circulation to the facts and statements and suggestions, which I submit to an industrious and enterprising people. I do this in accordance with a sense of my duty as commissioner, and at the request of many who are anxious that Massachusetts shall be well represented at the exhibition.

* * *

☞ Blackberrying is one of the summer pastimes of the wife of the Secretary of State, at Arlington Heights. She is reputed a good "picker" and enjoys the fun.

* * *

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Coffin's Beach. 1775—Aug. 5—1875.

["The sloop-of-war 'Falcon,' Capt. Lindsay, one of the ships which had aided the British at the battle of Bunker Hill, on the 5th of August made her appearance in Ipswich Bay, and came nearly to the mouth of 'Squam harbor, when Lindsay dispatched a barge, with about fifty men, to land on Coffin's Beach and get a supply of sheep from the adjacent pastures. Major Coffin, with a few men from his farm and vicinity—not more than five or six—suspecting his design, repaired to the beach, and from behind some sand knolls, kept up such a brisk firing upon the barge as she approached, that the officers in command, supposing a whole company of soldiers to be lying in ambush, concluded to put back to the ship without effecting his object."—*Babson's History of Gloucester.*]

In the glowing light of a summer day,
Lies a pleasant picture on either hand—
The blue Atlantic stretching away,
Verdant levels of salt marsh land,
And just below in long white reach
The wave-kissed sands of Coffin's Beach.

The song of the waves is the same I ween,
The beach of white sand just the same
That the waves caressed when o'er the scene
Another summer sun was aflame
And lit the picture with golden glow
That was seen an hundred years ago.

Where the hills with drifting sands are white,
And beach-grass only finds room to grow,
Tall old trees stood up in sight,
Green and stately and row on row,
When the stirring summons "Arise and Arm."
Reached the quiet of Major Coffin's Farm.

The "minute men" had met the foe
In the April morn at Lexington,
And gallant Ethan Allen, you know,
His daring deed of fame had done;
And the land had shook with answering thrill
To the battle thunders of Bunker Hill,

The cattle grazed on the hills of green,
The sheep in pleasant shadows lay,
Where the fair, broad pastures inland lean
In the golden light of the summer;
But Lindsay cruised along the share—
The quiet rested that day no more.

He launched a barge, and filled with men,
They pulled away to the beach of sand,
He would carry back, he told them then,
From the herds that grazed the pasture land,
And the fleecy flocks that rested by—
That they all might feast, in full supply.

But the farm-hands came as the Major bid,
His nearest neighbors hurried to arm,
And behind the hillocks of white sand hid,
Lay five or six to guard the farm;
And the British crew, as it shoreward came,
Met the heated blast of their rifles' flame,

In the mind of the leader each bush and tree
Hid a rebel foeman armed and grim,
And he headed his barge straight out to sea—
Perhaps the bullet hurried him
That the Major's rifle sent from shore,
And that struck the clasp of the belt he wore.

Quiet and fair the white beach lies,
Quiet the sand hill drifts like snow,
Blue above them the summer skies,
Blue the billows that come and go;
And the broad Atlantic stretching away
In the fair midsummer light to-day.

There's scarcely a trace of the farm-house now,
And cattle graze in the meadows green;
We pause as the salt breeze fans each brow
To look on a pleasant summer scene;
Bird, breeze and wave song lend a charm
To the peaceful beauties of Coffin's Farm.

—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

* * *

IN A LOCOMOTIVE CAB.—A correspondent of the *Globe* writes: The cab of a locomotive is the best place to ride in on the train, for three reasons. First, there is no place like it to study the human nature of a locomotive, and there is lots of human nature in one, I assure you. Under circumstances calling for such demonstrations, an engine will out-scold, out-growl, out-laugh, out-grumble, out-cheer any man or woman you can find. Oh, how the poor thing panted and quivered when it started up the steep grade; but how grandly it bent itself to its task, and when it had got under good headway to see how it enjoyed its triumph, to hear it seem to ask, "There! didn't I do that nicely?" or, when it would come to fearful curves, to see it seemingly grow cautious, slacken up a little, just as though it was saying, "Now, I must be careful not to frighten those good people back there; they are off for pleasure, and I wouldn't mar their happiness for the world!" To see all this, for the life of one, one could not help getting the impression that the engine is really a thing of life and knows all about what is going on.

Again, the cab is a first-class place to moralize upon the ignorance of the people as regards what is ahead of them, and of their thoughtlessness about the forces and powers that control their movements and push or pull them forward, as well as of how much depends upon one man's faithful, efficient discharge of his regular duty. For instance, how little the tourists on that train knew of the sharp turns they were going to make to avoid the walls of water, of hill, of forest, that barred their path. They would not see the long reach of smiling valley ahead of them or the mountains that surmounted its farther end, along whose side they were to circle. How little thought they put upon the quiet man in soiled garments, who, with blackened hands, sat there with his grasp eternally on the lever, now looking sharply up the track ahead, not an object, even as tiny as a bird or leaf, escaping him; now glancing at the steam-guage, and anon sending a quick look back at the cars behind. Yet, he had the lives of all of them in that grasp of his upon the lever. 'Tis he that makes the engine speak and act like a thing of thought and life. I verily believe that no set of men are so little thought of and so heavily burdened with responsibility as the locomotive engineers. But they are equal to the responsibility. Whiter men than they are beneath their bronzed features, their soiled rough clothes, and blackened hands, you cannot find. Always temperate, never off duty on a vacation, ever self-contained, utterly regardless of the thought or lack of it in the public mind about them and their work, they stand quiet and steady at their post, thorough gentlemen every inch of them. Traveller, if you ever take off your hat to any one as a token of your respectful consideration of their real worth, doff it when you stand in the presence of the engineer who guides the train you travel on. Once more, the cab is unequalled as a spot to view the passing scenery.

* * *

THE NEW RAILROAD.—A meeting of the directors of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad was held in this city on the afternoon of Monday last, at which the insufficient facilities for accommodating the unexpectedly large number of passengers was considered, and it was voted to expend the sum of two hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of constructing a second track from East Boston to Lynn; for purchasing three new engines and ten new cars, to be immediately ordered; for the erection of commodious depots at West Lynn, Revere, and Winthrop, and also the erection of a large depot on the wharf property at East Boston, all to be completed on or before Nov. 1. The second track is to be completed early in the fall. We understand that eighteen hundred tickets were sold in this city on Monday last.—*Lynn Reporter.*

HOW TRAIN-BOYS GET RICH.—The train boys think they haven't much of an opportunity in this world, and other people think they are a nuisance. One of them tells the New Orleans *Picayune* one way in which they impose upon their employers: "You see," he says, "each boy is furnished with so much fruit, so many book and papers, and he is either obliged to show them up at the end of the route or else turn over the money for which they must have been sold. The only way it can be done is this: We sell a book to a passenger for a dollar and a half. He reads it and then we give a new book worth fifty cents for the one he has read. He is generally willing to make the exchange, and reads the new one. This, when read, he is ready to swop for a ten cent paper, which he leaves in the car when he gets out. This paper we pick up and put back in our pile, having all our books and papers and $1.50. That is about the only show we have; without it we could not make a decent living."

* * *

THE GIRL WHO WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR PLUCKING A FLOWER.—It is not unlikely that the harshness of the reverend justices at Spalding will be the means of placing Sarah Chandler in a far better position in life than if she had never plucked the geranium. A subscription has been started to give her a good education, and altogether public sympathy is with her and against the Rev Mr Moore, the chairman of the Spalding bench, who instigated the proceedings and afterwards passed sentence. A public meeting of the inhabitants was held at Spalding the other night, to consider the case, and to pass certain resolutions thereon. The Rev J C Jones, a Church of England clergyman, who presided, gave a history of the whole proceedings. He said that the mother of the little girl came and told him (Mr Jones) what had happened, and he went and saw Mrs Cotton, the lady from whose garden the flower was plucked. Mrs Cotton told him that Mr Moore had pressed her to take out a summons, and that when she consented she said, "I hope you won't punish the girl much," but he replied, "You must leave that to me." The summons was taken to the mother on Monday night, and the policeman said, "Where's Sarah Chandler?" The mother said, "Oh, dear, what has she been doing now; she's more trouble to me than all my children." He went on the following morning to Mrs. Cotton's, and as the geranium was valued at a shilling in the summons, offered her a couple of shillings to pay for the damage; but Mrs. Cotton very correctly said it was then out of her power to do anything. Mrs. Chandler then went to Mr. Moore, saying, "If you please, sir, I have come about this child of mine." "Well, what about her?" "Why, about the flower that she plucked." Mr Moore said, "It will have to go to the bench." "Can't I make it up?" said the mother. The magistrate said "No." The mother said, "I am willing to pay for the flower." but Mr. Moore said, "Paying for the flower won't punish the child; she's done the deed, and will have to be punished for it." Mr. Moore then went in and shut the door. Referring to Mr. Moore's explanatory speech last week, Mr. Jones remarked that he had described reformatories as "boarding schools," not prisons, and said that two he had sent there were the first to thank him for sending them, mentioning particularly a cobbler's son in the town. Now, that very person, without the slightest solicitation or expectation on his part, called upon him (the chairman) that very afternoon, and told him that he had never thanked Mr. Moore for sending him to a reformatory. (Loud cheering.) Now, he did not wish to say for one moment that Mr Moore told falsehoods—(laughter)—but he believed on this point he was most thoroughly mistaken. This young man had never thanked Mr Moore for sending him to a reformatory. On the other hand he blamed Mr Moore to this day for sending him there. (Loud applause) The young man was employed as a teacher at a reformatory; and he said most distinctly he never learned anything good there, although it might have done him a great deal of harm, for he was associated with the lowest scum of London, thieves, pickpockets, and prigs. (Loud cheers) Was that the boarding school? (Laughter) He justly complained that Mr Moore should make a scapegoat of him in this manner in order to get out of his own troubles. (Loud cheers) Having next referred to Mr Moore's aspersion on the character of the parent of Sarah Chandler, and shown that there was no ground for any such imputation, the chairman submitted two resolutions, thanking very cordially Mr Ritchie for bringing forward the question in Parliament, and Mr Cross for his prompt and decisive action; and these were carried with loud and prolonged applause. On the other hand, a memorial to Mr Moore is in course of signature by the principal gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen in Spalding and the neighborhood. The reverend gentleman is told that the general discharge of his duties has been distinguished by considerable legal knowledge and ability, by strict impartiality, and by an earnest desire for the due administration of justice, and they intimate to him that their confidence in him is unabated. The public at large entertain a widely different opinion.—*Leeds Times.*

* * *

LAWYERS SHOULD NOT BE ASSES.—Judge Underwood of Rome to four young lawyers who had just passed an examination in his court:—"Young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed as good an examination as usual, perhaps better; and you don't know anything. Like these young fellows just back from their graduation college, you think you know a great deal. That is a great mistake. If you ever get to be of any account you will be surprised at your present ignorance. Don't be too big for your breeches. Go round to the justices' courts. Try to learn something. Don't be afraid. Set off upon a key. You will, no doubt, speak a great deal of nonsense, but you will have one consolation; nobody will know it. The great mass of mankind take sound for sense. Never mind about your case—pitch in. You are about as apt to win as lose. Don't be ashamed of the wise looking justice. He don't know a thing. Stand to your rack, fodder or no fodder, and you will see daylight after a while. The community generally supposes that you will be rascals. There is no absolute necessity that you should. You may be smart without being tricky. Lawyers ought to be gentlemen. Some of them don't come up to the standard, and are a disgrace to the fraternity. They know more than any other race, generally, and not much in particular. You are dismissed with the sincere hope of the court that you will not make asses of yourselves.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

MODE IN PLAYING CROQUET.—The Baltimore *Sun*, in speaking of the latest modes of playing, says: "The latest mode of setting the hoops is to place them so that the hoops shall be less than eight yards from one boundary, and each player is compelled to run the middle hoop four times. A late variation of the game is to have two four-ball games, one set starting from each end of the lawn. If a ball belonging to the other set is in the way, it may be taken up and replaced. By a rule just adopted, at starting, the player's ball is to be placed one foot from the first hoop and opposite its centre, instead of a mallet's length, as formerly. The object is to make the first hoop a certainty, and so to bring all the balls into play at once. If the first hoop is missed the ball is not taken up, but remains where it lies, and is liable to be made use of by the other balls, whether they have run the first hoop or not. This puts a player at the first stroke of his first turn in precisely the same relation to all the balls as he is at the commencement of all subsequent turns. Thus, a player may at his first turn play either for a hoop or a roquet. Formerly he had to run the first hoop before playing for a roquet; now he may play for a roquet before taking any hoop. Striking a ball tight is abolished, but pegging out is retained. It is a sore point, especially with ladies, when about to go out to have one's plans spoilt by an adversary who knocks you outside the boundary, but this is in the chances of war, and makes the game more interesting."

* * *

☞ An American family, in which were several girls, came to live in this city some time last year. The parents had moved in a good social circle, and had been held in considerable esteem in the town where they had previously resided. They were respectable but not rich. When living comfortably they refused to spend more than they could afford to for dress. In a short time the eldest girl, who was about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and very anxious to go on with her education, became a pupil at one of the public schools. She remained there only a few weeks, being fairly driven away by the taunts and sneers which were levelled at her on account of her homely apparel. After a short interval she tried another school, but with the same result. She was avoided by the other girls, treated with neglect and superciliousness, and at last was obliged to leave. The consequence was that neither she nor her sisters attended any school, and thus for the sake of an unseemly abuse, which it is the interest of every one to put down, the education of those children ceased.—*New York Times.*

* * *

☞ It is not always the noblest deed that receives the greatest reward. M. Delsole, a Parisian gentleman, has just inherited a fortune which comes to him in return for the most insignificant act of politeness. About three years ago, while purchasing some cigars at a cigar store, he noticed an old man, simply dressed, vainly trying to light his pipe at the gas jet provided for that purpose. His hand shook so that he was unable to accomplish his object, but narrowly escaped scorching his face several times. M. Delsole therefore, stepping up, held the light for the gentleman, and when the pipe was lighted stepped into the street, whither he was followed by the latter who desired to know his name and address. From that time the two never met again, but a few days ago M. Delsole was waited on by a lawyer, who informed him that M. Demon, a very wealthy man who had just died, having no legal heirs, had left all his fortune to the man who had so kindly lighted his pipe.

Married.

In Woburn, July 29, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Mr. Geo. W. Dinsmore and Miss Ida F. McDonald, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, July 30th, Israel Huckins, aged 50 years, 8 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 4th, R. Amanda, wife of John Pickett, aged 36 years, 7 months and 23 days.

In Woburn, Aug. 1, Catherine, wife of Timothy Sheehan.

In Malden, August 4, Samuel Pierce, of Albion, Oswego Co., N. Y., aged 50 years, 4 mos, 15 days. Funeral from the residence of Mr. Andrew Pierce Washington street, Malden, Saturday, August 7, at 1 P. M. Friends and relatives invited without further notice.

Party Wagon.

The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.
M. ELLIS & CO.
Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. 142

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"
But send for a free copy of
"*The Summer Excursionist,*"
Containing Routes and prices for over 1,000 Trips
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST.
T. EDWARD BOND, Ticket Agent.
322 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Troy Patent Collar Ironing Machine
IS OWNED BY THE
CHELSEA DYE HOUSE AND LAUNDRY,
12 Temple Place Boston.
Collars and Cuffs laundried with the original finish after being soiled.
Collars Laundried for Manufacturers,
A liberal commission allowed to parties collecting and forwarding Collars and Cuffs to be done up as new.
Price, 3 Cents each.
Rights and Machines for sale for Towns or Counties

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL!!
Excelsior, Lackawanna and Draper Coals.
$8.50 CASH PER TON!
$8.50 PER TON!
$8.50 CASH PER TON!
THE ABOVE REDUCTION APPLIES TO ORDERS ALREADY TAKEN.
JOSEPH B. McDONALD, 93 Main Street, Woburn.
J. B. McDONALD & Co, near depot, Winchester.
REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL!!

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S, Prop's, Canton, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD
FURNITURE
AT AUCTION
IN WINCHESTER

On WEDNESDAY, August 18th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at auction, at the residence of the late Loring Emerson, in the westerly part of Winchester, on Cambridge street, a great variety of Household Furniture, viz: One nice Mahogany parlor set, 3 chamber sets, one Tapestry carpet, nearly new, 6 woolen do., oil cloth do., feather beds and bedding, mattresses, bedsteads, 1 eight day clock, hat tree, bureaus, tables, chairs, mirrors, crockery and glass ware, and a variety of Kitchen utensils not enumerated. Also one chaise and harness. Terms of sale cash.
By order of HENRY A. EMERSON.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer. 141

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Main Street, Woburn.
LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.
☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 128

NEW STORE.
No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
W. I. GOODS.
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.
Saturday, July 24
I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
J. W. KNIGHTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. JULY 26, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of August next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Robert I. Cameron, of Somerville, in said County, had on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1874 (the time when the same was *especially attached*), on mesne process in and to the following described mortgage real estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Henry Cameron to wit:—A certain lot or parcel of land situated in said Somerville on the northwesterly side of Irving street, being lot numbered sixty-nine (69) on a plan of land belonging to Jesse Simpson, W. S. Bantour and A. Hodges, Surveyors, March 6th, 1872, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book of Plans No. 21, bounded and described as follows, viz:—southeasterly on said Irving street, fifty (50) feet; northeasterly on lot No. sixty-eight (68) on said plan ninety feet (90) northwesterly on land of said Simpson, fifty feet (50); Southwesterly on lot No. seventy (70) on said plan, ninety feet (90); containing 4500 square feet, be said measurement more or less, being the same premises conveyed by said Jesse Simpson by deed Lib. 1318, Fol. 94, in said registry.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
25 Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To all persons interested in the estate of Emily George, late of Woburn, in said County, Deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS, Gustavus A. Somerby the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge in said County, on the first Tuesday of September next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn *Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy five.

135 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Pasturing for Horses
Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.
137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

Two Tenements for Rent.
Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F WYER. 43

D. C. SISSON & CO.
AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS,
Real Estate and Mortgage Brokers.
Offices: 174 Main Street, - Woburn, 22 School Street, - Boston.
OFFICE HOURS IN WOBURN, FROM 8 to 9 A. M., AND 7 to 9 P. M.

WANTED.
A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.
Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

C. E. COOPER,
(Successor to C. S. Adkins), dealer in
BOOKS, PERIODICALS,
DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, &c.
156 Main Street, - Woburn, Mass.

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - - - - - MASS.

TO THE PUBLIC!
We have this day made arrangements with
WITHINGTON & CO.,
to sell their
FRENCH AERATED
BREAD
in Woburn. It being baked in the morning we shall receive it FRESH by the noon express. Remember these leaves average one pound and a half to the loaf.
J. H. NASON.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
HARD & SOFT COAL,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.
36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

TAKE NOTICE.
ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,
all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.
H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 7th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.15, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 8.30† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.32,* 8.30*a*, 9.35* A. M., 12.17* 2.15, 5.35,* 9.00*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.18, 9.52 A. M., 2.33, 5.53 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.28, 8.13 10.01, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.39 10.11, A. M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 8.50, §10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50,‡ 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A. M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH. ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

For Nantasket Beach, Hingham, Hull and Melville Gardens, Downer Landing.
STEAMERS GOV. ANDREW, JOHN ROMER and ROSE STANDISH, leave Rowe's Wharf, junction of Atlantic Ave. and Broad Street.
For Hingham and Hull at 9.15 A. M., 12.15, 2.30 and 5 30 P. M,
For Downer Landing at 9.15, and 10.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.30, and 5.30 P. M.
For Nantasket Beach at 9.30, and 10.30 A. M., 2.30, 3.30, and 5 P. M.
Boats for Boston.
Leave Hingham at 7.30, and 10.30 A. M., 1.30, 3.50 and 6.40.
Leave Downer Landing at 7.35, and 10.35 A. M., 1.35, 4, 5.20 and 6.45 P. M.
Leave Hull at 7.50, and 10.50 A. M., 1.50, 4.15 and 6.30 P. M.
Leave Nantasket Beach at 8 and 11 A. M., 12 M., 3.30, 5, and 6.10 P. M.
Fare 25 cents each way—50 tickets for $10. Round trip tickets, including admission to Melville Gardens, can be obtained at the wharf (except on Mondays) at 60 cents.

A GOOD TENEMENT TO LET
On Pleasant Street, Inquire of
126 A. V. HAYNES.

WOOD FOR SALE.
WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.
July 16th, 1875.

TO ORGAN STUDENTS.
Now Ready:
CLARKE'S IMPROVED SCHOOL
FOR THE
PARLOR ORGAN.
By HUGH A. CLARKE,
(Prof. of Music in the University of Pennsylvania.)
Just Issued. Sent by Mail, Price $2.50
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS, 45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS. AND MUSIC BOOK. THE BEST!
Song Monarch. The BEST book for SINGING SCHOOLS, for which it is specially designed, and filled with cheerful glees and songs for practice, by H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. Emerson. Price, 75 cts.
Chorus Choir. The NEWEST book of Choruses, Anthems, Motets, etc., for CHOIRS and SOCIETIES. Highly recommended. Compiled by Dr. Eben. Tourjee. $18 pr doz.
The following three books are in press, and nearly ready. Wait for them!
High School Choir The BEST NEW book for High Schools, successor to that universal favorite, the "HOUR OF SINGING," which it resembles in general arrangement, and is by the same authors, L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN. Price $1.00
The Shining River. A NEW SABBATH SCHOOL SONG Book of startling beauty. Price, 35 cts.
Living Waters. Choice devotional music hymns and tunes. For Prayer Meetings, &c. Price 30 cts.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

MASON'S FRUIT JARS,
THE BEST IN THEMARKET,
FOR SALE AT
A. E. Thompson's,
No. 3 WADE BLOCK, WOBURN.

BY E. HENRY GREENWOOD.
OFFICE: NO. 235 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, ROOM, 12.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To William A. Wilson, Mortgagor, and supposed owner of the equity of redemption of the premises hereinafter described; to S. C. Demarest assignee of second Mortgage and to all others whom it may concern.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by said Wm. A. Wilson to Augustus B. Perry, dated January 1st, 1873, recorded with Middlesex, South District Deeds, Lib. 1245, Fol. 208, and for a breach of the conditions contained in said Mortgage deed, will be sold at public auction, on, or near the premises hereinafter described on TUESDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1875, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

All and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz: A certain piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in said county of Middlesex, on the B & L R. R., about 3 minutes walk from East Woburn station, being a part of lot numbered "38" as shown on a plan of land recorded with said Middlesex deeds, Book of plans "5" Plan "23" and bounded southerly by lot "39" on said plan, about one hundred and fifteen feet; westerly by Tremont street, one hundred and twenty-eight and 8-10th feet; northerly by Nashua street, seventy-five feet; and easterly by the remaining part of said lot "38" about one hundred and twenty feet, six inches; or, however otherwise, bounded, measured or described, containing eleven thousand four hundred and forty-eight feet more or less. $200 to be paid at the time and place of sale. Other terms and conditions made known at sale.

For further information, apply to W. C. Kinsberry, No. 235 Washington Street, Boston, Room 12.

By order of
12 AUGUSTUS B. PERRY, Mortgagee.

Rivalry in Sport.—To be worth much, exercise should be vitalized by the spirit of sport. There is not much fun in gymnastics propelled by duty. Pride of strength will do something, vanity will do something, but to try to create real enthusiasm for dumb-bells or Indian clubs in the soul of a man who has any genius at all for inertia is as hopeless as soaring after the illimitable or diving after the unfathomable. Almost all genuine fun has its root in friendly rivalry.

Competition is the highest inspiration of sport. So it happens that the exercise which it is best worth while to cultivate is that which has a strong social backing, is enjoyed in company, and has for its chief inspiration the prize of victory. And so it happens that boating, batting, boxing, wrestling, shooting, cricketing, and similar trials of personal skill and strength in emulation furnish just that sort of sport which at once promotes health and proves pleasantly contagious.

It is worthy of notice, too, that rifle shooting attains its highest point of enthusiasm, not in the wanton slaughter of the tenants of forest and jungle, but in front of a wooden target, where there is no food for the hunter's zest. Creedmoor, Dollymount, and Wimbledon are the centres of a pleasant rivalry that is certainly not surpassed among those who kill buffalo and leave them to rot upon American prairies, or who slay the elephant and other huge pachiderms for sport along the Asian rivers.

Competitive exercise, moreover, compels good habits, and good habits induce good health. The intense emulation of colleges may, indeed, produce excessive ardor and an amount of prolonged exertion in training that will deform or otherwise injure the person for life, and this peril ought to be averted by inflexible college rules. But there can be no doubt that moderate and temperate exercise, by vitalizing the blood and harmonizing all the functions, increases the capability of the mind as much as it does the flexibility of the body. The question to be settled is how to get the enthusiasm for physical culture into the average brain and heart. It is a fine thing for a few athletes to contend for victory on the water or the ball-ground, but the crowds who look on and applaud the skill of the competitors and reward the victors with shouts of admiration get no benefit from the exercise. There is no vicarious way of distributing the vigor and vitality these exciting games impart. How to awaken such a real enthusiasm for physical culture as shall lead people generally to take an interest in and get the exercise they need is the point to be settled. And perhaps the answer is given in the rivalry that leads to such splendid feats with bat and club and rifle and spear. If we could have a little more wholesome rivalry in walking and rowing, in the gymnasium and at the health-lift, we should see the result in stouter muscle and firmer step and greater tenacity of life.—*Hearth and Home.*

A Model Mother.—The following extract from a letter published in the *British Medical Journal* embodies so valuable a lesson that we reprint it for the benefit of American mothers, and anybody else to whom it may prove practically suggestive:—

"Some months ago I received the intelligence that my boy, along with others at the same school, a few miles from town, was stricken with scarlatina, and had been removed to the infirmary. Finding, next day, that no rash had appeared, I resolved to have him home. Having given directions for the sick-room to be prepared, I proceeded forthwith to St. George's Hospital, to arrange about sending the fever-carriage for the boy. I found, to my dismay, although it proved ultimately for my good, that the carriage was impracticable, owing to the fact that it would not permit of two horses, and one could not accomplish the journey. I was compelled, therefore, to go to our livery stable keeper, give him my confidence, and bind him over to take all necessary precautions afterwards. We had all the cushions removed, and air cushions and a few washable wrappers put in, and a servant was dispatched to bring back the patient. Meanwhile, the sick-room was prepared; and, for the sake of others, I may as well describe it. A well-ventilated room at the top of the house, cut off, by a long passage, from other rooms. The walls and ceiling are lightly papered and varnished; a slip of carpet is easily removed, leaving bare boards, No curtains, painted furniture, and an iron bedstead, with woven wire mattress, and a light hair mattress above. This is commonly called a hospital bed. The drawers were removed, with their contents, into another room, leaving the carcass to serve the purpose of shelves. Disinfectants and a hot bath were in readiness. About eight P. M. the carriage drove up, and a most hilarious invalid bounded forth, an emancipated slave! He had eaten all the oranges, enjoyed the drive, and exercised his lungs in puffing out the air cushions. Although the child had actually been in the infirmary, mixed up with some severe cases, beyond a little sore throat the disease did not develop, and he escaped."

A Wideawake Maiden Lady.—British manners and customs ever prove a fertile source of amusement to Gallic writers, and a French contemporary has now been chaffing what he calls our "sixth sense," the bump of travelling. He maintains, however, that we do not travel always for the love of the thing, and tells the following story as a proof:—"Twenty years ago a Liverpool steam-packet company wanted to extend its premises, and resolved to buy a piece of land belonging to a maiden lady of 'an uncertain age.' The spinster sold her land at a very low price, and as a set-off requested that a clause should be put in the agreement to the effect that during her whole life she and a companion should at any time travel free in the company's vessels. The day after the agreement was signed she sold her furniture, let her house, and went on board the first outward bound vessel belonging to the company, without troubling herself about the destination. Since then the lady has always lived on one ship or another, accompanied by some lady traveller, for whom she advertises, and whose passage money she pockets. She is reckoned to have made over £2,000 by the transaction, and the company have offered her upwards of this sum for her privilege, but cannot get quit of her at any price.—*Leeds Times.*

A Pretty Incident of the "Ingleside" Fire.—The day that Ingleside was burned, a nest with two young birds was found in the top of a small spruce tree that stood near the awning at the top of the steps in front of the house. The morning after the fire, Mr. Corey, who has had the care of the grounds about Ingleside, went to look after the birds and found them uninjured. A charred piece of shingle had fallen from the blazing roof and rested on some twigs above the nest, and this helped to shelter the little ones from the heat, which was sufficiently intense to set fire to the row of posts beside the tree. While Mr. Corey was examining the birds their mother came and lured them down into the fields below. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"—*Springfield Republican.*

A Contented Editor.—The following story will serve to illustrate at once the character of Mr. Black, who died in 1855, and the position of the London Chronicle its palmy days.

Mr. Black was a great favorite with Lord Melbourne when the latter was Prime Minister. His lordship esteemed him, not only for his great learning, his wonderful memory, his apt illustration of every topic of discourse by an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote derived from the most recondite sources, but for his simplicity and *bonhomie.* John Black was a modern Diogines in everything but his ill-nature.

On one occasion Lord Melbourne said to him:

"Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me who forgets who I am."

The editor opened his eyes with astonishment.

"You entirely forget that I am Prime Minister."

Mr. Black was about to apologize, but the Premier continued: "Everybody else takes especial care to remember it, but I wish they would forget it. They only remember it to ask me for place and favors. Now, Mr. Black," added his lordship, "you never have asked me for anything, and I wish you would, for, seriously, I should be most happy to do anything to serve you."

"I am truly obliged," said Mr. Black, "but I don't want anything. I am editor of the Morning Cronicle. I like my business, and I live happily on my income."

"Then, by Heavens!" exclaimed the peer, "I envy you, and you're the only man I ever did."

☞ Two members of the Lawrence party which was at Nantucket, a few days ago, tell a story of a third member of the party, which is laughable as it proved no more serious. The third member was standing up in a boat, as they were sailing back and forth over the "rips" of the island, trolling for blue fish. He had a lighted cigar in his month, his eyeglasses on and an overcoat thrown over his arm. Suddenly the skipper changed the direction of the boat, and jibed the sail. The boom swung across too quick for the man with the overcoat and the eyeglasses, and, striking him a wicked blow, knocked him overboard. He could not swim, and in an instant was out of sight beneath the waters. Bringing the boat about, the party, standing with ropes and boat-hooks in hand, had but a moment to wait for him to reappear. He rose, they say, exactly as he went down, coming up head first, hat, eyeglasses and overcoat all in place and cigar in mouth, and the first happy symptom he evinced that he was still alive was his beginning to puff, as soon as his mouth was above water, to see if his cigar was still lighted. Gratified by this evidence that one of their damp comrade's ruling passions gave symptoms ot life, the party on board hooked a boat hook into him and pulled him on deck.—*Lawrence American.*

She Couldn't Resist.—Scene in Eldridge Park—"Oh, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer to his end of the seat. She made herself rigid and heaved a sigh. "I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged. No reply. "I'll never drink another drop," he continued. "And give up chewing—" No response. "And smoking—" Cold as ever. "And join the church—" She only shook her head. "And—give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in desperation. Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and, leaning her frizzes on his shoulder, trembling, murmured into his ravished ear: "Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!" And here they sat and sat until the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the diamond ring, and he of how on earth he was to get it.—*Elmira Gazettee.*

Making a Beginning.—Remember, in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dime put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and therefore give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with that which you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast, is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. After the beginning, persevere to the end.

Masonic.—The first masonic lodge of Jerusalem is a beautiful illustration of the cosmopolitan nature of the principles of brotherly love in practical operation. The master of that lodge, who is now lecturing in this country, says: "The master is an American, the past master an Englishman, the senior warden a German, the junior warden a native, the treasurer a Turk, the secretary a Frenchman, the senior deacon a Persian, and the junior deacon a Turk. There are Christians, Mohammedans and Jews in the lodge.

☞ Never neglect your fire-places. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon them. What makes a fire so pleasant is that it is a live thing in a dead room.

☞ Red used on a railroad signifies danger, and says stop. The same color displayed on a man's nose may well be interpreted to give a similar warning.

☞ The afflictions of this life are neither too numerous nor too sharp. Much rust requireth a rough file.

Choice Words.—Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

☞ Just as a mother grieves over her child's weakness and faultiness, but still loves him most tenderly, so God will cherish His own, notwithstanding all our frailty,

An Unheard of President.—A Michigan paper tells the following good story:—A Front street saloon keeper is a great historical scholar, and he will argue for hours on issues, events and men of past celebrity. Old Preston was aware of this, and he dropped into the place one warm day last week and said: "By cracky, Jim, but this is warm! I haven't been so warm since old General Cass was President of the United States.' "What!" said Jim, "General Cass never was President of the United States." "Why, yes he was," replied Preston, with well feigned astonishment. "I'll bet you the drinks for the house he wasn't," said the excited proprietor. "Done," answered the old man, and he drew forth his pocketbook, unfolded a page of the *Congressional Globe* of 1848-9, and proceeded to read that President Taylor having died on Saturday and Vice President Fillmore not being at Washington, the President of the Senate, General Cass, became President of the United States until the following Monday, pending Fillmore's inauguration. When the old man had finished reading he looked around and said: "Come up boys. A little Stoughton in mine, Jim. Must excuse ignorance, you know." Then he rambled out, while Jim rammed the bottles back on the shelf, soused the tumblers in the rinse, and, as he wiped the counter, remarked: "I have seen a good many mean men in my time, but for a first-class star old Preston can take the money."

Proud of his Mother.—It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Annesley, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him.

Together they breasted the storm the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:

"I am proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening.

Modern Handiwork.—Is there not a certain sense in which all modern handiwork is hastily and imperfectly done? To begin with common household arts, does not every one know that old things are more durable than new things? Our grandfathers wore better shoes than we wear, because there was leisure enough to cure the leather properly. In old times a chair was made of seasoned wood, and joints carefully fitted; its maker had leisure to see that it was well put together. Now a thousand are turned off at once by machinery, out of green wood and, with their backs glued on, are hurried off to their evil fate,—destined to drop in pieces if they happen to stand near the fire-place, and liable to collapse under the weight of a heavy man. Some of us still preserve, as heirlooms, old tables; in the twenty-first century what will have become of our machine-made bedsteads and tables?—*Atlantic.*

A Change.—Sunday was a delicious day. It was nature's grand overture. The sunshine was balmy and brilliant, the air was as gentle as an angel's touch, and the birds' melody thrilled earth and heaven. Man walked forth into the country, breathing in the delicious fragrance, bathing his soul in the blessed sunshine, and rejoicing in the glad music of the birds. The next morning he was yelling at the top of his voice, "Where in thunder is that ar' thick undershirt, Maria?"

☞ Advertisements are the quiet solicitors who never intrude, but who never fail to make themselves known, and are seen and remembered despite the will of the reader who could not forget them if he would.

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The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand
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DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
No. 96 MAIN ST.,
Nearly opposite the Depot, Woburn.
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16 And NOTARY PUBLIC.
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Residence—Cor. Pleasant and Court Sts., Woburn.

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I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

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A practical Guide for the Housekeeper in the Preparation of Every-day Meals, containing more than 1000 Domestic Receipts, mostly tested by Personal Experience, with suggestions for Meals, Lists of Meats and Vegetables in Seasons, etc. By MRS. SARA T. PAUL. 12mo., Cloth, black and gold, $1.50; or interleaved with Writing-Paper, $1.75.
These Receipts are *inexpensive, thoroughly practical,* and so *clear* as to be readily prepared even by the inexperienced. It is recommended as the *best* and *cheapest* to be had.
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Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
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Civil Engineer
—AND—
Surveyor.
Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for
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Streets surveyed and graded.
☞ All work guaranteed to be accurate. ☜
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Office hours from 7 to 9 P. M., Tuesdays and Thurdays, and every day when not at work outside.
All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to. 62

The Greatest
COMBINATION
Of the Age!
Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:
Style,
Grace,
Elegance
AND A GOOD FIT,
Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at
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AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 56
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OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
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112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
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Orders received for Coke. 67

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Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
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where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.
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Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
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74 Opposite Common, Woburn

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Has removed to his residence on
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where he will continue to
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New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 78
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White Brf'k. Hominy,
White Coarse Hominy,
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Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished
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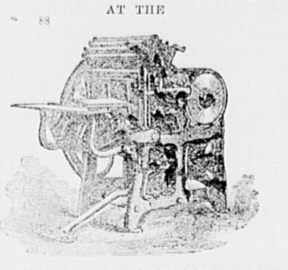

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EASTERN, WESTERN
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Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875. NO 48.

TO THE PUBLIC !

We have this day made arrangements with
WITHINGTON & CO.,
to sell their
FRENCH AERATED
BREAD
in Woburn. It being baked in the morning we shall receive it FRESH by the noon express. Remember these leaves average one pound and a half to the loaf. J. H. NASON.

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—AND— 70
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FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
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Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 4

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Over Savings Bank.
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CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 9
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A large line of Straw Mattings, just receive and for sale at the lowest prices, by 10
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STABLE
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$5 to $20 Per Day at Home. Terms free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, M

ROACHES, RATS, and MICE
are effectually destroyed by the use of
Parsons & Co.'s Exterminator!
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DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
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156 Main Street, - Woburn, Mass.

Poetry.

A TRUE PRAYER.

A beggar sat by the highway,
Minus an arm and leg;
"Pity," cried he, "give a little to me,
Who can nothing do but beg."

The sun in radiant splendor
Flooded the earth with light;
And from field and wold like a shadow roll'd
Away the dark of night.

The flow'rs fill'd the air with fragrance,
Birds sang in every tree,
And the wide land lay, with a perfect day,
Making it most fair to see.

A fine lady, clad in garments
Of silk and shim'ring lace,
Came riding down from the hill-side town,
Near to the beggar's place.

"Lady, lady, I lost an arm,
I lost an arm and leg,
Where the screaming shell made the earth a hell,
And so I am forced to beg.

"Only a little from your store,
Lady, to give me bread;
Ah, we fought that day, as men never may,
Who're afraid to join the dead."

The lady turned her glance away,
Her eyes were dark and cold;
And she rode along, among earth's glad song,
With God's sunlight on her gold.

The gleaming gold upon her hands,
And 'mid her night-hued hair;
But she gave no dole to that weary soul,
From the store she had to spare.

Down the slope of the winding road,
A little maiden came;
The sunlight laugh'd as its beams she quaff'd
And crown'd her with soft flame.

Beyond the brook the school-house stood,
And there she spent the day,
And she soon did stand, pail and book in hand,
By the beggar maim'd and gray.

"Pity, my little maid," said he,
"I have had nought to eat
This day, and I fear I will perish here,
For feebly my heart doth beat.

"I lost an arm, my little maid,
I lost an arm and leg,
When we storm'd the hight, at the dawn of light,
And I can do nought but beg."

Her pail she emptied in his lap;
And she drew forth the small store
Of money laid by, and without a sigh
Gave all; she could do no more.

Her eyes grew brighter for the tears;
"I have no more," said she,
But I wish I had, it would make me glad,
As glad as I e'er could be."

"God bless you, dear!" the beggar said;
The sunlight made reply.
Not a shadow laid in the maiden's way,
The earth was bright as the sky.

And the act was a truer prayer
Than spoken words can make;
To the God above 'twas an act of love,
Done wholly for love's sake.

Selected.

Signor Blitz and the Parrot.

In his "Fifty years in the Magic Circle," Signor Blitz gives his account of the way he helped by his ventriloquism a poor cobbler pay his rent. He happened to be ordering a pair of boots when Squire Sumner, the landlord, made his appearance with a distress warrant.

I looked out and saw, indeed, the squire, his footman, and a very shabby, suspicious-looking man, apparently an employe of the broker. I had scarcely time to cast a rapid glance around the scantily-furnished shop, and call my thoughts together, ere the party were at the door, and had entered.

"Let them come," cried Penny, with an air of despairing resignation. "I have struggled, Heaven knows, as long as I was able, and can do no more."

"Well, Mr. Penny," observed the squire, leisurely advancing to the counter, "you know of course the cause of my visit?"

Here a huge, staring poll-parrot, sitting in his cage, which formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop, began to whistle "Call again to-morrow!" to the astonishment of all present, except myself, which she followed by "I know a bank." The squire, however, resumed.

"You are, of course, provided, Mr. Penney?"

"Alas! no, sir," said the poor tradesman; "it is useless to deceive you any further. I cannot pay at this moment nor do I know how soon I can; take my little property; let it pay so far as it will; I will do the best I can. Providence will not forsake me."

"What's the time?" interrupted the parrot. "Polly wants her breakfast."

The children, who by this time stole silently in, anxious to know what was going on, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden loquacity; their little eyes dilated with wonder and twinkled with delight; but the awful presence of the great man somewhat repressed them.

"Well," continued the prudent man of cotton, after a short pause, "If that's the case, I may as well have the things as anybody else. John Broadman, you do what is necessary."

"Polly! Polly! Polly!" here exclaimed poll.

"That's a fine bird," remarked the squire, his attention being attracted to it.

"I must leave a man in possession," said the broker; "but before I go, I may as well make out the inventory, for I suppose there is no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny?"

"None, whatever."

"I'll proceed to my work at once. Item one, Dutch clock."

"What's o'clock? what's o'clock? Polly wants her breakfast," said the bird.

Poor Penny looked stupefied; the children who had been regarding the scene, as I have said, half with curiosity and half with fear, could not help clapping their hands at Poll's way of talking; but a look from from their father restrained them. Broadman continued:

"One high desk and counter; one chair; one shoemaker's bench and tools; three chairs; two tin candle-stick; two boot trees—"

"Woodman, spare the tree," sang Polly.

"Clever bird, that," said the squire. "You put the parrot down, I suppose, Mr. Boardman?"

"Oh, no, he never mentioned her," sang the parrot, twisting her head very knowing.

"Answers quite like a Christian, and seems to understand everything," said the squire.

"What's o'clock?" cried Poll.

"Wonderful, upon my honor!" ejaculated the squire. "Now I think of it," said he, "my daughter Cecilia has been worrying my life out the last six months to get her such a bird as this; one that can talk, sing and whistle. I'll tell you what I'll do, Penny; I don't want to be hard upon you; let me have the parrot, and give me a note of hand for ten pounds balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give you a receipt for fifteen pounds."

"Don't you wish you may get it?" saucily chattered Poll, as if she understood what the landlord was talking about.

"Such a bird as that is worth more money," I observed. "I'll give that much myself"

"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," whistled Poll.

"Wonderful!" said the squire. "I must have that bird; I'll take it as payment for the rent in full. Penny, will that suit you?"

Poor Penny seemed thunderstruck; he hesitated as if he had some compunction. The squire observed it, and quickly said:

"That's not enough? Well, then, I'll make it twenty pounds. Here's a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns—will that do you? Boardman withdraw your man."

"You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson, with your ninepence," added Polly.

The squire was delighted; I thought the arrangement honorable to all parties, and poor Penny, apparently unwilling, delivered the bird to the squire.

"Good by, Poll!" cried all the children.

"Good by! My native land, good night!" sang Poll, appearing very grave, and turning her head first one side and then on the other, placing herself in her swing and violently rocking back and forward, seeming to give the signal for her departure.

As soon as the shop was fairly clear of the squire's party, Penny turned to me, and with an air of perplexity, begged I would look in the following morning, when he would have some skins from which I could choose the leather for my boots, for, just at that moment, he felt quite bewildered.

Highly delighted that John Penny had got so well through his difficulties, I did not intrude, but considerately took my leave. I was, however, a punctual visitor at John's the following morning, and found the honest cordwainer had laid out the five pounds he received over and above his rent the preceeding afternoon to the very best advantage. He had stocked his shop with a good supply of leather and other articles necessary for his trade, and now only wanted customers.

While I was selecting the material for my boots, the squire suddenly made his appearance, followed by the footman bearing Poll.

"Well, Mr. Penney," said the great cotton lord, "we have brought back your parrot, and it is very extraordinary that it has never spoken a single word since I took it away—never sung a single song, nor whistled a single tune; and it has done nothing but squeak, squeak and scream, till my head has been ready to burst; in fact, without any wish to offend you, she is a perfect nuisance. Return me the five pounds I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent."

"I am sorry to say," said the conscientious John Penny, "that I have laid out the five pounds; but, however, as the bird don't suit you, if you will take my note of hand for the five pounds——"

"Why, stay! stay!" I said. "Parrots very seldom talk in strange places at first. Put Poll in her usual place, and then see."

The cage was accordingly restored to its former place, when to the utter astonishment of all present, Poll immediately began to sing "Home, sweet home; be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

"Well, I declare!" said the squire, lifting up his hands, "this is wonderful; but I've heard of such things before. What a sensible, intelligent creature she is! I must give her another trial. Take her back, John."

"I'll gang nae mair to your town," whistled Poll; but, however, to no effect, for she was borne off, crying, "what's o'clock? what's o'clock?"

"You appear to be surprised at my amazement, sir," said honest John Penny, when the party was out of sight, but you will not be so long, when I tell you that until yesterday, I never heard that bird utter a single syllable. As Mr. Sumner has said, she has never done anything but squeal and scream, disturbing the whole neighborhood; but they got used to it at last, although they threatened at first to break my windows and wring her neck. It was a long time before I could get to like it myself; but use reconciles us to anything, and I think now I shall miss her, disagreeable as she was."

I called again the next morning, and while there, who should appear but Squire Sumner, accompanied, as on the previous day, by his man, with Poll.

"Bless me, sir!" said Penny; "is it you?"

"Yes, Mr. Penny, I have come again," returned the squire, "with this diabolical bird, for not a moment's peace have we had."

"What! do you find her too talkative, sir?" inquired the shoemaker, with great simplicity.

"Talk too much! Why, the obstinate brute—confound her—she has never talked at all! Put her in her old place again, John."

"Don't I look spruce on my noddy?" whistled Poll.

"You have found your tongue, have you?" said the squire; "but I am not to be done a third time. Keep your bird, Mr. Penny; I wish you joy of her."

"But I have spent the money you gave me for her," said honest John, "and I don't know when I shall be able to pay it back again."

"Oh! never mind the money; only release me from such a torment as this, and I'll put up with loss the best way I can"

Poor John was somewhat reluctantly prevailed upon to take the bird, and as soon as the squire had departed, and was fairly out of hearing, said, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Had I not been seized for my rent, my parrot might never have spoken."

I could not refrain from having a good laugh, as I disclosed the secret to Penny, and explained to him how I, as a ventriloquist, had talked and whistled instead of the bird, and, as it appeared, to a very good purpose.

"I see it all," said John. "May God bless you."

☞ A Saratoga correspondent had his attention called to the widows and widowers who have re married at Saratoga, and now celebrate the event by returning to the spot every year. There were two of these five years ago who were matched the same season by anxious friends. Women like to have other women married, and sometimes like to assist also at separations and divorces. Here is Gov. Smooth, whose wife is a sextriple millionaire. She is a modest, religious lady, and he a thoroughbred gentleman stripped of his possessions in the war. They met; the Governor is fond, the lady inquisitive; the ladies talk up his praises and his needs. Who can resist? It is but a matter of time—after the coy suggestion of another husband—handsome man!—reaches the lorn one. Like an elder Marguerite, who has found the jewel-case of Faust upon her bureau, she is possessed of a flashing something, the smiling image of a man There is life in the old land yet. So they walked out in the autumn of life, out of the presence of their graves and up to the ascent of matrimony, that they may see the sun again that had gone down, and by its recovered beams await with a chastened affection the closing of this mystery of existence. "Governor," says the lady on her wedding day, "I want you to take these $12,000. and pay all your bills. If you have none, open an account for yourself. Then you'll have nothing on your mind." A new home in a distant State, new neighbors, opportunities for charity to a broken community, and amiable and simple social life smoothed the way of second affection. Now on the great piazza you see no more contented couple. But the mighty widow Sprozzle, who married about the same time Gen. Whip, repented of her choice in a season, fled to Euro pe and Whip is grumbling on an allowance.

RATE OF TAXATION.—We append the rate of taxation in a few of the towns in this State, premising that this is not an entirely reliable guide in this respect, from the fact that the valuation of real estate is placed much lower in some towns than in others. The rate is per $1,000.

Weston,	$ 7 80
Edgemont,	8 04
Groton,	10 00
Barnstable,	10 00
Canton,	10 00
Williamsburg,	10 00
Andover,	11 00
Burlington,	12 00
Sudbury,	12 00
Hyde Park,	12 00
West Newbury,	12 50
Dedham,	12 50
Waltham,	13 00
Watertown,	13 00
Warren,	13 60
Marblehead,	13 60
Northampton,	14 00
Dartmouth,	14 80
Quincy,	15 00
Edgartown,	15 10
Phillipston,	15 25
Melrose,	16 00
Winchester,	16 00
Athol,	16 00
Franklin,	16 00
Natick,	16 20
Worcester,	16 60
Leominster,	17 00
Cambridge,	17 00
Norfolk,	17 00
Woburn,	17 00
New Marlboro',	17 22
Plainfield,	17 50
Fairhaven,	17 75
Milford,	18 00
N. Brookfield,	19 25
Coleraine,	19 50
Brookfield,	20 00
Middlefield,	20 20
Holyoke,	20 80
Marlboro',	22 50
Ashburnham,	24 00

☞ If anything were necessary to demonstrate the value of newspaper advertising a statement of the numerous dodges to steal it under various guises would be all sufficient.—*Lowell Courier.*

☞ A good many papers have accused General Butler of being very naughty. But now he turns out to be very nautical.—*Lowell Courier.*

☞ Interviewers have been denominated paper collars.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The centennial of the birth of this great Irishman was celebrated last Friday. His countrymen do well to honor his memory, for he was, by great odds, the noblest man that Ireland has ever produced. But the fame of such a man does not belong exclusively to the country that gave him birth. He was made on a broad, a universal mould. An Irishman and a Catholic, his greatest services were given for Irishmen and Catholics, but he did not ask for them what he would not have asked for the men of any other race or religion. He was no bigot, and he did not allow to the priesthood of his religion any authority except in spiritual matters. He once declared in a great meeting, "I am sincerely a Catholic, but I am not a papist. I deny the doctrine that the pope has any temporal authority, directly or indirectly, in Ireland. We have all denied that authority on oath, and we would die to resist it." He was equally sound on other questions of human rights. As an opponent of African slavery his voice was one of the clearest and boldest. His success was the best test of his method, which was that of an agitator, arousing and controlling vast numbers of men, and making the issue sharp between the right and the wrong. He found the Catholics fettered by disabilities and he compelled the British government to break those fetters. Had Ireland raised up more men like Daniel O'Connell to continue his work, she would to-day have nothing of which to make complaint. Had the world had more such men it would have been the better for humanity.

LAWNS.—Until within a few years past we have hardly known in this country the meaning or the beauty of a lawn. One needed to go to Europe to know what effect could be produced by simple green grass. But now we have some fine specimens of lawns here at home. Newport, with its moist and mild climate can show lawns that will not suffer in comparison with those of England, and there are many places on the Hudson river, and in the vicinity of New York, Boston, and other cities where lawns may be seen, which are all that any one can desire. A good lawn on a large scale or on a small one, requires care for its production or to keep it in good condition. It requires a well prepared soil, good seed, and then frequent clipping and rolling. Thus treated one will have an emerald expanse constantly before his sight, which it will be a perpetual delight to look upon. There is nothing more restful to the eye than such a piece of green grass. Flowers delight for the moment. They have in them an excitement even. But for the daily and hourly view, to be looked at morning, noon and night, in all sorts of weather, in sunshine and under clouds, there is nothing about one's home that gives such abiding satisfaction as a piece of clean, well kept turf. Most people are unwilling to take the pains to secure this beautiful adornment of their homes. Some cannot afford it, perhaps. And many who can afford it and would willingly meet the expense do not know what comfort and beauty are within their reach by simple means. The farmer looks upon grass according to its value for pasturage or for hay, and it is not to be expected that he will aim at lawn effects as they are secured by the great landholders abroad or even by many in our land. But every one may have immediately around his dwelling, though it may be limited to a village dooryard or a city lot, something that will answer to the idea of a lawn. Let him, instead of dotting his premises with trees and shrubs, or sprawling the ground with a miscellaneous array of flowers, reserve a portion that shall be kept clean from all interference by shrubs and plants of any kind, so that there can be some unbroken space for grass sufficient to fill the eye and receive upon it the full sunlight. Then if he will only be willing to keep it shortened by the scythe and occasionally stimulated by some enriching material, he will have something that he will not be willing to lose, and he will feel from year to year that nothing about his dwelling pays him better for the care he expends upon it than his clean, bright door yard turf.—*N. H. Eggleston, in Hartford Courant.*

A SAD BUT COMMON SPECTACLE.—How sad is this, yet how often repeated in every-day experience! "Three little golden heads at an upper window and a long line of carriages in the street below. Nurse holds baby up, who laugh and clasps his dimpled hands as his eye caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone away forever! The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlors are in their wonted order, except perhaps the curtains are not looped as gracefully, the furniture is not disposed as tastefully, and the little ornaments and bijouterie are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there's a chill and a prim air about everything, different from its usual look of cozy comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half-opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, but the children soon tire of them. There's something gone—they scarce realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabys! And then papa comes homes and gathers the little flock around his knee, and tries to tell them something of the beautiful home to which mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here; they cannot think why the Good Father should want her so much more.

☞ Thirteen million fruit and forest trees were planted in Nebraska last year.

POACHING ENCOUNTER.—The "fellow," a powerfully built and ruffianly looking vagabond, evidently puzzled what to answer, grasped his stick all the tighter and then growled out, "I warn't a medlin with you."

"Confound you! I never said you were. What's that got to do with it? You're trespassing; you know you are. I'll see about this. What's your name?"

"My name, be darned!" shouted the fellow; "what's yourn? Whot reet have yer a-coomin' about more an me? I'se gotten these ere rabbits, and I means to keep 'em," he added, as he once more laid hold of them, and seemed about to depart.

"Drop them!" roared Harry, as he mounted the wall; "if you take a single rabbit—"

"If yer tooch ma rabbits Sandy shall throttle yer," roared back the villian with equal energy; "hie at 'em, sieze 'em, my lad, Sandy!" he cried again as Harry sprang from the wall.

There were only a dozen paces between them now, when the savage beast, without any warning, sprang with the fury of a maniac from his master's side at Harry. It was all over in a moment. A puff of smoke, a sharp crack, and there they stood a remarkable picture. On one side was Harry, his piece presented full at the man's head; on the other was poacher, literally rooted to the spot with fear, anger and amazement combined. Between them lay the ferocious Sandy, breathing out his last gasp, shot right through the heart.

How like Vernon it was! His boldness and decision did not desert him at a pinch like this, and I believe really saved his life. Harry said afterwards—"Pluck? Oh, it wasn't pluck; I did it without thinking of it." But it was just that pluck, in my estimation, which shows itself how, when, or where, as occasion requires, and which is not wanting in the hour of need, which I really call pluck.

"By ——, thou shalt pay for this!" at length cried his opponent, advancing a foot, and swinging his club.

"Another step, and you are a dead man," now came in hoarse but earnest tones from Vernon's mouth. "You would kill me if you could," he added, "and I shall shoot you just as I've shot your dog, in self defence, if you don't take yourself off immediately."

Completely cowed, not only by the words and determined voice, but more, perhaps, by the whole attitude and unflinching eye, which threatened him with instant death, the fellow immediately backed a few paces, and sloping off until out of range, he only halted to shout out some bitter oath before disappearing altogether in the distance. Harry turned to examine the dog for a minute, "tremendous still in death," and thought of the little chance at close quarters he would have had in a struggle with such a beast, especially when a strong ruffian was by with a stake to give him no gentle tap on the skull.—*Chamber's Journal.*

☞ In the search by the diver for the body of the infant drowned in Fresh pond, the fact was demonstrated that the pond is fed in a great measure by springs, which bubble up from the bottom. These springs are intensely cold, and the sensation to the diver was that similar to plunging into an ice cold bath. Immense clams were observed on the bottom some of them, according to the statement of the diver, being more than a foot long. There was also seen an immense tract of sub marine vegetation, which greatly interfered with his movements. Part of the bottom is of sand, and in many places there are deep mud deposits, into which latter substance Superintendent Dudley, of the water works, who donned the sub-marine armor and went down on a voyage of discovery, was plunged almost up to his neck. He made afterwards, however, a more successful decent, and saw a large number of huge bowlders, and other objects of interest, and found a pair of cuffs with sleeve buttons of silver attached thereto, they probably having been lost by some boating party. The fact that the body of the infant was so well preserved is due to its having sank and remained for the nine days in the vicinity of the cold springs.

ONE CAUSE OF THE SCARCITY OF LOBSTERS.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript states that one cause of the great falling off in the catch of lobsters in Cape Cod and Plymouth Bay, has lately been found to be the raking of the rocky bottom for Irish moss, which is now carried on to a great extent up and down the coast. By this means the young lobsters are uncovered and often destroyed, as they need this refuge both for growth and safety. It would be well for our fish commissioners to examine this subject, and if legislation is needed to protect this important branch of shellfishing, it should be done as soon as possible. If artificial propagation can also be added to the natural production of lobsters in Massachusetts Bay, according to the recommendation of Professor Baird, it will be found to be very advantageous, for three times the present amount of product is demanded throughout the New England States.

WANTED TO BE CALLED MISTER.—Joe Bunting, becoming disatisfied with farm life, left his native hills in Vermont and went down to Boston to see the world. Returning home after a short absence, he sat in the kitchen one day idle when his mother, burdened with household cares, said to him: "Joe, take that swill out and give it to the hog."

"Joe, why don't you start. I want you to give that swill to the hog."

"Mother," said he with the air of one who had just been deeply wronged: "Mother, I have been called *Mister Bunting* by better women than you are, while I've been gone."

A ROAMING MEETING HOUSE.—Some of our Methodist brethren down here are a good deal bothered. They sold the site on which they had their meetinghouse, and bought a better one up the street. The building was a large frame edifice, and they determined to move it. So they put rollers under it and worked it out into the street, and as soon as it was off the ground the purchaser of the lot began to build a dwelling house on the site. It was slow work pushing the church along the street, and before they got far somebody discovered that the title of the new site was not good, and so the bargain was annulled. The next day the brethren went plunging around town trying to buy another site, but nobody would sell them one, and on the following morning the supervisors got an order from the court requiring that meeting house to be removed from the public street within twenty-four hours.

The brethren were nearly wild about it, and they begged old Brindley to let them run the concern on his vacant lot temporarily until they could look around. But Brindley is a Baptist, and he said he felt that it would be wrong for him to do anything to promote a church that believed in sprinkling. Then they ran the meeting house out on the turnpike beyond the town, whereupon the turnpike company notified them that its charges would be eight dollars a day for toll. So they hauled it back again, and while going down the hill it broke loose, plunged through the fence of Dr. Mackey's garden and brought up on the top of his asparagus bed. He is an Episcopalian, and he sued the meeting for damages, and the sheriff levied upon the meeting house. The brethren paid the bill and dragged the building out again. They wanted to put it in the court house yard, but the judge, who is a Presbyterian, said that after examining the statutes carefully he could find no law allowing a Methodist meeting house to be located in that place.

In despair the brethren ran the building down to the river shore and fitted it on a huge raft of logs, concluding to tie it to the wharf until they could buy a lot. But as the owner of the wharf handed them on the third day a bill of twenty-five dollars for wharfage, they ran the building out and anchored it in the stream. That night a tug boat coming up the river in the dark, ran half way through the Sunday School room, and a Dutch brig came into collision with it, and was drawn out with the pulpit and three of the front pews dangling from the bowsprit. The owners of both vessels sued for damages and the United States authorities talked of confiscating the meeting house as an obstruction to navigation. But a few days afterwards the ice gorge sent a flood down the river and broke the building loose from its anchor. It was subsequently washed ashore on Keyser's farm, and he said he was willing to let it stay there at four dollars a day rent until he was ready to blow for corn. And there it is yet.

The brethren are very uncertain what they will do in the future. There is some talk of hitching the meeting house to several large balloons and floating it above the town, but the plan has not been decided on positively. It occurs to the brethren, however, that the Gospel is having a pretty hard time of it in New Castle county, and nothing but a desire to reform the morals of such an immoral community prevents them from taking that meeting house apart in sections and shipping it to the heathen of Terre del Fuego, or some place where they are not so ridiculously particular about a square foot of land when religious truth is at stake.—*Max Adeler.*

CLAMS.—For clams in their perfection we must look inside Massachusetts bay; and nowhere can they be found in such excellent quality as on the shores and flats of Plymouth and Duxbury. The flats off Plymouth, traversed by streams of both salt and fresh water, and left at low tide to the action of the sun, their soil a mixture of sand and mud, with rich deposits brought down by the streams, are the most excellent beds for clams to be found in the world. The experience of transferring this bivalve from their natural beds to more favorable grounds for cultivation has been thoroughly tried in Plymouth, and the results, from the last twenty years, have been surprising to all interested. To this process is mainly owing the richness and fine flavor of the clams of this locality; and we can safely challenge the world to surpass them. Thousands upon thousands of bushels are sent from this region every season for edible purposes alone, and no day in the year passes without finding the clammers at work, unless a body of ice covers the grounds. Clams for bait are sought for in other localities; but Plymouth and Duxbury furnishes the finest in the world for eating. The whole coast furnishes this shell-fish, but nowhere else of the quality found here.

☞ Mrs. Gadabout called on her dear friend, Mrs. Holmes, the other day, to tell her that Mrs. Jones was going to invade the Gadabout mansion with her little boy and the baby, to stay a week. "I really think," said Mrs. G., "that people should know enough to stay at home with their children during hot weather." Mrs. Holmes hoped the affair would not be too much of a visitation for her friend. "Oh no," said Mrs. Gadabout; "I am just going to let them wait on themselves, and make as little trouble as I can for myself." Rising to go, Mrs. Gadabout continued: "When Mrs. John goes home, I am going to take Eddie and Hattie and Mamie and the baby, and go to cousin Esther's for a month. They have such a pleasant place at Faraway, and the dear children can have a splendid time playing on the lawn and in the barn.

☞ Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

AN ANGRY ROBIN.—While we were walking in the quiet solitude of the McKeen woods, the other day, we were suddenly startled from our meditations by a strange and unusual noise. Looking into the thicket we perceived the author of this disturbance, a robin, vigorously and frantically endeavoring to drive away a squirrel who was hugely enjoying, to all appearance, the contents of the robin's nest. At first the squirrel refused to obey the rather unceremonious command to leave but finally, evidently thinking discretion the greater part of valor, concluded to vacate the premises to the rightful owner. One would have thought the robin to have been satisfied with getting rid of her disagreeable visitor; but no, she was determined to punish him effectually for his impertinence, and consequently chased him along the boughs, down the trunk of the tree, and along the ground and up another tree, all the while pecking at the poor fellow's head with irresistible and, as it proved, fatal fury, for, after a short chase, she ceased her screeches and quietly flew back to her nest, while we pressed our way into the bushes to endeavor to learn the fate of the squrrel, when down came the victem from the tree, falling at our feet. A short examination showed to us the power of an angry bird, even slight and frail as a robin, for his eyes she had picked out "one by one" and his nose and mouth were torn and bleeding by the furious pecking with which the robin mother had defended her nest. Never having heard ourselves of so remarkable a display of anger in any of our common birds, we thought it might be interesting to some of our readers.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

☞ Jefferson Davis is still crawling out from those entangling petticoats with which he got so unfortunately mixed up with in 1865, and with all his efforts he never gets quite free. We don't think he ever will. Here comes Captain Hudson of the 4th Michigan cavalry, who says he did not see Mr. Davis when first captured, but that subsequently Mrs. Davis told him, to use her own words: "I put my waterproof cloak and shawl upon Mr Davis upon the impulse of the moment, not knowing or having time to think what else to do, in hopes he might make his escape in that disguise; and I only did what any true woman might have done under similar circumstances." Capt. Hudson further says on their arrival at Fortress Munroe he was sent to Mrs. Davis to get the shawl worn by Mr. Davis (the waterproof having been obtained the day previously by Col. Pritchard), and that Mrs. D. was very angry, and finally handed him two shawls, very similar in appearance, and told him to take his choice, adding that she did dress Mr. Davis in her attire, and would not deny it, at the same time expressing great surprise that the secretary of war should want her clothing to exhibit, as if she had not already been sufficiently humiliated. It *was* unkind in Stanton to send after that shawl.

A GRAND HOTEL.—It is not often, says a "friend" from Pennsylvania, that I puff a hotel; but when I pay my bill at the rate of four dollars a day for sleeping in the "milky way" and feeding on a bill of fare, it's a privilege and a pleasure to mention such an institution. The Atlanta (Georgia) is the largest hotel, I presume, in the world. Many people who go up in the sky-parlors to repose never come down, but go right on through to the moon without change of elevators, and those who have written back say they could smell the hair oil on the hair of the clerks all the way up. The halls are so long and winding that many waiters get lost while going after a pitcher of water, and are never heard of until their remains are found years after. I went in one morning and ordered breakfast. A small colored boy took my order, and it was so far out to the kitchen he was grown and grey-headed when he got back. The hotel is a very large hotel, and everything about it is large, from the feet of the clerks, the mouths of the waiters, to the bills. It is provided with all modern conveniences, hot and cold water, bay-windows, idiots, dirty sheets, every thing to make the traveller happy, including an undertaker's establishment for the accommodation of such boarders as starve to death while waiters. It is a very large hotel, and everybody stops there just once.

HAD A BODY FOR IT.—Old Whiting was a bricklayer, and occasionally profane. He was very industrious, and when remonstrated with for working so hard, he was accustomed to say, "I've got the body for it." One day he was hard at work on a chimney when he hurt his hand, and as usual broke out with a volley of oaths. Parson Lord chancing along, he told the old man that if he persisted in his profanity he would certainly go to hell. The old man heard nothing that was said, but supposed the parson was pitying him for his hard work, as usual, replied, "All right, Parson. I've got the body for it."

☞ "Twelve pounds for a threshing machine!" exclaimed a boy when he saw the card on one for sale. "Why, mother only pays five shillings a pair for her slippers!"

☞ "Six feet in his stockings!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "Why, Ike has only two in his, and I can never keep 'em darned at that."

☞ What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it is divided? Water.

☞ An astronomer can discover more wonderful things with one eye than most men can with two.

☞ Cheap drapery—the curtains of the night.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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HOSFORD'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Excursions down the harbor are the substitutes for a journey with which the members of the Can't get-away Club solace themselves. The various points of interest seem to be fully patronized this summer and daily the boats go loaded from the wharves in Boston, to the "gardens" on the islands and along the shores of Massachusetts Bay. To parties from the suburban and country towns, the walk across the city from their depots to the wharf have been found quite an obstacle, and many have sought pleasure in another direction, who would gladly have gone down the harbor could they have done so without fatigue. The B. & L. R. R. are fortunate in possessing just what is required in this emergency. The Mystic wharf to which vessels of the largest size can come, is connected by a branch at Milk Row with the Lowell road, and excursion trains can be switched at Milk Row, and unload their passengers at the very gang way of the steamboat. One or two excursions have been over the new road and thence down the bay, but no especial effort was made to cultivate the new pleasure route until the advent of the new Management.

On Tuesday of this week a train was made up on the Northern Road to go over the new route, and let our New Hampshire brethren see how good and how pleasant it is to have easy communication between the mountains and the sea. A goodly number started from Concord, including newspaper, business and public men, men who help to mould public opinion, and who if interested would do much to insure the success of the Mystic road as a pleasure as well as a freight line. Manchester turned out some of her prominent citizens, and Nashua was well represented. Lowell, the home of Hocum Hosford, the new manager, sent a large delegation. There were several ex Mayors, Mayor Jewett, and not a few next-Mayors, Sheriff Kimball, Hon. Senator Salmon, Dr. Stephen Cutter and others. Lowell journalism was represented, by Messrs. Knapp, Morey, Stone Huse, Marden and Hunt. Lawrence, sent Senator Bacon, Tom. Marsh, Jr., from Tewkesbury, A. E. Whitney and H. F. Johnson from Winchester, Messrs. Usher and Gleason from West Medford Col. Taylor and A H Hills from the Boston press were there. Supt. W M Parker, Manager Hosford, Col. George, and other Lowell railroad men were there, but Gen. M. T. Donahoe was the grand marshal, and safely marched his troop of friends through the devious ways of the day's journeys and delivered them safely home as the sun went down. The Boston & Hingham steamboat Co., joined the Lowell Railroad in its hospitality and the two corporations worked easily together and to the satisfaction of all concerned. At Mystic Wharf the Gov. Andrew was found in waiting, and the 250 comprising the party, including the Nashua Cornet Band, went on boad, and the boat then steamed over to Rowe's Wharf for her regular compliment of passengers. As we passed the Navy Yard, many of our Granite State friends to whom the sights were novel were attracted by the monitors and other objects of interest. At the wharf a large addition was made to the load, and the boat went down the harbor with a full freight.

Nantasket was the first point, and which was reached about 11. Gen. Donahoe formed his line as soon as the passengers disembarked, and with Commodore Whiton preceded the band and led the procession to the Rockland Cafe, where a clam chowder, and its appetizing accessories, were discussed with a freedom born of bracing sea breezes, a brisk march and cheerful companions. An hour was spent here, during which the antics of the sea nymphs were observed, and some of our party were enticed into donning the picturesque dresses provided for bathers, and taking a dash through the surf in their company.

At 12 the line was reformed, and marched to the wharf where the Rose Standish was in waiting to convey the party to Downer's. Here we encountered the genial Sam. B. Noyes, whose knowledge of the locality and pleasant comment on the various points added a charm to the trip. The channel at low water is very crooked, and as we wound our sinuous course out of the little harbor it was a relief to know that under good guidance every crooked way may be made straight.

Arriving at Downer's we landed near the ornate structures which are peculiar to the place, the band went to the front, and following our gallant leaders we marched to Melville Gardens. An hour was spent in such recreation as pleased us, and at 2 o'clock the steam whistle shrieked the welcome news that the clam bake was ready. "Fall in" was the word, and over the causeway we promptly moved, bent on the destruction of a horde of clams. An excellent clam chowder, preceded the principal dish, and the bake in great dishes was served, and men ate clams who ne'er eat clams before. Baked blue fish supplemented the repast, and when the shells piled high told of the great powers of the eaters, a truce was called and Senator Bacon happily introduced the guardian spirit of the place in the person of the venerable Samuel Downer. Mr. Downer responded in a brief speech of welcome. Manager Hosford followed, and then Col. Taylor of Somerville, True Osgood of Concord, J. O. Adams of Manchester, W. S. Salmon of Lowell, and Gen. Donahoe were called out. The General excused himself by saying his left lung was gone, he having lost it last winter while shouting "Show your tickets," and now that the gates are ajar he hoped they would give him peace. After the bake the time was spent in strolling about and enjoying the attractions of the garden.

The object of the excursion which was to exhibit the beauties of the harbor and demonstrate how easily accessible they are, was fully accomplished, and excursions from New Hampshire in the early future may confidently be expected. At 5.30 the John Romer came to the Landing and the party was safely conveyed to Mystic Wharf and embarked on the waiting train.

Manager Hosford seems to be the right man for the place. He is devoting all his time to the duties of the position, and spares no pains to acquaint himself with the road and its capabilities and needs. He has just closed a contract for Miller platforms, and his cars will soon be furnished with that valuable invention. He is easily approached, and when there is cause for complaint the interested parties may be sure of a respectful hearing.

We left the train at Winchester, well pleased with the excursion, which was in every way satisfactorily carried out.

POLICE COURT.—July 31, Thomas Sullivan, John Duffy, and James Spring, of Winchester, were complained of for malicious mischief. The first two were placed on probation, but Spring is still at large. Aug. 7, William Manning, single drunk, $3 and costs. John McQuillan, assault and battery, plead not guilty and the case was continued to Aug. 9, when he was find $5 and costs, from which judgment he appealed and recognized in the sum of $100 for appearance at the Superior Court. Aug. 9, Patrick McGill was arraigned for a single drunk, but for want of evidence he was discharged. Patrick Kelley, assault and battery, $3 and costs. Mrs. Downey, of the Chemical Works, was arrested at her hut on Monday morning, and was tried on a warrant for assault and battery some three months ago, and was fined $3 and costs. Aug. 11, I. O. Carter Esq., assumed the chair of Justice, and tried the following cases:—Daniel Doherty for an assault on Isabella Doherty, $15 and costs. John Doherty, single drunk $3 and costs. Berberi Andre, vagrancy, three months in the House of Correction.

BASE BALL.—The base ball fever appears to be having a run in Woburn. This Saturday afternoon a nine from James Skinner & Co's Chestnut street shop plays with a nine from their Green street shop. The game will be called at 2 in Fowle's field on Bedford street, opposite Houghton street. C. Hennessey is captain of the Green and Samuel Skelton of the Chestnut.

GREEN STREET.	CHESTNUT STREET.
C. Hennessy, (capt) c,	John Bishop, catcher.
J. Galvin, pitcher,	J. K. Murdock, pitcher.
D. Murphy, short stop.	C. Bishop, short stop.
T. Callahan, 1s base,	M. Collins, 1s base.
J. Howard, 2d base,	H. Fay, 2d base.
W. Blake, 3d base,	S. Skelton, (capt) 3d base.
Jos. Giroux, right field,	W. Gillespie, center field.
D. Burke, center field,	J. Gibbons, right field.
John Giroux, left field.	T. Carroll, left field.
John Cox, scorer.	M. Shandley, scorer.

A picked nine from Burlington are arranging for a match with a Woburn nine, and it is not improbable that a nine will be assembled that will offer to play with the best nine Stoneham can bring.

EXCURSION.—The male employees of Russell and Johnson, to the number of 25, were given a free ride to Lynn and Chelsea Beach on Saturday last, by their employers. They went over the new Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad, and after a short stay in Lynn, returned to Chelsea Beach, where they had dinner. They returned home in good season, having passed the day very pleasantly.

W. M. P.—Mr. Charles B. Winn has presented an excellent crayon portrait of his father, the late Hon. J B Winn, who at one time commanded the Phalanx. The picture is elegantly framed 33x40 and is the largest as well as the best of the portraits of the commanders in the collection. The Phalanx goes into camp next Tuesday with the Second Brigade at Framingham.

PRESENTATION.—On Friday night Mr. Ira Pickering, the driver of Russell & Johnson's team, was presented with a nice whip by the men employed in that shop. The presentation speech was made by James Heran, in a neat manner, and Mr. Pickering although much surprised responded. The whip is silver mounted, ivory handle, and will be suitably inscribed.

THE BANDS OF THE SECOND BRIGADE.—At the muster commencing August 17, the 5th Infantry will have the Medford Brass Band, the 6th the Haverhill Cornet, the 8th the American of Providence, the Artillery Battalion Dignam's Cornet of Manchester, N. H. (mounted), and the Cavalry Company the Dunstable Cornet.

MEDICAL.—Dr. E. M. Harding who will succeed Dr. Wolgamott in Woburn, is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, and before coming to Woburn was in practice in New York City. He will occupy the office used by Dr. Wolgamott, 110 Main street. He is an agreeable gentleman, and has the reputation of being a skilful physician.

NEWS ROUTE.—W E Ramsdell has taken the agency of the Boston Daily *News*, a one-cent paper which he delivers at the houses of subscribers. He will also furnish the Sunday *Herald* in the Highland District to all who will give him their names before Saturday

KICKED.—A dog belonging to J H Nason, while in the street on Saturday last, was struck in the head by the horse attached to Hawkins' express wagon. He was thought at first to be dead, but afterwards revived, and is now doing well.

REMOVED.—Pollock has come over the way to Marcy's old store, where he gets a reduced rent, and can afford to sell cheaper than formerly. He offers good bargains, and it will pay to trade with him.

☞ Rev. C. A. Merrill is located on Thomson avenue, and Andrew James on Asbury avenue, at the Hamilton Camp Meeting grounds.

THE GRAND ARMY BASE BALL.

Post 33 went to Stoneham last Saturday as previously announced. The nine had never been together until they took their places on the Stoneham grounds, which were in a large and convenient field about a mile beyond the village. There was a large company of spectators and the noted hospitality of the Stoneham Post was not wanting on this occasion. During the game N. Z. Tabor resigned and Warren Taylor took his place. The following very fair report we copy from the *Globe*:—

A social game of base ball was played between picked nines from Post 33 of Woburn, and Post 75 of Stoneham, Grand Army, on the old Kearsarge grounds, Stoneham, Saturday afternoon, which resulted in a victory for the home nine. The game was called at 2.30, Post 75 nine taking the bat. But four members of Post 33 nine had played ball for ten years or more, one of the four having but one arm, and considering that this was the first time all of the nine had met since they were selected to play, they did remarkably well. Most of Post 75 nine had played before, although they had only practised twice previous to the day of playing.

Berthrong of Post 33 is an excellent player, both at and behind the bat, making two home runs. Gleason, with only one arm, caught one fly and made some good strikes, and Devlin and Nason did remarkably well. Seaver, Dane, Marden and Lawrence, of Post 75, all did well, Dane making a clean score of eight runs and no outs. The game lasted two and one half hours, and was witnessed by a large number of persons. At 5 30 both clubs and their friends repaired to Memorial Hall, where a nice champion belt made for the occasion by Past Commander Ferren, was presented to Comrade Marden, captain of the victorious nine, by Commander Parker of Post 33. Comrade Marden responded in a few appropriate remarks. The Rev. Mr. Knowles and others made short speeches, after which the company partook of hardtack, coffee and cheese, and at 7 o'clock Post 33 nine started for home. The following is the score:

POST 75.	R	O	POST 33.	R	O
Seaver, c	6	2	Berthrong, c	5	1
Dane, p	8	2	Nason, p	2	2
Marden, ss	6	3	Parker, ss	1	6
Lawrence, 1b	5	3	Devlin, cf	4	1
Ferren, 2b	4	5	Gleason, 2b	4	1
Hayes, 3b	4	1	Leslie, 3b	1	5
Allen, lf	3	5	Wheelock, 1b	1	2
Hall, cf	2	5	Taylor, lf	1	4
Brown, rf	4	3	Hoskins, rf	1	4
Total,	42	27	Total,	20	27

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Post 75,	4	3	5	0	6	6	1	12	5—42
Post 33,	2	1	1	0	0	2	2	8	4—20

Umpire—George Young of Stoneham.

Scorers—Fred Brown, Post 75, W. C. C. Colegate, Post 33.

Another game will be played on grounds in Woburn, between the same clubs, August 28.

SUNDAY SERVICE.—Last Sunday Rev. J. W. Chickering, D. D., preached at the Orthodox church. His text was in 1 Cor. 9:27, "I keep under my body." The preacher called attention to St. Paul's example, and the abundant teachings of scripture, showing the great importance of physical as well as spiritual self care and control. This is the true Bible "temperance," forming the broad basis of all branches of animal selfrestraint, as well as of that form of temperance and intemperance which naturally enough all things considered, has, in our conventional language, monopolized those terms. Many acts and neglects tend to mar and weaken that wonderful handiwork of the Creator, to cut short its life, to unfit it to be the receptacle and the organ of the intellect and the heart, and worse than all, to repel that divine presence and influence concerning which this Apostle has said: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." Some of these acts and neglects were mentioned; overwork as well as overindulgence, overplay and overeating, neglect of God's laws of health with matter of rest nightly and weekly, pure air, cleanliness next to godliness, sexual purity, suitable dress, medical care, &c. Narcotics and stimulants, also, of many kinds and degrees of mischievousness, are defiling the body, polluting the air, covering our paths and all places with filthiness and poisoning the life springs of coming generations. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," then occupied the preachers attention. This branch of temperance was still farther dwelt upon at the Sabbath School meeting in the evening. It was illustrated by striking facts; within Dr. C's own observation since his connection with this School fifty-seven years ago, down to the last of his five winters in Washington. He called upon his hearers as patriots and children, for their own sake and that of each other and their country, now in its centennial year, to practice and promote total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Both the morning and evening addresses were closed with urgent appeals to old and young to seek that divine mercy in the Gospel, and that spiritual aid, through which pardon and purification could be found, God glorified in body and spirit, and the soul saved.

KEEP OFF THE CROSSINGS.—It is a very common practice for owners of teams to drive upon the crossings of our business streets, particularly Merrimack street, regardless of the rights of pedestrians, and in defiance of the city ordinances. It is an every day occurrence for ladies to be compelled to walk through the mud, which always abounds on this thoroughfare, owing to the obstruction of the crossings, and we suppose the same indifference to the rights of the citizens will continue in this and in other departments of the city regulations, for want of some authority to look after such matters. But it ought not so to be.—*Haverhill Bulletin.*

The above with very slight alterations would do for Woburn.

NAHANT.—L. W. Perham Hose, No. 1, went to Nahant on Monday. They took the "fixins" with them, and provided their own dinner, a good clam chowder. They returned home about 12 o'clock, having passed the day in a manner enjoyable to all.

CROWDS.—Our streets are always very full Saturday evenings, and last Saturday a gentleman with a taste for statistics counted the pedestrians passing a given point within an hour, and they tallied 1417.

☞ Thanks to D. W. Stewart for No. 15, vol. 6, Quarterly Journal of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance.

BULLETS VS STONES.—Thursday evening the Police visited Noyes' saloon, and having seen all they wanted, including one man drunk on the floor, took their leave. While they were in the saloon, a crowd gathered outside, and as the officers walked down the street threw stones at them. Chief Mann drew his revolver and sent a shot through their ranks, which had the effect to produce some lively skedaddling, and no more stones were thrown. Stones are as dangerous as bullets, and those who dislike the latter must not throw the former.

39TH.—A committee meeting was held last Friday evening, and committees appointed to perfect the arrangements for the parade and re-union.

☞ The Orthodox church fence has received a new coat of paint.

☞ See advertisement of a tenement to let.

North Woburn.

☞ John Russell, conductor on the Horse Railroad, is off for a week's vacation, in New Hampshire. His place is filled by Mr. Frank Dearborn.

PREACHING.—Rev. A. R. Wright, of Woburn, preached at the chapel last Sunday evening.

BASE BALL.—The Actives of North Woburn and the Sweepstakes of Burlington, indulged in a game of ball last Saturday, the score being as follows:—Actives 23, Sweepstakes 18.

NOT SO.—The members of No. 2 wish the statement in last week's paper in regard to their being sleepy, contradicted The member who went up there from the center, could not, they say, have opened the house, or made much noise, for two of the company were sleeping in the house, close to the carriage, and they would certainly have been awakened had much of an alarm been given there. If the alarm had been heard there is no doubt but No. 2 would have been on hand in good season.

DEATH OF COL. WINN.—Last Sunday Col. M. F. Winn departed this life, and North Woburn loses a valued citizen. His funeral took place on Wednesday from his late home. A committee from Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons attended the remains to the Cemetery. We append a brief sketch of his life from the pen of one who knew him well:

Col. Moses F., son of Moses and Sally (Johnson) Winn, was born in North Woburn, March 5th, 1806, and married Abigail, daughter of Stephen and Abigail (Tidd) Nichols, August, 1830, and died August 8th, 1875. On his father's side he was a descendant of Increase Winn, the first child born in Woburn, and on his mother's from Edward Johnson, author of a rare old work entitled the "Wonder Workings of Providence, as displayed in the history of New England." Mr. Winn was so largely identified with the growth and progress of the town, that a mention of some of the public places he has filled will suggest the respect and esteem of his fellow townsmen. He was one of the Selectmen in 1855 and 1856, for several years an overseer of the poor, one of the committee to lay out the Cemetery in 1844, and the beauty of this "city of the dead" is largely due to his good taste. He retained his position on the Cemetery committee up to his death, a period of thirty-two years. He has also been prominent as a member of various committees for public buildings and other purposes. He was elected one of the directors of the Woburn Bank at the time of its incorporation in 1853, director of the Woburn Agricultural and Mechanics Association in 1841, trustee of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in 1854, and all these positions he held at the time of his death. He was also President of the North Woburn Street Railroad Company, and one of the firm of Nichols, Winn & Co., shoe manufacturers, and Winn, Eaton & Co., leather manufacturers, at North Woburn. He was colonel of the 5th Mass. Vol. Militia, and was the predecessor of Col. Green, commanding the regiment at the muster at Groton some 30 years ago. All these positions he filled to the acceptance of his immediate associates and the public generally. But he excelled mainly in the sweet and unostentatious charity of his neighborhood life. He was foremost in everything that tended to develope the natural beauty or promote the good morals of his neighborhood. He lent his helping hand and purse in building the Congregational meeting-house, and the new Chapel was in a large measure concieved and executed by him. The poor and suffering always found in him an unselfish and sympathising friend. His charities were many. He was large hearted and free handed, always listening with an open ear to tales of suffering, and relieving them as far as he was able from the fulness of his noble heart. He felt a tender interest in young people, and was an excellent adviser, always counselling them to manliness, honesty, truthfulness, sobriety and economy, that they might win for themselves the respect of their fellows, and live lives of real value to the world. No man loved more than he to make those around him good and happy, and there are many who will come to his grave with a tender remembrance of his ready help in suffering, his sympathy in affliction, and his kindly advice in the hour of danger and temptation. His was a life well lived, and his friends will feel a just and honest pride in the record he has left them.

W.

Burlington.

MR. EDITOR:—A friendly game between the Actives of North Woburn, and the Sweepstakes of this town, was played here on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for the Actives, they leading with five runs. In connection with this it must be borne in mind that the Actives are old practitioners, they having been players for six or seven years, whereas the Sweepstakes have only been together about three months, and only one of them an old player. I think this argues well for them. I am indebted to Mr. Charles H. Harrington, scorer for the Sweepstakes, for the following score of the game:—

SWEEPSTAKES.	O.	R.	ACTIVES.	O.	R.
M H. Nichols, c	3	3	F. Warland, l f	5	1
W. E. Carter, s s	2	4	Flint, c f	4	2
E. Walker, 1st b	3	3	Platts, c	5	2
K. Cleigh, 3d b	4	2	L. Bond, s s	1	4
Lynch, 2d b	4	1	Gilman, p	5	1
G. L. Tebbets, r f	3	1	D. Bond, 2d b	1	3
W. Cleigh, c f	3	1	F. Carter, 1st b	3	2
S. White, l f	1	2	O'Donnell, 3d b	2	4
Z. Carr, p	4	1	Jones, r f	1	4
Total,	27	18	Total,	27	23

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Totals.
Sweepstakes,	3	2	0	5	0	0	4	2	2	18
Actives,	1	4	4	2	1	3	2	6	0	23

A LOOKER ON.

LETTER FROM WESTERN MASS.

AGAWAM, AUG, 8, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—If the Journal Club should call upon me now, they would find me spending my vacation in the town of Agawam. We left Woburn in the 8.20 train Saturday morning, and were enlivened on our way to Boston by a well known Woburn man who felt much injured by the Conductor. It seemed that he had a commutation ticket, and when he left town supposed there were four rides due him, but there was really only three, which he thought very strange, and he walked through the car with his voice raised in lamentation.

We arrived in Springfield at one o'clock, and from there went by horse and carriage to Agawam, which is about six miles distant. It is a very small town, there being only about fourteen hundred inhabitants. At the centre there is one store (which is the only one in the town), two churches and a school-house. There has been a post master appointed, but there is not enough mail matter for an office, so the letters, if there are any, are carried to Springfield, or else wait at Agawam for a week or so. There is a woolen factory, and one large gin distillery, the only one in Massachusetts, I believe. It has been carried on by one family for over one hundred years. Tobacco is raised to a very great extent, nearly every farm has a large or small patch of it. There was one large field of fourteen acres, which gave promise of being a good crop, but was destroyed by the heavy hail storm which occurred Thursday The Connecticut river runs through the town, and the scenery through the valley is very beautiful.

Monday we went to Enfield, Conn., and visited a society of Shakers. We were shown over the village by one of the sisters, through the laundry, and the dairy, where there were great quantities of cheese and firkins and balls of golden butter, which would make a housewife's eyes glisten to look upon. Perfect neatness exists everywhere. The chapel differs very much from those we are used to; the seats are long benches, without backs, ranged along the sides of the room, the centre being left open for the exercises to take place in. They are very strict in their principles, honest and industrious, keeping wholly by themselves, but courteous to visitors and willing to allow them to inspect their village.

We visited Mt. Holyoke, which is situated in the town of Holyoke, one hundred and seventeen miles from Boston, and is the highest of a long range of hills. The next in height is Mt. Tom. There are hotels on both mountains, but Holyoke is the most frequented, and has been for a great many years; as early as 1676 people visited it to view the surrounding country. We reached it by going over the Conn. River R. R. for fifteen miles, along the borders of that river to Mt. Tom Station, where we took the steamer, which is worthy of a little description. I suppose you have in your mind the large and splendid New York steamers or those on the Cunard line, but you would be sadly disappointed could you see this for one minute. It is capable of holding fifty persons, possibly seating twenty-five. Owing to a calamity last winter, that of being crushed in the ice, the cabin was rendered unfit for use, and in its place is a car that was formerly used as a street car in Holyoke, with the sign still on it. It has a crew of two, one who steers, while the other tends the engine and watches to push the logs (of which at the present time the river is very full), away from the wheel, occasionally stopping when there was a larger raft of logs than usual; but this only served to amuse us, and gave us the longer time to enjoy the beauties, of which we kept finding new and varied scenes for the ten miles sail, and were finally landed at the foot of the mountain, and after a short walk we took the car which is drawn by steam up an inclined plane to the summit, and found ourselves in the Prospect House, a distance of three thousand six hundred feet from the foot of the mountain. From this Hotel there can be seen mountains in four different States, thirty-two towns in Massachusetts and eight in Connecticut. The first house was built in 1821 and the present one in 1861. While we were there we had the pleasure of witnessing a shower beneath us, which was a sight well worth seeing. On one side was the cloud below the mountain with the rain falling in torrents, and on the other the sun was shining brightly. When it was most over there was a rainbow which spanned the sky, and when looking at it, and the mountains, the distant towns and cities, and the river winding in and out among the hills, a feeling of awe came over me at the power and might of a wonderful God, and swept all other thoughts from my mind.

The city of Springfield took up our attention for a time, and we passed through many handsome streets; two in particular, Maple and Chestnut, have some of the finest residences in the State. The houses have a solid, substantial look, and are nearly all built back from the street, with lawns in front sloping down to the sidewalk with an absence of front fences, which is in our way of thinking an improvement. The Arsenal has a fine situation on a hill, with the grounds neatly laid out and kept in good order like most of government places. From the observatory the prospect is delightful. While walking about we heard a salute of one hundred guns fired, which we wished to appropriate to our honor, but found instead it was in honor of Andrew Johnson. We can't say what might have happened if it had been known who the visitors were.

In Holyoke we saw the ruins of the church that was burnt some time since, where so many people lost their lives. The foundation for another church on the same spot is being laid, which rumor says is very insecure.

If the weather continues pleasant we shall do more sight seeing which I will tell about when I return to Woburn.

M.

East Woburn.

FIRE.—About half past six Monday morning, a shed on the Elijah Wyman estate on Central street, was discovered on fire. The building is owned by —— McCarthy, and was formerly used as a shoeshop, but now hay is stored in the loft, the pipe from a stove in the basement running directly through the hay, which was ignited by it. The damage was confined to the loss of about one ton of hay. Hose 4 were present and put on a stream.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

☞ A showman without capital should never be encouraged.

BOYISH ADVENTURE.

Two Woburn boys spending their vacation at Nantasket, went out fishing and got lost in a fog. One of them has written out his adventure for the *Journal*

LOST IN THE FOG.

Before starting for home we decided to go cod fishing. Although it was five miles to the fishing ground and we were to row the distance, what was this to us two young fellows who were used to rowing, and had been recruiting at the sea shore for a week. We had heard that we could catch some nice cod off Minot's Ledge, and we were anxious to try our luck. As we should get up pretty early in the morning, we hired our boat and cod lines beforehand, and left orders to have the boat all ready for us at three o'clock in the morning. Having done this we retired with the hope that the weather on the morrow would be favorable. I noticed however, that the heavens looked dark and lowering, and the sun which usually flooded the western hills with golden light while setting, was this evening obscured by a curtain of mist and cloud. The air felt damp, and it looked as if it might rain before morning. However we determined to go, rain or shine. We got everything ready that we could for the start, and then retired early so as to get a good rest. After leaving word with our landlord to wake us at three o'clock in the morning, we were soon fast asleep. At the time appointed we were awakened, and dressed up in such clothes as were suitable for the occasion. We put on our overcoats, and taking our lunch, and a jug of molasses and water and also a pail of clams we started out. We had to walk nearly half a mile in order to reach our boat.

It was not yet light, the sky was obscured by clouds, and the air still felt like rain. The only noise which disturbed the stillness of the night was the waves as they dashed themselves against the rocks. We were obliged to walk carefully, as the way was very rocky. But we had been over the path several times before and were quite familiar with it. A few minutes' walk brought us to where the boat lay. She was a staunch little craft, and was altogether as good a boat as we could wish. We were somewhat acquainted with her, having had the same boat once before. Finding everything all right we pushed off, my companion taking one oar and I the other. It was so dark that we were obliged to keep pretty near the shore for fear of losing sight of it. We kept a sharp lookout for rocks, and also scanned the horizon in hopes of seeing the light-house, but we could not see the least sign of it. This did not discourage us as it was dark and cloudy. We continued to coast along and we passed two small islands and as it commenced to grow lighter, we struck a little farther out from the coast. Here we encountered some heavy swells which would lift us way up and then let us down again, in a manner not altogether pleasant. As for myself I enjoyed them first-rate, but my companion did not seem to take much interest in them. We had rowed quite a distance when it commenced to rain, we stopped and put on our overcoats, which we had taken off just before starting, I also took the lunch and after a little squeezing, got it into a locker in the stern of the boat, so as to keep it dry. After rowing a little further we thought perhaps it would be better to eat our lunch now, before it got wet, we also thought that we could row better on a full stomach than on an empty one, we accordingly dropped anchor, and I brought out the lunch, I handed my companion a cracker and some cheese. He could not get down more than a mouthfull or two and that wouldn't stay down. The long swells which I had enjoyed so much, were too much for him. I now understood why he did not take any interest in them. I was a little more successful in my endeavor to eat, I always had a good appetite, and it takes considerable to upset it. I ate several cookies and a piece of cheese, after which we pulled up anchor and was about to row off, when I said to my companion "What land is that off there?" pointing in the direction indicated.

"Why that is the land we just come from. You had better keep your head level or you will get turned around," said he.

I concluded so too, it seems that the boat had swung around a little when we were anchored and that caused me to lose my reckoning. After getting my bearing again we started off. In the mean time the rain had continued to fall, and we had not gone far before it commenced to rain harder, and caused such a mist between us and land, that it shut it entirely from our view. Then a discussion arose between us as to which way was land, I thought it in one direction and he another. While thus discussing, the light-house bell struck, and we pointed our boat in that direction, and rowed with renewed vigor. After rowing for some time in this direction we stopped to listen, and though we could hear nothing we still held this direction as near as we could. It had been some time since we lost sight of land when the wind commenced to rise, and the waves were growing larger and larger every minute. Perhaps you can imagine our feelings, a storm was fast coming on, and if we did not reach land or the light-house before many hours, we would stand a small chance of ever reaching it, as the waves already threatened to come into the boat. We were in hopes that if we kept our boat in a straight course we would strike land somewhere in the bay. We kept steady at work at the oars, keeping our boat headed towards the coming waves. While thus rowing we saw a couple of sea monsters, which were quite near us, and we did not know but they would upset us, but they kept on quietly about their own business. We afterwards learnd that they were porpoises. Not long after this I saw something off on the water which looked like a vessel, I drew my companion's attention to it, and we at once started for it, yelling with all our might, and I should think they might have heard us clear to land. When we came close enough we discovered that it was about half a dozen fishing boats the occupants of which were fishing for mackerel. We dropped anchor within hailing distance, and got out our fishing lines and went to fishing as if nothing had happened. Although I must say I never was so glad to see any body in my life. After fishing for some time, and not catching anything we thought it best to start for home, as my companion was pretty sea sick, and the storm kept increasing. We accordingly inquired the way of one of the fishermen, and also told our adventure. He said he knew by experience what it was to be lost in the fog, and he warned us to look out for ourselves. Although he was right in warning us, it came rather late. When we found out where we were, we discovered that we had been rowing directly out to sea, and would soon have passed the light-house, which was on our right.

After half an hour's rowing, taking the wind and the waves for a guide, we came in sight of land, and a welcome sight it was. We found ourselves five miles down the coast, from where we had hired our boat. Although it rained in torrents we took it easy, and reached our boarding place about eight o'clock in the morning, having been out on the water five hours, and during that time rowed over ten miles.

Along in the afternoon of that day, when we sat in our comfortable room and looked out on the Ocean and saw it covered with white caps, and saw the waves as they dashed against the rocks, sending the spray high up in the air, then we were thankful that we were not out at sea in an open row boat, with no prospects of land.

Thus ended our first cod fishing, and although we caught no fish, we had an adventure which we shall always remember as long as we live.

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MT. VERNON, N. H., Aug. 11, 1875.

DEAR JOURNAL.—In these sultry days, when every one who can do so is hurrying vacationward in search of change and recreation, when business is dull and excitements are few, the cry of "copy" may still be heard throughout the office, and perhaps a "take" from the breezy hills of the Granite State may not come amiss.

Judging from the rocks and hills in this vicinity, we should call Mt. Vernon a fair representative of the towns of New Hampshire, as far as granite is concerned. It is situated in a very elevated position, and commands a most magnificent and extensive view of the surrounding country. For miles in every direction, as far as the eye can reach, ranges of lofty hills, vast forest, winding rivers, and clustering villages form a picturesque landscape, which for rural beauty and native grandeur it would be difficult to surpass. At one time the town boasted of a fine hotel, capable of accommodating several hundred people.

This building was entirely destroyed by fire a few years since, however, and since that time the numerous strangers who visit the town during the summer season, are accommodated in private families in the various parts of the village. The nearest railway station is at Milford, a thriving town about five miles distant. A stage connects with this place and people who enjoy riding at a very moderate pace, can be made happy once in their lives by travelling this route, for it is up hill all the way, and "very much so" some of the time. Any one who has tried it once will always appreciate the delights of stage riding in the country; but much as we "enjoyed" the trip, we were not sorry when it ended, for the horses sake, at least, if nothing else. There are many pleasant drives in this and neighboring towns, of which strangers are not slow to take advantage.

Another attraction are several spring near Amherst and Milford, whose waters are quite noted for medicinal qualities.

Stillness and fresh air are very abundant here. Indeed it is quite a comfort to realize that no steam gong with "hideous clang" ever disturbs the midnight slumbers or the Sunday morning nap of the sleepy inhabitants. Scarcely a sound disturbs the stillness but the singing of the birds through the day, and the rushing of the wind through the trees at night, except the occasional barking of a fox as he prowls about in search of some stray turkey or unfortunate goose wherewith to furnish his evening meal.

Mt. Vernon is emphatically a "berry" town. Various kinds of berries abound in great profusion, the blueberry and high blackberry predominating. The gathering of the former for the Boston market forms the principal business of the summer. Immense quantities are gathered and sent in daily. So plentiful are they that a single person often brings in from thirty-five to forty quarts as a day's work. The price ranges from twenty to three cents per quart, according to the supply in the market. The visitor passing through the town at this time will be somewhat surprised at the deserted appearance of the dwellings during the day, the inmates of which are away in the neighboring pastures and fields, improving the "shining hours." And if this same visitor happens to call unawares upon a family, he is very apt (that is, if there is no back door to escape through) to surprise the ladies of the household in picking costume, divested of puffs and ruffles, and thus have and excellent opportunity to test the merits of "beauty unadorned."

All things considered, the town exceeds in attractiveness many more distant localities, and its commanding situation and bracing air has caused it to become quite a favorite summer resort.

L.

☞ People who have read Mr. Hale's account of a ride in a car with a mad horse may be able to form a slight idea of how a man felt on the Ogdensburg road in Vermont the other day. A cage of lions, which was on its way to the New York Menagerie, now exhibiting in that State, was placed in one end of the car, and a zebra was tied in the other end. The watchman lay down on a box and fell asleep; when he awoke he discovered that one of the animals had bent the iron bars of its cage, forced its way out and was crouching in the opposite corner beside the zebra. The regular keeper of the animals was in the sleeping car at the rear of the train, and there was no chance to communicate with him or any one outside. The poor watchman was frightened into motionless silence, and in that awful suspense he made the long and weary journey to St. Albans. After the train came to a halt there, one of the train men, in passing the car, saw the lion's nose thrust out of an opening, and not knowing that any one's life was endangered in the car, but fearing lest the animal should escape, ran to the sleeping car and aroused the keeper, who soon appeared, rawhide in hand, and lashed the beast back into his den, to the immeasurable relief of the poor fellow who had been curled up for hours on the box.

Winchester.

BLAST.—The "big blast," of which so much has been said, at last came Wednesday afternoon. 150 pounds of dualin were used, and although it did its work on the ledge pretty effectually, still the large number of spectators were disappointed, as they were expecting more noise, and a perceptible jar for a long distance, but they must remember that it is quite an undertaking to shake this hemisphere.

POSTAL.—Scene, at Post Office; Time, Friday morning; Event, arrival of Great Northern Mail. Act 1, Scene 1.—Post Master unlocks bag. Scene 2—Reverses bag and shakes—no result. Scene 3.—Rights it and peeps in—all bag and no mail matter. Finale—Drops the bag and gives it a kick under the counter. Great applause by the audience.

REVERE.—Winchester sent a delegation of noble, stalwart men, this week, to inspect the new narrow guage railroad to Lynn, and on the return passage on Revere Beach, the party got separated, and part of them loosing the train had to reach home by some other means than the Boston & Lowell R R, but as all the unfortunate ones are "close mouthed" it is impossible to learn how.

EXCURSION.—A party of citizens of Winchester, hired Winn's excursion wagon, the "Queen of Winchester," and went to Concord and vicinity last Monday. The day was fine, and they probably enjoyed the ride.

DOWN.—Two clerks in one of our grocery stores had some word over a trivial matter last week, and at last got in "close quarters," when the "heavy weight" was thrown on the floor, and his ardor somewhat cooled.

IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. R W Hanson has built a carriage house near his livery stable, which he will use for his large express wagon when loaded.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.—See advertising columns for notice of private school in Winchester.

New Publications,

NATIONAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, for Congregations, Schools and the Home. Price, 40 cents. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Ditson & Co's books mentioned above, differ in two or three respects from the ordinary run of hymn and tune books, now quite numerous.

It has a special adaptation to schools, academies, &c., where it will be an appropriate and handy collection, from which to sing sacred music at opening and closing exercises. It is entirely unsectarian, as such a work should be. It embraces a vastly greater variety of hymns and tunes than that found on the last pages of School Song books. Being a standard work, it need not be changed, but remain for years in a school. The music is that with which every young person should become familiar, since it includes the tunes, old and new, that will be used during the next life-time in public assemblies. The arrangement into four simple parts has an educational value, and either one, two, three or four parts may be practiced and sung.

There are more than 200 tunes, with 340 accompanying hymns.

As a congregational singing book, the collection will find favor in places where a general, and not a doctrinal hymn and tune book is needed.

Peterson's Magazine (the Ladies National) is already on our table for September, and is an unusually fine number, even of this popular periodical. The principal engraving is a beautiful steel plate, "The Little Marauders," after a picture by Bougereau, the great French artist. The double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate gives the early fall styles, all very elegant; and is beautiful even as a picture. Frank Lee Benedict begin a spirited novelet, which is capitally illustrated. The powerful and absorbing serial, "The Lady Rose," by Mrs. Ann S Stephens, deepens in interest. "The First Quarrel" is another story of rare pathos and beauty. The price of "Peterson's" is only two dollars a year, postage pre-paid; and to clubs it is even lower; the publisher claims it is the cheapest and best lady's book in the world. He already begins to throw out hints of the great things he is going to do for the Centennial year; and as he always keeps promises, it would be well for persons who design getting up clubs, and earning the splendid premiums he offers, to be on the alert. Specimen copies are sent, gratis, to facilitate this purpose. Address Chas. J Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harper's Magazine for September, containing seventy five excellent engravings, has a happy blending of the light and picturesque with its graver and more important articles. Foremost among the latter will be ranked Professor Sumner's comprehensive review of the financial development of this country, being the eleventh paper of the "First Century" series. No topic could be more timely, when it is considered that "the monetary history of the United States," as Professor Sumner says, "from the first colonization until now, is a history of experiments with cheap substitutes for money." The Number opens with a beautifully illustrated article on "Gloucester and Cape Ann," by S G W Benjamin, the author of recent illustrated papers on Brittany and the Channel Islands. Porte Crayon reappears as a contributor, with an entertaining sketch of a Virginia tournament, characteristically illustrated. Another illustrated paper, by Edward Howland, gives a graphic description of the tournament of medieval times. Mr Conway, in an interesting illustrated article on the South Kensington Museum, gives a very complete *resume* of the art treasures in Great Britain; recounts the history of the Museum at South Kensington, and treats of its architecture and decorations as well as of its art collections. Among the illustrations of the article are pictures of specimens of the celebrated Henri Deux ware. In another paper Mr. Conway proposes to consider the museum with reference to its educational or art training method and character. James Parton contributes an illustrated paper on "Recent English Caricature," and Professor Rau concludes his series of illustrated papers on the "Stone Age in Europe." "The Song of Deborah and Barak," according to Dr. Conant's version and arrangement, with Dore's striking illustration, will prove interesting as a reproduction in more poetic form, not simply of the most remarkable of Hebrew lyrics, but of the grandest triumphal ode in any literature. Poems are contributed by T B Aldrich, John W Chadwick, Fannie R Robinson, James Mauris Thompson and Marcia Smith. The number contains three short stories. In "Garth," Julian Hawthorne presents a serial novel of absorbing interest—unequaled by the productions of any living American novelist. John Bigelow concludes his entaining series of Haytian Proverbs, and Miss Anna C Brackett contributes a suggestive paper in answer to questions "Can we speak English. To this excellent variety of contents are added the five editorial departments, covering topics of current interest in their respective fields.

CAPE ANN.—The general appearance of the cape is rocky in the extreme, while there are no very lofty precipices on the coast, nor any very striking features any wkere visible, as on the coasts of other lands. The effect is wild, but can hardly be said to be cheering. The fields are strewed with stones, as if it had rained rocks there in some unknown day of Divine retribution in past ages. The whole land is astonishingly wrinkled like a limp handkerchief, with hills, hillocks, hummocks, and the angular shoulders of untamable ledges and bowlders, with occasional phenomena like Rafe's Crack and Trap Rock Chasm; while the woods are of a similar austere character, sombre pines and cedars evermore chanting a solemn and dirge-like music to the ocean winds, like an echo of the everlasting roar of the surge on the rocky shore. Here and there, like a caprice of nature, are bits of idyllic beauty, a quiet little nook by a brook-side, or a pool reflecting the blue sky on its quiet bosom, unconscious of the raging ocean close at hand, like the pure soul of a child still ignorance of the stormy world, and reflecting the innocence of heaven; then a delicious avenue of embowering willows steal on the view, and fills one with delight which is heightened by contrast with the wilds scenes just beyond.

At present the cape is overrun annually for three or four months by an army from the cities. The era of boarding-houses, shanties, and shooting-boxes has fairly set in. The trim yacht is seen lying in the coves alongside of some rusty old pink or granite drogher; the weather-worn and quaint gambrel roofed farm-houses are turned for the nonce into villas. They are garnished with new porches, lace curtains, and croquet grounds; and cottages presenting a cross between an Italian villa and a Chinese joss-house are perched on the hill-tops and planted among the buildings of the early settlers, not always with perfect success as regards effect. There is hardly anything that will so test the sense of propriety and artistic taste as the location and construction of a country-seat, whether simple or pretentious. So many fail, so few succeed, in the attempt, it may be considered a crucial test of one's capacity in such matters. The ideal country residence is yet to be designed; but one thing in its construction, and the last thing usually thought of, should be fitness. A building that would look well by the Thames or in Venice is not suited to Cape Ann.—*Harper's for September.*

☞ The G. A. R. Posts scattered over the country appear to be doing,—according to the means at their disposal,—an efficient, yet silent and unobtrusive, work in aiding needy members or their families. That this is true of our own Post we have more than once had reason to know. The following in relation to a Post in Dedham has found its way into print: Last spring Mr. James Reed, a member of Post Carroll, died, leaving a wife and four small children in destitute circumstances, apparently. After his death it was found that he had a policy of $1000 upon his life, but he had failed to pay the premium for upwards of two years, and that there was but three days' grace upon the same, it being one of the "non-forfeiting" kind. A committee was appointed to look after the case, and by strenuous efforts and threats of legal prosecutions, the company finally, after deducting the premiums due, turned over the rest. Instead of turning over the money to the widow, the Post bought a lot and have constructed upon the same a neat cottage house of some six rooms, which cost in the vicinity of $1,200. Subscription papers are being circulated to raise sufficient funds to clear the place from debt, and the citizens are subscribing liberally to the project. The property is in the hands of a trustee, who is to look after it until the children shall have become of age suitable to look out for themselves.—*Waltham Free Press.*

"A FREE MAN."—A colored minister by the name of Graves, who used to be a slave of Robert Toombs, who prophesied, at the beginning of the war, that he would yet call the roll of his slaves from the base of Bunker Hill Monument, recently made a visit to Bunker Hill, where he stood bare headed, called his own name, and answered, "Here. But I am a free man by the grace of God and the proclamation of the president."

☞ It is undoubtedly true that the dominant impression made by a man whose life is open to all men's eyes, who speaks, writes, acts, in the very focus of public observation, and especially if he be a man of a large, generous, expansive, and sympathetic nature, is the true impression of the man. Errors of judgment, lamentable weakness that had not been suspected, unanticipated credulities, when they are laid bare by the rigorous exposure of such a man's daily and hourly life, may amaze, may occasion regret, but they can not affect the great general impression which his personality has produced. If, indeed, a man who is indiscreet has been supposed to be of singularly sound judgment, if a man who is passionately impetuous has been thought to be especially cool and prudent, if one who is essentially a boy has been thought to be peculiarly a man, the sudden revelation of the truth will startle and sadden those whom it undeceives. But if he be a genial, generous, impulsive man, full of genius, of an exhaustless imagination, of magnetic power, he is not the less so because his sagacity is proved at fault, and because he has had more trust than insight. Those who have always seen that the mountain was an Alp, a hill of our common earth, and not a pillar of the sky, will, when the storm passes over, see that it stands, as of old, clear and defined in the sunlight, mingled of green woods and coarse herbage, of shady dell and bold pasture, the winds of heaven still singing through its far-stretching foliage, the hues of heaven as bright as ever in its mantling surface of flowers.—*Harper's for September.*

THE CENSUS.—The work of taking the census of the city and State has begun, and is being pushed forward with vigor. It is the aim of Col. Carroll Wright, the Chief of the Bureau, to make the census the most thorough exposition of the population and industry of Massachusetts yet made, and with this end in view no pains have been spared to make the enumeration complete in all respects. Judging from the returns already received, Col. Wright estimates that the completed returns will show the State to have from 1,650,000 to 1,700,000 inhabitants, and estimating the population at the first figures, they would show an increase of nearly 200,000 people since 1870, when the last census was taken. A liberal estimate on the data in hand gives Boston 350,000 inhabitants, which estimate, should it prove correct, would show that this city has grown well during the last five years, and added nearly 100,000 to its population. The increase throughout the State will not be confined to inhabitants alone, and the industrial returns will show a result astonishing to those even who have watched the rapid growth and progress of the industries of Massachusetts. The work of collecting the industrial statistics has been carried forward with activity, and so far as Boston is concerned has been completed. Basing their estimate on the quality of the returns yet received and upon careful computations made thereon, the officials of the bureau believe that the aggregate of the products manufactured for the year ending May 1st, 1875, will be in round numbers $1,500,000,000 against $517,000,000 in 1865, showing a wonderful increase during the last ten years. The industrial returns will be presented to the Legislature of 1876, as this Fall will be devoted to their and preparation for presentation to the General Court. The work of enumeration, collecton, etc., has kept six hundred clerks and enumerators busy, and No. 33 Pemberton square is a busy place just now.

EASY MANNERS.—Recent events have caled for public attention to the intimate relation of morals and manners. It may be said that there is no greater peril to morality than much that is called merely free and easy manners. Young men, and even young women, permit themselves a freedom and license of manner whice, having all the aspect of impropriety, may very readily acquire its substance. Edward addresses Emily with a loud and jesting intimacy of tone and conduct, which might be expected in the sailor saloons of Water street or Wapping, but which is repulsive and odious in the drawing-room or among refined and gentle persons. Edward and Emily would be amazed to be told that they have not the manners of a gentleman or of a lady, and have the air of the *demsi-monde*. They think they are especially *comme il faut*, and that above all others they know what is the rule of high society. But they are merely vulgur, and have the manners of those who are who are worse than merely vulgar. Coarseness can not be gilded into refinement. The young woman who habitually calls her young friends of the other sex by their Chirstian names, or who suffers any thing that can be called familiarity, although it falls short of actual indecorum, should reflect carefully. "Sir," said a lady to a policeman who took her elbow to pass her over the street, "if I wish you to touch me I will ask you." No woman of a high sense of personal dignity wishes any man to lay his hand upon her thoughtlessly or unnecessarily. Nor will such a woman permit any kind of rudeness in the tone or manner of men.—*Harper's for September.*

GOV. TALBOT AND TEMPERANCE.

In an address by Ex-Lieut. Gov. Talbot last spring, he gave the following utterance to his views on temperance.

In this contest in which, as Christians and good citizens, we are engaged, against the fearful habit of dram-drinking, it seems to me there is just now more cause for encouragement than we have felt for several years past.

And it is because never, perhaps, has the general public, one and all, been so interested in the cause of temperance as at the present time. This subject is discussed in every circle, and while there are differences of opinion about methods, all are agreed that something must be done to stay the fearful tide of intemperance which threatens to engulf all orders of society. It not only breaks down individual character, carries misery and desolation, lamentation and mourning, into thousands of families, fills our prisons and almshouses, but it paralyzes our courts and demoralizes our juries.

This state of things has forced the attention of all classes of people to it, and never, in my judgment, has the subject been so seriously considered as now. The recent enactment of a license law will only add to the scrutiny with which the whole subject will be observed. The whole workings of this law will be closely watched by those who have no special partiality for methods, as well as by those who have no confidence in this one, and a careful account will be kept with all who have its responsibilities on their hands.

This alone is a cause for hearty congratulation.

The vice against which we struggle, and the still viler traffic which panders to and encourages it, need only to have the popular conscience aroused, as such discussion and reflection certainly will arouse it, to have effective and permanent checks applied to both. So it has been before. So it will be now. Only stir the moral sense of the community, and reform is sure to follow.

In the present aspect of the cause, what are the duties of temperance men? It seems to me to be clearly their duty to aid, by all means in their power, all whose duty it is to enforce this law.

The projectors of license claim it to be in the interests of Temperance. Let us take them at their word and do all we can to make it result so—if it is possible.

There are many thoughtful, sincere temperance men who did not think the prohibitory law as susceptible of execution as this law is, and there are many young men who have never seen the workings of a license law, who must be satisfied on this point, and the only way way to satisfiy them is to see that it has an honest, fair trial.

If it succeeds in staying the evil of intemperance, we should give it due credit. That is the end we seek, and methods are far less important than ends. I think one great reason which brought about popular dissatisfaction with the prohibitory law was the lack of personal effort on the part of temperance men to see it vigorously and impartially enforced. We trusted too much to legal enacments and special officials, and did to little to maintain the public opinion which spurs officers to faithful duty, and makes juries find according to the law and the evidence.

Let us not err in this way again. I believe this law needs, to make it of any value to the cause of tempernce, far more of honest, self-sacreficing effort than the prohibitory law ever did. Let us see that it has it, so far as we can aid. If its friends are also earnest in their efforts, all will be done which can be done to make the attempt succeed. Then if it fails again, the fault will not be ours, and the watchful sense of the community will bestow the blame where it belongs.

T. A. B. SOC. PARADE.—Father McKenna, of Marlboro is to deliver the oration on the occasion of the parade of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies. James McMahon is Chief Marshal, T. H. Hill Adjt. General, and Mr. Byron of Arlington, Chief of Staff. There will be four divisions, and Patrick Crehan will marshal the Woburn Division.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

A ROMANTIC LAW-BREAKER.—A raid was made on the illicit distillers in south-West Virginia several weeks ago, and a number of them captured. One offender with a romantic turn of mind, had discovered a commodious cave through which meandered a crystal stream of water. Above it was a large hollow tree, with a number of large limbs reaching out from the parent stem. This enterprising manufacturer of ardent spirits had managed to convert this hallow tree into a chimney through which the smoke from the distillery passed in indistint clouds; being diffused in unnoticed quantities to the limbs and out into the air. He had all the paraphernalia of a first-class distillery, and was quietly squeezing juice from the cereals, secluded and apart from the vulgar, prying, meddlesome outside world, when officious myrmidons of law interfered with his pastime.

NAMING HOUSES.—I liked the English habit of naming their houses; it shows the importance they attach to their homes. All about the suburbs of London and in the out-laying villages I noticed nearly every house and cottage had some appropriate designation, as Terrace House, Oak tree House, Ivy Cottage, or some Villa, etc., usually cut into the stone gate post, and this name is put on the address of the letter. How much better to be known by your name than by your number! I believe the same custom prevails in the country, and is common to the middle classes as well as to the aristocracy. It is a good feature. A house or a farm with an appropiate name, which everybody recognizes, must have an added value and importance.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

GOOD SUMMER DRIVK.—Speaking of oatmeal, an exchange remarks that a very good drink is made by putting about two spoonfuls of meal into a tumbler of water. The Western hunters and trappers consider it the best of drinks, and it is at once nourishing, stimulating and satisfying. It is popular in the Brooklyn navy yard, two and a half pounds of oatmeal being put into a pail of moderately cool water. It is much better than any of the ordinary mixtures of vinegar and molasses with water, which farmers use in haying and harvest fields.

☞ Mr. Marden again denies the rumor that he is a candidate for Secretary of State, and says "that if he were sure of every vote in the convention and every vote at the polls he would not accept a nomination for the office." One of the other candidates "mentioned," Mr. Charles H. Taylor, wouldn't take the office under the same circumstances, with the addition of having the salary doubled. It ought to be clear by this time that Messrs. Marden and Taylor have no "asperations" in Mr. Warner's direction.

☞ A tailor of a melancholic temperament was observed recently sitting cross-legged on the Canada shore, gazing intently at the Horse Shoe Fall with its thick cloud of spray. A reporter stole up, unobserved and heard him mutter, "What a place to sponge a coat."

☞ California counts up thirty million grape vines.

☞ There is method in the way McGrath, the genial turfman, names his horses. "I've got one called Axiom," he says; "they tell me that means a self-evident proposition. I have another called Wrangler; that, I'm told, is a collegian who will debate with anybody; so, I hope, will my horse. Another colt of mine is Wolfgang; because I read in the life of Goethe that he was one of a skating party when a little boy, and his mother saw him coming in ahead, and she cried, "Here comes my little Wolfgang!" The old fellow is a wonder to both sexes. At Saratoga a lady said to him, "Mr. McGrath, won't you name a horse for me?" "My dear young lady," he said, "I promised the daughter of one of my neighbors to call my next filly weanling Ellen. I have thirteen brood mares. I'll be hanged if any one of 'em bore a filly. "Now," said I, "my dear young lady, I did the best for you I could, but it will come out that way sometimes. What is your name, if we have luck?" And the old man wrote it down with his usual grimly humorous and weary smile.

HINTS TO BATHERS.—Several members of a party from East Kingston went in bathing at Hampton Beach, last Sunday. In default of their having bathing-suits sufficient to meet the wants of the entire number, one or two of the gentlemen members resorted to the dangerous plan of wearing in an old shirt and pants. They had not been in but a short time when one of their party, E. F. Judkins, noticed the absence of his cousin, E. B. Judkins, and on looking about saw him under water desperately struggling against the force of the receding current. With the assistance of his comrades, he succeeded in rescuing his young friend in an insensible condition. A hard rubbing and a little brandy brought him to life, however, and now he will go home, we trust, a "wiser man." This is one of the many illustrations of the danger of wearing long pants into the water. He turned them up as far as possible, but they naturally worked down, and having lost his footing by the force of the breakers, he was unable to regain it, owing to the impediment furnished by the length of his pants.

☞ The whole system is kept in a healthy condition by occasionally partaking of *Hunt's Remedy*. By the curative properties of this medicine, dropsy, Bright's disease, kidney, bladder and glandular complaints, diabetes, gravel, incontinence and retention of urine, female irregularities, nervous debility, errors of youth or mature age, excesses, intemperance and malidies of the urino-genital organs are entirely expelled from the system, and the patient is restored to health.

Married.

In Woburn, July 12, by Rev. S. U. Shearman, Mr. Emerson Charlton Allison and Miss Fanny M. Gage, all of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In North Woburn, August 8, Moses F. Winn, aged 69 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, August 10, Abigail Reed, aged 69.

In East Woburn, August 11, Mrs. Phebe, widow of the late Elijah Wyman, aged 72 years, 9 months.

In North Woburn, August 13, Mrs Sally Green, formerly of Stoneham, aged 72 years, 2 months, 19 days.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The officers and members of L. W. Perham Hose Co., No. 1, return their sincere thanks to Mr. Martin Ellis for taking them to the Beach, on the 9th, inst.

JOHN SINCLAIR, Forman.

TENEMENT TO LET over Burke & Munday's Shoe Manufactory; 5 rooms; Horn Pond Water; good cellar room. Inquire of
150 JOSEPH KELLEY.

PRIVATE SCHOOL!

MISS PARSONS, Winchester, (near the Post Office), will reopen her class in the English branches, French and Latin, Sept. 16th, 1875; and will also give private lessons if desired. 152

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL!
259-265 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

The forty-eighth year begins Sept 13.

In the different departments of the School, all of which, at any stage, are open to pupils of both sexes, a complete education is given in preparation for College, Business, the Institute of Technology, or the position of a Teacher. Any branch of study, Mathematics, Languages, Book-keeping, Drawing, etc., can be pursued by

Special Students,

without taking the whole course of the School.

An excellent Gymnasium is open to the scholars, and a Military Drill is a part of the Course. Pupils attend without inconvenience from all the neighboring towns, and their necessities in regard to travel, food etc., are always considered.

By special vote of the TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, members of the first class of Chauncy Hall School are allowed to take books from the Library.

A year's trial has shown the New School Building to be *perfectly warmed and ventilated*, and in every way commodious.

It can be inspected and the Principals consulted on Wednesdays in August, and daily on and after August 30, from 9 to 2 o'clock.

*** Catalogues may be had at A. Williams & Co.'s Washington Street; Thos. Groom & Co.'s, 82 State Street; at Bookstores in Franklin Street, or by mail.
151 CUSHINGS & LADD.

A Competent Book-keeper
desires an engagement.
152 Address "X," Journal Office.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"
But send for a free copy of
"*The Summer Excursionist,*"
Containing Routes and prices for over 1,000 Trips
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST.
T. EDWARD BOND, Ticket Agent.
322 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F WYER. 43

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
R. MARSTON & Co.'s
DINING ROOMS
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST.,
BOSTON.
Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

REMOVAL!
G. W. POLLOCK
Has removed his
FURNITURE STORE,
To 226 Main Street,
(NEARLY OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND)

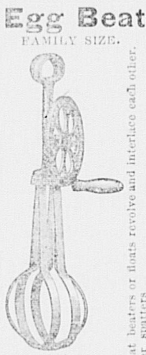
Having secured a store at a less rent than formerly, he will sell his goods at
Greatly Reduced Rates!
New and Second Hand Furniture bought, sold, and exchanged. 149

Dr. E. M. Harding,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE: 110 MAIN ST.
(Formerly occupied by Dr. Wolgamott.)
WOBURN. 148

HAVE YOU
HEART DISEASE?
If so, why not try
DR. GRAVES'
HEART REGULATOR
It Has Cured Thousands,
Why Not Cure You?

Enclose a one cent stamp, for a circular of testimonials of cures to the sole Agent, FRANK E. INGALS, Concord, N. H. 144
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Dover Egg Beater.
FAMILY SIZE.



Under Patents May 31, 1870, June 8, 1869, July 7, 1863, and others.

Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
Six eggs can be made to fill a quart.
Churns Butter in a few minutes.
Cleansed in moment.
143

Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other.
It never spatters.
No rivets or joints to get loose.
Buy it of your Tin Smith, Grocer, Hardware or Crockery dealer. Return it and get your money if you are not *delighted* with it.

MYSTIC
CONSERVATORIES!
J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORISTS,
Cor. Bacon and Central Sts.,
WINCHESTER, MAS.
Selected Flowering and Climbing
HOUSE PLANTS!
BEAUTIFUL
Hanging Baskets!
CHOICE
FERNERIES, &c.
FRESH
CUT FLOWERS!
AND ELEGANT
Floral Designs
ON HAND AND TO ORDER. 146

For Singing Schools!

No book can be better fitted to provide agreeable musical entertainment mingled with instruction, than the
SONG MONARCH!
By H. R. Palmer, assisted by L. O. Emerson.
Price 75 cents.

It contains the Singing School Course, usual in Church Music Books, with abundant exercises, &c. and in addition, a fine collection of cheerful Easy Glees for practice, thus rendering it quite as interesting as a good easy Glee Book.

Musical Societies will bear in mind our new CHORUS CHOIR, ($18.00 per doz.) by Dr. Tourjee; also, Perkins' Anthem Book ($1.50; both fine collections for Choral Associations and for Choirs.

For Choirs.

The latest collection of Church Music by the successful compiler, H. R. Palmer, is
THE LEADER!

Not quite as large nor as expensive as other recent Church Music Books, it still contains a great variety of Metrical music, Anthems, etc., etc., in addition to the usual Singing School Course. L. O. Emerson contributes a large number of tunes.
Price $1.38, or $12.00 per doz.
Sold by all music dealers. Sent, post-free, for price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 145
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Main Street, Woburn.
LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.

☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 138

Pasturing for Horses

Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.
137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.
Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

Party Wagon.

The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.
M. ELLIS & CO,
Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. 142

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard and Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.
36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

TAKE NOTICE.
ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,
all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.
H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS.

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7‖ P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
†Northern Depot.
‡Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.58 5.00, 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†, 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, §10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50,‡ 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
*Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
†Northern Depot.
‖Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

For Nantasket Beach, Hingham, Hull and Melville Gardens, Downer Landing.

STEAMERS GOV. ANDREW, JOHN ROMER and ROSE STANDISH, leave Rowe's Wharf, junction of Atlantic Ave. and Broad Street.
For Hingham and Hull at 9.15 A. M., 12.15, 2.30 and 5.30 P. M.
For Downer Landing at 9.15, and 10.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.30, and 5.30 P. M.
For Nantasket Beach at 9.30, and 10.30 A. M., 2.20, 3.30, and 5 P. M.

Boats for Boston.

Leave Hingham at 7.30, and 10.30 A. M., 1.30, 3.50 and 6.40.
Leave Downer Landing at 7.35, and 10.35 A. M., 1.35, 4, 5.20 and 6.45 P. M.
Leave Hull at 7.50, and 10.50 A. M., 1.50, 4.15 and 6.30 P. M.
Leave Nantasket Beach at 8 and 11 A. M., 12 M., 3.30, 5, and 6.10 P. M.
Fare 25 cents each way--50 tickets for $10. Round trip tickets, including admission to Melville Gardens, can be obtained at the wharf (except on Mondays) at 60 cents.

A GOOD TENEMENT TO LET
On Pleasant Street, Inquire of
126 A. V. HAYNES.

WOOD FOR SALE.
WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.
July 16th, 1875.

D. C. SISSON & CO.
AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS,
Real Estate and Mortgage Brokers.
Offices: 174 Main Street, - Woburn.
22 School Street, - Boston.
OFFICE HOURS IN WOBURN, FROM 8 to 9 A. M., AND 7 to 9 P. M.

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS,
45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

NEW STORE.
No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
W. I. GOODS.
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.
Saturday, July 24
I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
J. W. KNIGHTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss. JULY 26, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of August next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Robert I. Cameron, of Somerville, in said County, had on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1874 (the time when the same was *especially attached*), on mesne process in and to the following described mortgage real estate, the record title to which now stands in the name of Henry Cameron to wit:—A certain lot or parcel of land situated in said Somerville on the northwesterly side of Irving street, being lot numbered sixty-nine (69) on a plan of land belonging to Jesse Simpson, W. S. Banfour and A. Hodges, Surveyors, March 6th, 1872, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book of Plans No. 21, bounded and described as follows, viz:—southeasterly on said Irving street, fifty (50) feet; northeasterly on lot No. sixty-eight (68) on said plan ninety feet (90) northwesterly on land of said Simpson, fifty feet (50); Southwesterly on lot No. seventy (70) on said plan, ninety feet (90); containing 4500 square feet, be said measurement more or less, being the same premises conveyed by said Jesse Simpson by deed Lib. 1318, Fol. 94, in said registry.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
25 Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

To all persons interested in the estate of Emily George, late of Wobvrn, in said County, Deceased,
GREETING:

WHEREAS, Gustavus A. Somerby the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge in said County, on the first Tuesday of September next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn *Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy five.

13 J. H. TYLER, Register.

1775. O'CONNELL. 1875.

BY GEORGE SENNOTT.

Race after race hath wretched man
Endured oppression and despair!
Oppression since the world began
Has poisoned half the liberal air.
The sons of God were Egypt's slaves;
The son of God was basely slain;—
And lo! the nameless victims' graves—
More numerous than the drops of rain!

Unknown like them was Ireland's grief;
Unheeded thus were Ireland's woes!
Without remark—without relief,
She suffered—'till O'CONNELL rose!
He spoke! the nations heard her moans!
He spoke! she felt her heart rejoice!
And slavery—on her thousand thrones—
Trembled, and cursed the awful voice!

Heroic, mighty, wise and good,
He found us slaves—He made us free!
Alone of all mankind no blood
Contaminates his victory!
In vain shall Art and Song and Speech
To praise such glory, labor long!
By Heaven! O'CONNELL's name alone
Itself is Art and Speech and Song!

HOW SHE FIGURED IT.

There are 25,000 young men in Chicago to-day that cannot afford to marry—that is, they cannot afford to marry the average city girl, with her passion for dress, and bonnets and jewelry. This is what they say. Possibly a little frank consultation between the two would pave the way to explanation and satisfactory arrangements; but how to have such consultation? There's the rub. Because there is not a particle of doubt that the thousands of girls, and at least a goodly number of young men, would be willing to make some personal sacrifices to attain marriage. Thus, if they could only frankly approach the subject, Henry might say to Amelia:

"It's to bad; but the fact is, a young man cannot afford a wife nowadays."

And Amelia would very likely respond:

"I cannot see why they cannot as well afford them now as a few years ago; and they used to get married, you must admit."

And Henry rejoins: "women are so expensive now; that's the trouble. Just look at it. I get $1,200 a year. Now, how the deuce can I support a wife on $1,200? Why, it costs me all of that to live myself.

"But see how you live," responds Amelia.

"Not extravagantly," says Henry. "I pay $8 a week for board; that's—let me see—eight times two are sixteen; eight times five are forty, and one is forty-one—four hundred and sixteen dollars a year."

"Which leaves you," interrupts Amelia, "$700 a year. Now, what on earth do you do with this remainder?"

"Well," says Henry, "there are my clothes—and—and—"

"Cigars," adds Amelia.

"Yes."

"And buggy rides."

"Yes."

"And drinks."

"Ah—tut—hardly ever anything of that kind, you know," says Henry.

"Well, I hope not. But what do you do with the money otherwise? A man's clothes don't cost him much."

"Don't they!" exclaims Henry. "You just try it."

"Well," says Amelia, "how much, now?"

"Well," says the young man, thoughtfully, "there's an everyday suit for winter, say $60. There's a dress suit for parties and the opera, $75. There's two suits for summer and fall and spring, $80. There are hats, caps, gloves, hosiery, etc, $40: boots and shoes, $35; and — well, how much is that?"

"Two hundred and ninety dollars," responds the ready Amelia.

"Say three hundred," responds Henry.

"Very well; that leaves $400. What do you do with the rest?"

"Well, there is car fare, say $50."

"Yes."

"Theatre tickets, $100."

"Yes."

"And—well, let me see—church donations, say—$25."

"Yes, we'll say $25. Well!"

"Carriage hire, $60."

"Well!"

"Cigars! I am pretty moderate there—say $100. How much does the total amount to now?"

"Ten hundred and fifty-five dollars. You see there is over $150 to be accounted for."

"Well, a feller don't spend all his money; besides there are Christmas presents and a lot of little traps that I cannot now remember."

"Yes, I see. No doubt the articles mentioned would swell the amount to $1,200," says Amelia, rather sadly.

"Don't you see, now," remarks Henry, "that I, cannot afford a wife?"

"You surely couldn't unless expenses could be reduced," replies Amelia.

"But instead of being reduced, they would be doubled," says he.

"Oh, no," says the young lady. "Not that. I should think, for instance, that I was very extravagant if I spent half of your salary on myself."

"Do you suppose you spend less than $600 yearly?" says Henry.

"Perhaps not now," responds Amelia, blushing; "but I could get along with much less if I tried."

"Could you, indeed?" queries he.

"Yes," she responds. "Couldn't you?"

"Why, I suppose I might. Let me see. Where would I begin?"

"Say the clothes," suggested Amelia.

"Yes, that's a fact; I could do without the dress suit; that would be $75."

"And one of the others?" she says inquiringly.

"Y-e-a-s—say one of the others; $40."

"And a little on the boots and shoes?"

"I believe so; say $20 off on those."

"And the carriage hire?"

"Well, I suppose I could get along with the street car; take off $60 for carriage hire."

"Well, how about the cigars?"

"I wouldn't like to give them up entirely, but I'll throw off $50 on cigars."

"Very well. And the hats, caps etc, and all the rest. Couldn't you save $100 on the balance? you know a good suit of clothes will last more than one season."

"Well, might possibly make it $100 less," says he.

"That makes, with the $155 left over and above your stated expenses as a bachelor, $500," says the ready Amelia. "You may add to that $75 dollars which you could readily save on amusements, and you have the snug sum of $575 yearly to lay by. A few years of such economy would enable you to buy a nice little home of your own, where, with a frugal wife, you could both live comfortably for what it costs you to live by yourself now."

If Henry is anything like the man he ought to be, he will say at this juncture that the very wife to live in such a house is the young lady who has suggested it, and will forthwith proceed to act upon her advice. There are, without doubt, a good many Amelias in Chicago, if they could only speak; but the trouble is that they may find no opportunities, and possibly no Henrys to chat with thus confidentially, and so the old bachelors and the old maids will multiply, and a serious problem in social science is presented for consideration. This self-enforced separation of the sexes will just as certain lead to crime and immorality as any well understood cause leads to an equally well understood effect. And it will increase as the numbers of the unmarried increase, until every considerable city of this country will become a miniature Paris, save with a sadder result, as our national temperament is capable of deeper feeling and more terrible remorse. The ratio of unmarried persons is constantly augmenting, and the question of a remedy is one that deserves the gravest consideration. In the older settlements the females predominate in such numbers that marraige for a large proportion is impossible in any event. In the newer parts of the country, where the sexes are in about equal numbers, the question of expense frightens the would-be husband, and the result is quite as bad. The way to reform is not plain, though the necessity for it is indisputable.

* * *

ONE MORE BRAVE MAN.—Those who save life at the risk of life richly deserves to be named all the world over, and so it is a pleasure to chronicle their deeds. Patrick Ganey of St. John, N. B., is one of such. On the evening of the 24th ult. as the ferry boat from St. John was entering the dock on the Carleton side of the river, a young woman was pressed overboard by the crowd, and in the darkness was entirely lost sight of. Ganey jumped over, dived and groped around the bottom unsuccessfully and only came to the surface in order to repeat his operations. The second time he dived under the floats in the slip, where he found the girl, she having been driven there by the undertow caused by the boat backing water. From this terrible position he rescued her after much labor, and the pair were taken from the water soon enough to save the girls life.

LEARN A TRADE.—I never look at my old composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job work, book work and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is as a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench; or, if you please, to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday, he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him:

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade; and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him:

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

The young man saw the wisdom and understood.

Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote:

"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming, so that while our strength lasts, ten thousand blockheads, taking offence at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poorhouse."

And so may a man become truly independent.

* * *

☞ They had not met for years. Once, they had leaned over the self-same garden gate, and sat side by side on the old fashioned hair-cloth sofa, whispering those platitudes which young love makes of such breathless interest, while the kerosene lamp was turned down to the faintest glimmer compatible with perfect propriety.

He had said that her image, and hers alone, could fill the void which absence from her left in his heart; and when after unutterable agonies of broken but impassioned English he had said that he adored her, she had gently reclined her head upon the home-starched shirt-bosom that creaked above his manly breast, he having with great presence of mind placed his handkerchief thereon, in view of possible pomatum.

And then he had taken the assurance that she reciprocated his affection, from her own lips, and he remembers with a sad smile that her breath was faintly suggestive of fried onions eaten the previous day; but in those heavily gold plated moments he thought that the odor of violets in Spring was exhaled from her rosy lips.

He went away to work; they corresponded until, from two letters a week, the correspondence dwindled down to the exchange of a casual newspaper, and then—silence.

She finally married—so did he.

And now that they had met, before his heart had done beating, he saw that instead of the sweet girl with brown hair and a lithe, willowy grace, which somehow he had half dreamed of encountering, there stood a stout lady with a false front, who said:

"Well, James, I *do* declare! How old you've growed an' how grey you be."

And he had replied, "Well, Hannah, I never should have known you, How stout you are."

"Good Heavens, is that fat old woman the girl that I thought I once loved?" he whispered to himself as he turned away, while she murmured, half audibly, "Lemme see, wasn't Jim an' I 'ngaged?"—*Com. Bulletin.*

SALVINI'S VEHEMENCE. — An English newspaper man recently interviewed Salvini, the great tragedian, and in the course of the conversation asked him if persons were not sometimes afraid to act with him in those parts in which he became so excited. In reply the great actor said: "Oh, yes, frequently, and sometimes they have cause. I was in Paris, and had an overflowing audience, half of whom were English; I wished to make a decided impression—to triumph. The play was 'Othello.' Iago should drop upon one knee in such a way as to be able to fall entirely a moment later. The poor fellow who took the part of Iago was unaccustomed to act with me, became frightened by my vehemence and forgot to kneel properly and so could not fall. I told him in a low tone to fall; I repeated it; still he remained unmoved; I was furious. With all those English in the house, fall he must. I caught hold of him, lifted him, and threw him down with such violence that he bounded. When I saw him bound I was filled with terror. I leaned over him and said, '*Mon ami!* are you hurt?' He answered in a feeble, gasping voice, 'I can't rise; you must lift me.' I took hold of his hand with a grip of iron; he placed his foot against my knee, and in a moment the thing was done. I seemed to hurl him in scorn across the stage; it had the effect of almost superhuman strength. The house rang with applause, and from that night I adopted that style. Poor Iago's back was almost crushed, and for some time he was confined to his bed."

* * *

QUALITY EXTRAORDINARY.—"Doctor," said a Yankee farmer, entering the store of the village apothecary, "that ere ratsbane o' your'n is fustrate."

"Ah, certain—I knew it," returned the vender of drugs, greatly pleased; "don't keep nothing but the pure things here."

"Sartin," replied the husbandman, with a twinkling nod; "and doctor, I guess I'll take another pound of it."

"Another pound?"

"Yes; I gin that pound I bought last week to a pesky old rat that had worried me awfully, and I tell ye it made him about the sickest critter you ever see. I kind 'o reckon how't another might kill him."

About on a par with this, is the complaint of a man who bought a keg of powder for blasting purposes.

"Say, Squire," said the individual in question, entering the store where he had bought the powder, "d'ye know that ere powder of your'n is risky stuff to handle?"

"Risky?" repeated the storekeeper, not quite comprehending.

"Yaas—kind o' dangerous."

"Yh—you refer to its intense explosive qualities."

"Explosive qualities! I don't know nothin' about that; but it's the all-firedest stuff to burn. Why, that ere keg caught fire accidentally, and I'm blamed if the powder didn't burn half up afore we could put it out!"

* * *

☞ If not the wisest, it appears to me that the happiest people in the world are those who still retain something of the child's creative faculty of imagination, which makes atmosphere and color, sun and shadow, and boundless horizon out of what seems to prosaic wisdom most inadaquate material—a tuft of grass, a mossy rock, the rain pools of a passing shower, a glimpse of sky and clouds, a waft of a west-wind, a bird's flutter, and song. For the child is always something of a poet; if he cannot analyze like Wordsworth and Tennyson, the emotions which expand his being, even as the fullness of life bursts upon the petals of a flower, he finds with them all nature plastic to his eye and hand. The soul of genius and the heat of childhood are one. —*Whittier.*

* * *

☞ The Detroit Free Press lunatic remarks: "The Boston people are altogether too fastidious. Their latest annoyance comes from the discovery that people have actually been bathing in Lake Cochituate, whence the water supply of the 'Hub' is drawn. And the reflection that the bathers are Massachusetts people, and therefore presumably clean, doesn't carry any consolation with it."

* * *

☞ A day or two ago when a young colored man living in this city took a peppermint lozenge in his teeth, leaned over the gate and motioned for his girl to bite off the other half, she gave her head a proud toss and replied: "No sah! if you wants to mar'y me jist swaller dat candy and spoke up like a white man!"—*Vicksburg Herald.*

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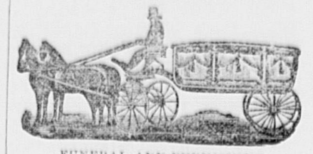

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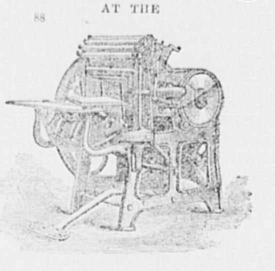

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Poetry.

THE WORKING CHURCH.

The working Church is what we want,
In this wide world of ours,
True work for God as done for men,
Would plant the earth with flowers;
For sin would die like winter drear.
And earth revive with right,
If we would band ourselves for good,—
For work, and love, and light!

How can we fail of deed so true,
When all the world says, work!—
The growing fields, the woods, the rills,
That never duty shirk.
The earth this gospel loudly tells,
And with the stars above,
It preaches this true church of God,
A church of work and love!

O, come, and join all noble aims,
Destroying things of sense,
That brings the reign of truth below,
And kill our false pretence.
O work!—for Christ thus lived for men,
O, work!—as him ye view,
Be true to all your Christian zeal,
To God and men be true.

Selected.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Take my advice," said Uncle Israel to me, when I told him that pretty Susie Hoyt had consented to be wife—"take my advice and get as far away from your mother-in-law as possible. I speak from experience. Taking it up and down, I've had my share of matrimonial happinesses, but the majority of the differences of opinion between your aunt and myself I attribute entirely to the influence and interference of my mother-in-law. By the way, who is Mrs. Hoyt? I don't remember hearing you speak of her."

"She ceased to be Mrs. Hoyt when Susie was five years old, and became Mrs. Gardiner. Hoyt as far as I can learn, left her nothing but Susie; Gardiner left her a lawsuit."

"Oh! a widow again?"

"Yes; and, Uncle Israel, she is not one bit like the traditional mother-in-law. She is a little morsel of a blue-eyed woman, as gentle and sweet as Susie herself.

"They all are. Butter would scarcely melt in the mouth of Mrs. Bond before I married her daughter Julia, and—well you have heard her discourse."

I had. Cold chills of apprehension crept over me as I imagined Mrs. Gardiner assailing me in like fashion. Upon the strength of my uncle's mother-in-law I went at once and secured a house at the very extremity of the city suburbs—a gem of a cottage, with the whole city between its white gate and my mothers in-law elect's residence.

I saw her gentle lips quiver when I told her where we were to live, and there was a pitiful tone in her low voice when she said, "It is very far from here;" but she made no other remonstrance, and I hardened my heart and furnished it. Directly opposite was a handsome residence, with wide grounds, a lovely country mansion within easy distance of my business, for which I longed, but waited for fortune's wheel to give a turn in my favor to purchase it.

After we were married and settled in our cosy little cottage, Susie and I would often sit upon the porch and talk about the happiness of living in the house I coveted, and which was for sale, though rented and occupied. Sometimes Mrs. Gardiner would come over to spend the day, and Susie would tell her of our castles in the air, when my cotton speculation made us rich.

I was doing a small business at that time, in a wholesale leather store, being junior partner; but I had invested every spare dollar I could demand in joining a company to buy some thousand acres of cotton in Louisiana, growing. We felt certain of realizing an emmense fortune when our cotton was ready to pick and put into the market, and every letter from our agents in the south gave us new hope. So we furnished the new house, in imagination, and looked forward to owning it one day.

But in all this time I could not truly find any reason to regret my connection with my mother-in-law. It is true she often advised me, hurting my married dignity somewhat by taking the ground that she who had been my Susie's constant companion for nineteen years, understood her disposition and peculiarities better than I, who "worshiped the ground upon which she trod," etc. But honestly I could never say her advice was not good, and, Susie was quite willing to admit I understood her perfectly.

So nearly a year glided by, and my blue-eyed mother-in-law was just as lovable and gentle as before the marriage. My heart smote me sometimes when she spoke of the loneliness of her home without Susie, but I thought of Uncle Israel, and was firm. It was in the fall of 1867, when appalling news reached the company of cotton speculators, and we look each other in the face. Instead of the bales of cotton we had expected coming to be coined into gold, we received news that our agents had employed inexperienced hands, had irritated the seedmen, who would have been glad to get work, and so mismanaged the whole affair that our cotton was worthless. There was no one to go but myself, and my home affairs held me. Susie was not well and I did not wish to leave her, yet there might be something saved if a competent agent went to Louisiana.

While I hesitated and lamented, Mrs. Gardiner came to the rescue.

"You must go," she said, "and leave Susie in my care. I will stay here with her, and you can return as quickly as possible. Hannah will come, too."

Hannah was a family servant who had been Susie's child nurse. I engaged a nurse recommended by Mrs. Gardiner, and with a heavy heart set my face Southward. It is not necessary to enter into the details of my business worries. For a month I was detained, trying to get some return of the money we had invested, and failing utterly. Then, heartsick, I started for home. In the great cities the yellow fever raged, and I avoided them in my route; but on my way from New Orleans to Memphis, at a little place called Vaughan Station, I was taken ill.

Put off the train, bag and baggage, I was driven to a wretched little tavern, and left to die or recover as I saw fit. I have a distinct memory of a doctor feeling my pulse, of a dreary certainty of filth and discomfort all around me, and of burning thirst. Then followed agonizing dreams of delirium, with pain in every limb, racking headache, loneliness, madness. I was fever racked, with horrible fancies—now being sawed apart by medical students, now beset by wild beasts rending me limb from lim, now in a sea of fire, now in a desert, craving water I could hear tinkling from a near fountain and could not reach it.

Then in my delirium came some angel who cooled my lips, put water to my head, let air in upon my stifling agonies. I could not make my tongue utter the words in my mind; it would babble of everything else, but chiefly of Susie, and the fear that Susie would come to take the horrible fever.

And in my home there was enacting a scene I have heard described so often I can put it here as if I had seen and heard all. Susie lay white and weak in her own room, with our first-born in her arms not two days old, when a telegram came to her. The doctor at Vaughan Station had found my address in my note book, and telegraphed my condition.

"Oh," sobbed Susie, "he will die there all alone, and will never know, mother, what you have done for him."

"He shall not die alone," Mrs. Gardiner said, resolutely. "He shall have a good nurse and a loving one as fast as steam can carry her. Eh, Hannah?"

"Yes'm," said Hannah. "You make your mind easy, ma'm. I'll do my duty."

"There is no train till night. Can we pack a trunk of invalid comforts, Hannah—wine, jellies, clean linen, bed-clothes and fruits?"

"Yes'm," said Hannah, again.

So while I tossed and burned, these two raced about the city gathering up comforts for me, till the trunk stood packed and ready, when the carriage came to bring my nurse to me, and Susie cried over her baby and sent me tender messages.

From some abyss of horror—some horrible rock of delirious agony, I have a faint memory of being recalled to a dim consciousness of realities by a low, sweet voice saying:

"Drink this!"

Something cool and pleasantly bitter was put to my parched lips, and over every sense crept a torpor, a gentle soothing to slumber, till all consciousness died in a deep, profound sleep. I do not know how long I slept, but I awoke with every sense clear and the fever fancies all gone.

I looked about me. I was perfectly conscious that I had lost my reason in a bare, desolate room, where the sun streamed in through dirty windows, and the barest necessities of life around me were of the poorest description. I looked at the windows shaded by dark green paper and soft muslin curtains; at the floor, scrubbed and sweet-smelling; at the bed-linen, white, clean and cool; at a little table beside me, with snowy cloth, upon which lay great white grapes, luscious oranges, tamarinds and goblets of water. Then I feebly turned my head to see, standing beside me with anxious tenderness in her soft blue eyes, my—mother-in-law.

"You must not talk," she said, very gently, her soft little hand falling upon my forehead like a snowflake, "but try to keep very quiet. All is well at home I hear from Susie every day. She is getting well fast, and your son is in splendid health."

"My son!"

"Now I have given you a pleasant thought to dream upon, try to sleep again. But first take a drink of beef tea. It should taste of home, for I bought the condensed beef in cans from your Uncle Israel's store. He sent the grapes and oranges, and a lot of good things you shall have by-and-by."

"But you?" I said, wondering still, "are you not afraid of the fever?"

"I have taken all prudent precautions," was the reply, "and my fear was not so strong as my love for my son."

"Thank you, mother," I whispered, and I saw through my own misty eyes her lips quiver as I called her by that name for the first time.

Can I ever tell how she nursed me back to health, humoring all my sick fancies; yet guarding against all hurtful indulgences? All the cheery letters Susie wrote she read to me and answered for me, till my own weak fingers could guide a pencil. In her thoughtful affection she had packed in the wonderful trunk light reading to beguile the hours of convalescence. When I could sit up, she exerted her ingenuity to keep me from feeling lonesome, and would talk unweariedly of that wonderful two days' baby, with eyes blue as a patch of summer skies and a mouth like a cleft rosebud. Susie's letters were a great comfort, and answering them, giving humorous accounts of our wretched accommodations, occupied many hours.

But the day came at last when the doctor said I might start for home without fear of carrying the contagion with me. Carefully we destroyed every article that could endanger our dear ones, and started for Memphis with the pleasing certainty that, no accidents befalling, we could travel by easy stages and reach home before my boy completed the second month of his little life.

The unwearied tenderness that had brought me out of the jaws of death removed all discomforts from my journey and arranged for all needful rest.

It was early morning when we reached the city and drove across to our country-like home. But the carriage, instead of stopping before the cottage gate, turned in the gateway to the opposite house, driving up the wide shaded avenue to where, upon the porch, Susie was waiting with our boy in her arms. I could not ask any questions then. It was enough to fold my treasure in my arms in utter thankfulness. But when Susie lead the way to the wide drawing-room, furnished exactly as we had so often planned, I cried out in amazement. My mother-in-law leading me to a sofa, made me sit down, saying:

"You must let me explain. I wanted to prepare a pleasant surprise for your home coming, and Susie has arranged everything for me. You will accept this house from your loving mother, will you not? I have won my lawsuit. We never talked much about it, Susie nor I, because I scarcely hoped to gain it. My husband left me $200,000, but his relatives disputed the will. After nearly three years' litigation, the case has been desided in my favor. But Susie is my only child, and all I have is hers, so you must let me give you the house you like so much, for your home and hers."

"I will on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you come and share it with us. There is no longer the width of a great city between you and your children, for you must never say again, mother, that Susie is your only child."

"But you do not like a mother-in-law?"

"I have had many foolish likes and dislikes in my life," I replied, "but never one so utterly unfounded and idiotic as that one whose basis existed only in my imagination. Do not punish me by refusing to come to us."

Susie's blue eyes pleaded more eloquently than my tongue, and the baby struck in with a most coaxing "coo," so Mrs. Gardiner consented. Whether she ever repented I connot say, bnt I know that from that day to this we have had a happy, united home. I do know that my own mother, had she lived after my babyhood, could never have given me warmer affections than my wife's mother bestows upon me. I do know that there is no name more loved and reverenced in my home than that of Mrs. Gardiner, in any capacity, whether as Susie's mother, the children's grandma, or MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

◆

THE SILVER CHANGE COMING.—The Boston Journal says the Treasury Department has commenced the accumulation of silver coin in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury at Boston to a very large extent, with a view to substituting the same for the circulation of fractional currency under the recent law of Congress. While it is left discretionary with the Secretary by the terms of the law to determine when this substitution shall begin, he regards the provisions as mandatory and is preparing the Treasury Department for such resumption at as early a day as possible, and it is understood that his private judgment entirely approves the legislation. Adams Express Company is daily delivering at Boston the silver coin by the ton, from the California, Nevada and Philadelphia coinage. New England requires a larger proportion of small coin than any other section of the country. The vaults of the Treasury in the new Post Office building are located above the main Post Office room, and with a view of securing them beyond a preadventure of danger from the immense load placed in there, Supervising Architect Potter has directed additional and heavier iron beans to be placed under the section upon which these vaults rest—one hundred and twenty tons having already been ordered to be stored in these vaults, equal to ten millions of dollars.

◆

A QUESTION AND REPLY.—A Hartford paper says not long since, while the up noon express was waiting at the Stamford depot, a middle-aged lady entered one of the cars and commenced hunting for a seat. Once or twice she started to sit down, but observing evidence of the bad habits of previous occupants of the seats, in the shape of tobacco juice on the floor, backed out and started on the hunt again. Coming to a clear spot and wishing to be sure that it was to remain so, she said to the gentleman who was occupying a part of the seat near the window: "Do you chew, Sir?" "No, Madam," was the prompt reply, "but I can get you a chaw, if you wish," and then the passengers all laughed.

◆

☞ A Frenchman more noted for his conceit and for a certain amount of success with the fair sex than for the cleanliness of his linen, was posing the other day before a beautiful and witty woman, when he delivered himself of this rather arrogant sentiment: "Women, I change them as I do my shirts." "Ah," said the fair one, looking attentively at the collar of his shirt, "I should never have believed you so constant."

◆

☞ A young man of Knapp Station, Wis., having circulated unpleasant rumors about a young lady of the same place she invited him to call. Then she locked him in a room, and used up a broomstick, a mophandle and two rolling-pins in convincing him of his error.

◆

☞ The proposed coupon cigar stamp has ended in smoke, as it deserved to.

A CLEAR CASE OF LUCK.

"A good many singular things happened during the war," said John, as he lighted his dinner cigar, "but somehow I consider my own case about the funniest thing of all."

"Ah," said I, "how is that?"

"Did it ever occur to you that it was a little singular that in so short a time I should come to be a partner in the firm, and a married man, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh! you speculated?"

"Not a bit of it; or rather I did, and I didn't, for you know that I detest speculation. I've even made old Mitraille swear off."

"So far it is very clear; but if I knew how you secured a French wife, and a rich one, I could understand a little plain English."

Before I went to war, John Develin and I were fellow clerks in the banking house of Mitraille & Co., in New York. A slight lameness prevented John from going into the army; and an utter absence of capital prevented him from proposing for the hand of the pretty Lucille, though I always believed he had more to fear from the gruff old papa than from the young lady herself.

Poor as he was, and on a moderate salary, when I returned at the end of the war—a good deal lamer than John was before it—I found my chum in the full enjoyment of all he had longed for, and with a brown stone front to enjoy it in. So when he volunteered something which promised to explain the mystery my curiosity was set on fire in a moment. John was a right good fellow, and I did not envy him a particle; but I must say I was curious about it.

So, John began:—Well, the way of it was this; Have another cigar? You know a good deal what I was after before you went away; and my chance of getting it then seemed about as far off as the Presidency. It was a clear case of good luck, I tell you, and very little more. Old Mitraille always liked me pretty well, though I was hardly the man he would have chosen for a son-in-law; and I kept his books, you know. You know all about the unbounded gold speculation of 1862 and 1863; well, he somehow got into it, steady old hard-headed banker as he is. Almost everybody went into it more or less.

The old man had rather missed it once or twice, and got hit pretty hard, though no one knew it but myself, and I was more than a little alarmed for the result.

I got it into my head about that time that I would like to run down to Washington and take a look at the forts and camps. Somehow it always galled me a good deal that I could not take part with the rest, anyhow. So I called at the house to see Lucille, and got a short furlough, and I succeeded well. That is, I did not see as much of Lucille as I wanted, but the old gentleman gave me leave of absence readily and added:—

"Suppose something may happen whilst you are dare, eh? You send me telegram, quick."

"Yes," I replied, "But you know that the War Department don't allow a fellow to send over the wires just what he wants to."

"Oh, never mind all dat," said Mitraille, "just you send something good or bad, no matter just the words. I understand mighty quick, ha! ha! Never you mind the War Department."

And so, off I went without a very clear idea of what was expected, or how I was to do it.

And now the rest of it sounds tremendously like a page from Munchausen, but it was all a clear, historical fact. Mitraille wrote a letter which got to Washington as soon as I did, urging me to keep my ears and eyes open, and promising me that if I sent him anything of great importance he would halve with me on the profits. I saw by that how terribly nervous he was getting, and concluded that affairs must be getting worse with him than I knew of. Nevertheless, I began to be a trifle excited myself, and though I had a sort of horror of speculation, especially gold gambling. I commenced to look around me pretty sharply for items. Among other adventures I fell in with old Sam Gorman of Cincinnati one of our correspondents, and a nephew of his, a queer spoon of a fellow, and we went around sight seeing together.

Nothing would do for either uncle or nephew but a continual succession of cocktails, and I had to leave them in their rooms soon after dinner, somewhat the worse for wear, while I continued my search for information under difficulties.

I didn't find out anything in particular all that night nor the next forenoon, but I saw the sights pretty effectually, and about noon I went into my friends' room to stir them up. I found the nephew lolling disconsolately in a chair and the uncle in bed, with a high fever, the natural results of his foolishness the day before. The hopeful youth begun the story of his tribulation by stating that he had expected his aunt there that day, but had received a letter from her saying that she had been delayed and could not come at once.

I asked him what the doctor had said about his uncle.

"Oh, the man is right sick, and said I reckon I'd better telegraph to Aunt Sally to come on right off."

On the plea of a splitting headache, he begged me to send his message, and I thought I would send one at the same time to Mitraille & Co. Well, his telegram, save the direction, read: "Don't wait for anything. Uncle Sam very sick indeed."

While mine was simply: "Nothing stirring. Having a good time."

Now how on earth these two little affairs got changed is a mystery to me to this day. Perhaps I did it; I don't know, but twisted they certainly were; but somehow both of them passed the censors. When Mitraille opened his, he straightway imagined that something had gone to smash in Washington, and that I had taken a neat way of giving him a hint; and he rushed out and bought all the gold his credit would cover.

He wrote me an account of his transactions, whose magnitude almost turned my hair gray; and while he thanked me for my hint, he begged me to be sure that my information was correct. I thought at first that he was crazy, and then I became crazy myself, thinking what might be the consequences of the mistake. The first thing I did—this was the next day, you know—was to rush into Rigg's and ask the latest gold prices.

Guess my delight when I found them fairly jumping upward. It was wonderful! Still, I was terribly nervous, for all sorts of rumors were afloat; and I knew that gold could fall as quick as it could rise. The feeling grew on me, until, pretty nearly demented, I went into the telegraph office at Willard's, and dashed off: "It's all a sell, and a big one."

Well, the old gentleman took that as he had the other one, and not only sold out, but went short to the full extent of line. It was the luckiest thing in the world, for, sure enough, within forty-eight hours things did go down with a crash. I began to fell superstitious; there was something uncanny about it; and I packed my kit and made fast for New York. I did not attempt an explanation, but I steadily resisted all the old gentleman's entreaties to go with it any further. I even managed to persuade him to close up his gold account and quit it. I had Lucille to help me in that.

The net figure was a very handsome one, I tell you, and there was little trouble about making the other arrangements after my bank account was made up. My honored father-in-law had the blindest faith in my judgement; but I told Lucille all about it. What's more, I don't and won't speculate, and I won't do business for any firm that does. It's all a clear case of luck.

John threw the stump of his cigar into the ashes, and I pulled away at mine, wondering if there was any luck in my getting that piece of shell in my ankle.

◆

A MAN OF NERVE.—As a test of nerve, the recent experience of a wayfarer, travelling a wood road near Olympia, Washington Territory, was as remarkable as any on record. The man was a speculator, looking out wild land, and he trudged through the forest, following the almost unused path formed by an old road made by pioneers in the wilderness. His mind was devoted to one subject—the critical examination of the kind of trees upon the land about him, and of the character of the soil, and he failed to notice for some time a "pit-a-pat" upon the dead leaves near him. He at first scarcely looked down, when he felt something rubbing against his legs and heard a slight purring sound, but when he did look his heart came up in his mouth and a cold sweat started as suddenly as though he were suspended over Niagara. Pressing itself against his legs, twining about him as he walked, moving its flexile body swiftly, but with never a sound, turning up fierce eyes with something almost like a terrible laugh in them, was a huge cougar! No chicken was this man in the woods, but his account of the manner in which his hat was raised by his hair is not to be considered as apocryphal at all. Sleek and supple and muscular the beast glided about, and at intervals it would come closer again, and press its body against the legs of the man, the light touch making gooseflesh of every inch in his form. It was a terrible experience, that interview with the cougar in the forest primeval, and it was well for the man that his nerves were of the kind to do honor to a frontier adventurer. Steadily pursuing his course with steps that would falter occasionally, he kept on, and with him the beast continued its treacherous gambols. At times it would glide a few paces to the front, and roll over and over in the road, and wait for the man to come up, and then it would circle around him again until the impulse, almost too strong to be resisted, would come upon him to spring upon the brute, opposing fists to fangs, and ending the intolerable suspense at any risk. The movements of the terrible animal were but as the playing of a cat with a mouse, and the man knew it. The moment came, at length, when the strain could be borne no longer and the man kicked desperately at the beast as it passed him. In an instant it bounded in front and crouched for a spring, growling hoarsely and showing its teeth. The man stopped and shouted hopelessly for aid, while the cougar did not spring at once, but appeared waiting to gratify its humor a little longer. The shout, fortunately, was not in vain.

There were hunters and dogs in the immediate vicinity, as rare fortune would have it, and the hounds dashed suddenly from the covert as the cougar, seeing them, leaped for a tree. A few moments later the beast fell a victim to bullets, and the man with whom it had taken a stroll was telling his story and was trying to restore the normal condition of his nerves by internal applications from a small flask. It was one of the episodes which turn men's hair gray—one which would, doubtless, have brought death to a man with less nerve than the hero of the affair.

◆

☞ Divide 1,700,000, the estimated populatiod of Massachusetts, by five, and you get the that of Boston,

HAVE YOUR WATCH FIXED.—If you want to be astonished, or to ascertain the extent to which you must depend upon the tender mercies of some of your fellow men, wait till you find that your watch some fine morning is too tired to go.

So you take it in to a man whom you have always seen sitting at the front window of a jeweller's store, with what appears to be a half section of a small opera glass screwed into one eye, looking over little bits of brass work, and occasionally picking some of them up with a pair of tweezers. All round and on the little shelf before him are little messes covered up with glass tumblers or covers, like a doll's breakfast, and he is forever picking up little bits as if he were playing jack-straws or putting a puzzle together, and you naturally connect little ten-cent prices with this kind of work. See how easy it is to be mistaken, and what a wonderful thing it is to understand mechanism.

The party to whom you have submited your refractory ticker, that refuses to go, rises slowly, and lays down a little hammer that might have served as a two-handed sledge in Lilliput, and, screwing his one-barrelled opera-glass more tightly into his right eye, opens your watch with a snap, peers in among the wheels and springs, and says something about "this watch needing cleaning."

"Why!" you reply, "it *was* cleaned only a month ago."

"Ah, I see, then—the right piniton of the left arbor is cracked, and the transit is out of perpendicular."

This exceedingly clear explanation having been made, you ask "how much it will cost to fix it," being utterly helpless among "arbors," "jewels," "balances," and other watchmakers' lingo.

The watchmaker "cannot tell exactly; he will have to take it apart; come in in about a week." Meantime he will lend you a watch to get along with; and you leave with a battered old tin-looking affair attached to your gold guard-chain that you are ashamed to take out in anybody's presence, and which ticks so loudly at night that you have to put into the next room before you can go to sleep.

After having been chained to this abomination a week, you call on the watchmaker, and are informed that your watch isn't ready, that he has got put in "a new ballance-wheel to the reversible piston-rod," and will have it all right in another week. At the end of that time you find it will be done to-morrow, but that the watchmaker wants to regulate the time and "get her agoing all right;" so you leave it for another week. Finally you have the truant time-keeper again in your hand, and now comes the *denouement*.

"How much is it?"

"It will be twelve dollars."

"Twelve dollars! Why what in wonder makes it cost so much."

Then comes the watchmaker's opportunity. Smiling a sort of pitying smile upon your ignorance, he proceeds to explaned in the following most lucid manner.

"The chain of the mainspring was broken, and the left-hand jewel cracked, so that the arbor and counterbalance fell across the fly-wheel and snapped off the upper ratchet of the adjusting-spring. Then I had to put in a new counterscrap across the eccentric coil, and file down the crosscut movement where it runs over the upper rod of the piston, you know. Then we oiled the screw-levers, and polished the overcast springs, and cleaned the upper buttresses of the cylinder and the whole of the convex centre-bits. And besides that—"

"Hold on! that's enough!" and aghast at the contents of the little time-indicater, which appears to hold more "movements" than a locomotive, according to the watchmaker's description, you pay the twelve dollars, grateful that the price isn't double that amount.—*Commercia Bulletin.*

◆

A BOY WHO KNOWS BEANS.—At a recent Sunday afternoon meeting of newsboys and bootblacks in the Young Men's Hall, one of the speakers illustrated his remarks by chalking characters upon a blackboard. After a few words about bees and their industrious habits, he wrote the letter B, and asked the boys what it represented. Several of them promptly answered his query. "Now," said he, "what particular friend have you all got whose name begins with a B?" "Beecher," "Beecher," shouted several voices. "Correct," said the speaker; "and what is it that begins with a B that you have every day at your meals to eat?" The boys looked at one another, but made no reply. "What is the staff of life?" he continued, without getting a response. "What do you pray for when you say 'give us this day our daily ——?'" Here the interrogator paused for a moment, when one of the smallest of the boys shouted "Beans!" This was too much for the audience to remain quiet under, and at once put an end to the lecture on B's.

◆

DON'T STIR.—They tell a very good story in France latterly about the young Deputy who, being drawn into a duel and called upon to fight with the pistol, was extremely nervous, and repeatedly said to his second.

"My adversary will hit me, I know he will. I feel it in my bones."

"Nonsense," said the second. "Your adversary never hit anything in his life He couldn't hit the side of house, nor a flock of gravestones."

The duel came off, and the young Deputy was hit and pretty badly wounded in the shoulder. While he was down on the grass, with the doctor binding up the wound, he said to the second, pettishly:

"Animal! I told you he would hit me!"

"Oh well," said the second, coolly, "that was because you stirred!" And the young Deputy had to be contented with that as an explanation.

VACATION POLITENESS.—We very much fear that some people leave their ordinary politeness behind them when they go into the country. They turn up their royal urban noses at rustic manners and customs, and sneer and snicker over whatever meets their gaze that is not up to their standard. They sometimes even forget what belongs to decency, and trespass alike on the domains and the feelings of those with whom their temporary vacation throws them in contact. Much of this violation of the golden rule of politeness is measurably harmless, and excusable. But some of it is not only exasperating to the sensibilities, but damaging to the pocket, of the individual who suffers from it. Too many city denizens go into a country town with the feeling that the inhabitants are fair game for their witticisms and criticisms, and the whole adjoining country common property for their use and accommodation. If a farmer have a valuable berry pasture, worth a certain fixed and important sum each year, it is exceedingly annoying to him to have to stand constant guard over it to prevent the depredations of lawless, and often insolent sojourners in the neighboring village. If he have a pleasant grove, a commanding hill into or over which the tonrists delight to wander, he is often bothered almost beyond endurance by the irruption of persons who tear down his walls, or leave gaps in his fences through which the cattle enter and destroy his crops. If he have a melon patch or a nut-orchard, or a fruit garden, or even a corn or wheat field, heedless curiosity seekers or malicious foragers are very apt to commit depredations, which cause perhaps only slight aggregate damage, but which are annoying in the extreme, and inflict losses which, however small, are sensibly felt by the victim.

We have perhaps covered the extremes as well as the means of these annoyances. But both are without justification, and no true gentleman or lady will make absence from home or presence in a rural community the excuse for rude jests or unwarranted encroachments on the rights or domain of another. As a rule New England people are given to hospitality, and are rather proud thon otherwise to allow strangers the privilege of a bit of landscape view which is attractive, even at the expense of some discomfort and annoyance. It is only necessary for those who seek such favors to treat the property over which they have to pass as considerately as if it were their own, and to show that obligations receives the same recognition in the country and during vacations as in other places and under other ciscumstances.

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☞ A "drummer" for a wholesale house in Boston who registered at the Essex House, on Monday, proved, unwittingly a repeater at the supper table, and afforded the landlord of the house, and the guests who learned the story, no little amusement. He took his seat at table when the gong sounded at the usual supper hour, ordered mutton chops, hot biscuit and coffee, was duly served, and, after supper, walked out into the gentleman's reading room, and, dropped into a chair, fell asleep. He dozed away peacefully an hour or more, his slumbers possibly made more profound by a "wee drop" which he had imbibed in the afternoon. The supper room was not yet cleared when he awoke, and, rubbing his eyes confusedly at first, collected his thoughts as best he could, and came to the conclusion that he was hungry and that it must be breakfast time. Sure enough, there were hats hanging on the hooks just as there were when he went to supper. It was breakfast time and some of the boarders were at table. He hadn't heard the gong. Reasoning thus, he hung up his hat and walking in was seated at table as before, "Mutton chop, beefstake and fried fish?" The "drummer" said "mutton chop." The girl inquired, "Tea or coffee?" The "drummer" answered "coffee," and in short order, he was busy eating the second supper he had wrestled with within the hour, in the firm faith that the sun had set and risen since he had last eaten, and that now it was Tuesday morning—time to start out with his samples and "drum up" trade. He was folding his napkin after supper No. 2, when Mr. Fowle, landlord of the Essex, entering the supper room, inquired mildly, "How many suppers do you eat—as a regular thing?" The drummer said, one a day usual contented him. The landlord explained that, instead of one a day, the "drummer" had taken two in an hour, which was rather thicker than the Essex House ordinarily supplied meals, without an advance in rates. The commercial gentleman from Boston, drawing the landlord aside, plead with him to put him down an extra supper and say nothing. The entry will be found on the Essex House ledger as follow:—"Mr. —— —— Boston, Repeater on supper, $1." The "Drummer" paid, but the landlord considered the story too good to keep.—*Lawrence American.*

◆

MIGHTY BAD.—How touching is this, from a city friend, who tells us of a woman who went to her minister, asking him to come and perform the funeral service of her fourth husband, he having officiated for three who had previously disappeared from public view.

"Why, Bridget, how is this," asked the reverend gentleman.

"Ah, it's mighty bad," she replied, "There never was a poor woman worn down with such a lot of dying men as I've been."

◆

☞ The only time that a boy ever has an idea of reforming and becoming good is when he is treed among the cherries by a lank farmer and a couple of mastiffs.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1875.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—Hardly a day passes but we see some teamster at noon take off the bridles of his horses and feed them in the street. One pedlar in particular never baits at the stable, but feeds his spirited horses in the careless method above named, while he dines at the restaurant. Then there are citizens who drive up to the harness shops to have collars fitted. Apparently without a thought of the possible consequences, off comes the bridle, and for several minutes the horse is beyond control. They usually stand still, but let a sudden noise be made, a runaway horse come down the street, or an unusual sight, what chance has the driver to secure his team, or prevent a serious accident? We believe the public safety is endangered every time such carelessness is exhibited, and the police ought not to allow it. If something is not done, we shall yet have an accident that will be no trivial affair.

While on this topic we are reminded of an incident that occurred a short time ago to two Woburn men while on a fishing excursion. They had a horse, thought by some to be the fastest in town, and an open buggy. When lunch time came they took out the bits to let the horse feed, and then got in the buggy to feed themselves. Something startled the horse, and he went off at a great pace, the drivers unable to control or guide him. They were cool, however, and by dint of talking calmed the frightened animal, and soothed him to a stand still. Luckily they had room enough, and no one to observe or meet them, and after a run of a mile or two they were able to put matters to rights.

CENSUS RETURNS.—The enumerators have completed their work, and report the following result for the town of Woburn:—

Families,	2,089
Population,	9,568
Males,	4 717
Females,	4,851
Ratable Polls,	2,642
Legal voters,	1,958
Nturalized voters,	582
Aliens,	575
Exempted,	10
Number of dwelling houses,	1,626
" unoccupied May 1st,	66

The population in 1865 was 6,999; in 1870 it was 8,560; making a gain in five years 1,008, and in ten years of 2,569. The assessors last year found 9,865 and this year they found 9,599, making a decrease the past year of 266.

CHANGE.—The old Button End schoolhouse has been moved into Broad street, and will hereafter serve Mr C B Stephens as a blacksmith shop. Formerly the room was illumined by the brilliant ideas which were being learned to shoot, but now the sparks from the fervid metal will light up the scene. The blows upon the ringing anvil by which the smith will forge the yielding iron into shapely forms, will remind the citizen of his early days when the vigorous school marm pounded him, thereby hoping to shape his course and make a man of him. The old house served its day as a temple of learning, and now it enters on a new life and is dedicated to labor. Who shall say that its last state is not better than the first?

COULDN'T GET IN.—A few nights ago some one called in the night at the house of D. G. Converse. Mr. Converse supposing his caller wanted the doctor next door, spoke to him and directed him accordingly. The man persisted that Mr. Converse was wanted, urged him to come out, and threatened him if he refused his request. Mr. Converse, however, concluded not to open the door, and the fellow went away, declaring Mr. C. would be sorry before morning. Nothing further has been heard from him.

WHO WAS HE.—About half past twelve o'clock Tuesday night, a man entered the field in the rear of W. B. Smith's house, on Eastern Avenue, when Mr. Smith's dog attacked him. The man halloaed to take off the dog, and Mr. Smith spoke to the faithful animal, and he released the intruder who ran off up the avenue. Whether he was a robber, or a peaceful passenger the dog couldn't say, and his victim wouldn't stop to be questioned.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Thomas Emerson, well remembered by Woburn people, has been in town this week. He is in the employ of Harper & Brother; but the statement made last week by other papers that he is a member of the firm is not correct. No one enters that firm whose family name is not Harper.—*Woburn Journal.*

INFELICITOUS.—The show that was in town Tuesday, contained several females one of whom assaulted another because the husband of the first was too familiar with the second. Arbitration was resorted to, and they all left town in harmony.

NOT HIM.—We understand that the Alex McDonald who committed suicide at Cambridge last Saturday, was not the man of the same name who formerly lived in this town, as was supposed by some. The latter is alive and well at Stoneham.

W. M. P.—The Phalanx went off in good form to muster, last Tuesday morning. They reported in camp with 55 men.

BASE BALL.—The Sweepstake Club of Burlington, being booked to play with another club, invited the Grand Army nine to play for practice at Central Square, last Saturday. Four of the Sweepstakes were absent and two of the G. A. R. were missing, and the places supplied by outsiders. The game was a very good one, but as it was neither a match nor a "friendly" game, the score should not be recorded. The clubs were pretty evenly matched, the Sweepstakes being best in the field and the G. A. R's strongest at the bat. The Woburn Grand Army Nine will play their second game with the Stoneham Grand Army Nine, next Saturday, Aug. 28, somewhere near Central Square.

At Stoneham, Saturday, the Actives defeated the Kearsarge nine, 14 to 6; After which the Fat Men made it warm for the Lean Men to the degree of 21 to 16.

The St. Charles nine of Stoneham played a game with the Andersons of Lynn, on Saturday afternoon, at Melrose, the Andersons defeating the St. Charles, 13 to 12.

The Game between the Nines of J. Skinner & Co's workmen last Saturday was as follows:—

LOWER SHOP.	O	R	UPPER SHOP.	O	R
C. Hennessey, c	4	6	M. Collins, 1 b	5	2
J. Galvin, p	0	10	W. J. Gillespie, 3 b	2	4
D. Murphy, s s	1	8	J. Bishop, c	0	7
T. Callahan, 1 b	3	6	H. Fahey, c f	5	1
J. Howard, 2 b	5	4	C. Bishop, s s	3	3
John Giroux, 3 b	4	5	T. Carroll, l f	4	1
Joseph Giroux, r f	3	4	J. K. Murdock, p	2	3
D. Burke, l f	4	4	S. Skelton, 2 b	3	2
J. Murray, c f	3	6	J. Gibbens, r f	3	3
Total,	27	53	Total,	27	26

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Lower,	4	1	9	12	13	1	3	5	5	—53
Upper,	10	2	2	4	4	0	2	0	2	—26

Umpire—C. Buckley.
Scorers—M. Shanley and J. Cox.

We understand a Nine from J. P. Crane & Co's shop have challenged a Nine of Skinner's workmen, and the game will shortly be played.

The base ball players of Woburn, without regard to present club organizations are requested to meet in Burbank Hall this Saturday evening, Aug. 21, at 8 o'clock, to consider the feasibility of accepting a challenge to an "All Woburn Nine."

ACCIDENTS.—On Wednesday, Thomas Harkins fell and broke his knee cap.

Last Saturday a workman in the gravel bank behind Lyceum Hall, was severely injured by the fall of some earth and stones.

Wednesday forenoon, a young man named Johnson, son of the contractor at the Baptist Church, was badly bruised while the workmen were lowering a timber from the gallery, it slipped and struck him on the shoulder and arm. He was taken home to Malden.

On Wednesday a lad engaged trimming trees at North Woburn, cut his arm with a hatchet.

CUT.—Mr Edward E Taylor, employed at Hartwell's provision store, dropped a knife upon his foot Saturday evening, and cut himself quite severely.

SELECTMEN.—All present Thursday evening but A E Thompson. The Road Commissioners were instructed to examine all projecting signs and awnings and report to the board. Voted to offer a reward of $500 for the discovery of the incendiary of the Cummingsville schoolhouse. The commitment of the taxes to the collector was made up and signed. The bond of Edward Simonds as collector was presented and approved.

SMASHUP.—Last week Friday, Dr. Dow, of Reading drove into the passageway leading past Maxwell's burned shop when a piece of timber overturned his chaise, and the horse ran. The doctor was thrown out, the chaise was landed in the turn table pit, and the horse crossed the track just ahead of an engine, and was stopped without further injury. The doctor and his little boy were slightly bruised.

TANNERY SOLD.—The J. B. Winn & Co. tannery property was sold at auction on Thursday for $36,900 to Daniel H. Lane, son-in-law of the late Timothy Winn. There was a pretty good company present, but the bidding was confined mostly to members of the firm.

BREAK.—While workmen were engaged in digging a culvert under the Woburn Branch at Conn street, on Saturday last, an iron bar struck the water pipe, causing a bad leak, which was repaired Sunday by Supt. Bean.

POLICE COURT.—James Mahan for assault on Arthur Churchill, fined $5 and costs. Joseph Lahay, Stephen Doorley and John Kelley, each $3 and costs for drunkenness.

BEANS.—Persons wishing a good bake on their beans can leave them at the new Bakery 219 Main Street this Saturday evening. Read Dearborn & Estabrook's announcement.

☞ The unusual sight was witnessed last Saturday of a hearse drawn by four horses. It was the funeral of an old gentleman from Lexington.

TRIMMED.—John R Hamilton is engaged in trimming the shade trees on the principal streets in town, which improves them very much.

WOBURN, Aug. 19, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—A meeting was held at the Armory of Co. G, 5th Regt., on Friday evening last, to consider the matter of a re-union of the 39th Mass. Vols., who have been invited to re-unite in Woburn, Oct. 6. It was proposed by John Cummings to appoint a committee to confer with the ladies who were interested in the enlistment of said company, and secure their interest in the matter of re-union, the following committee were chosen:—John Cummings, A. E. Thompson, C. S. Converse, J. G. Pollard, E. N. Blake. It is desired by the general committee to secure the cordial co-operation of every citizen and lady to make this event a success. The company was wholly raised in Woburn, and were the envy of every other company of the regiment, on account of the generous gifts which were received from Woburn during *all* their term of service. Now let every person young and old unite and use every effort in their power to make the celebration of Oct. 6th, 1875, a success.

FIFTH CORPS.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

Recent labor among our population has given me an opportunity to learn more of the real financial condition of the laboring class than could well be obtained in any other way, and truth compels me to say the prospect for the future is by no means encouraging. The long continual dulness in business has been felt most severely by those dependant on daily labor, and the mystery is how they have sustained themselves without a much larger amount of suffering than they have thus far experienced.

But it must be remembered that in so doing many of them have exhausted all their available resources, while others have contracted debts which it will be impossible to liquidate at present, if ever, and a third class who more fortunate had accumulated something in former years have drawn heavily on their resources.

This being the condition of that large portion of our population who depend upon steady employment for means of support, their future prospect becomes a question of no small importance to every thoughtful mind and demands the earnest attention of every well wisher for the best interest of our whole community.

The near approach of the cold season when more expense in living must be incurred, warns us to look the subject squarely in the face, if we would aviod impending evil and suffering. It is no discredit to the laboring class to say that each succeeding month of this long continued inactivity in business, generally find this class less able to bear its burdens than the previous one, and the question what is to be the result? becomes one of vital importance. In no way can those whom fortune has favored with an abundance, aided by the labors of every true philanthrophist add more to their own credit or do more for the general welfare than by devising and successfully carrying out some plan to remedy the existing condition so unpleasant to contemplate in its future consequences if not speedily remedied.

TRAVELLER.

North Woburn.

BUILDING.—Geo. W. Kimball is building a house on Pearl street for Edward Eaton. Noah Edgecomb is putting up a house on Edgecomb Court. Both houses are two-story, 22x16, with an L 12x14.

HOSE 2.—Jacob Webster Hose have been practicing somewhat of late, and last Monday evening ran one quarter of a mile, laid out 200 feet of hose, and got a full head of water in just two minutes.

☞ The many friends of the postmaster here will be glad to know that he is improving.

East Woburn.

BASE BALL.—The Emmets of this part of the town, played a match game with the Stonehams of Stoneham, on Saturday last, on ground in East Woburn. The home club were beaten by a score of 10 to 6, a very sharp game being played. The Emmets have been organized but a short time, and will be able to compete with older clubs, if they improve as rapidly as they have since organizing. They have several games in anticipation, which will be interesting ones. They have a uniform of grey knee breeches, blue stockings, white cap and white shirt. The following are the names of the players and their positions: Michael McKenna, (captain), catcher; Owen Faley, pitcher; John O'Brien, short stop; James Duffy, 1st base; John Duffy, 2d base; James Farrell, right field; Philip McKenna, left field; B. McKenna, centre field.

RE-UNION.—The 12th annual re-union of the "Officers Associates," of the 53d Regiment Mass. Volunteers, will take place September 2d, at the residence of Hon. B. F. Whittemore, whose house and grounds are peculiarly adapted for such an occasion, possessing advantages for boating and out door games which can but make such an affair a success. The association is composed of the officers of the regiment only. The regiment went from Worcester county for nine months, and did good service in the Gulf Department under Gen. Banks. Col. John Kimball of Fitchburg, is expected to be present. The day will be spent in boating, games, social chat, and dinner, when the usual ceremonies for such an occasion will be gone through with. In the evening the operetta "Laila" will be given in costume in the lodge back of the house, by young ladies of East Woburn, under the direction of Miss Mabel Whittmore. It is expected that this reunion will be one of the pleasantest ever held.

West Woburn

BASE BALL.—There is a movement on foot towards organizing a base ball club in this part of the town. There are already a number of good players, and we have no doubt a good club could be organized.

☞ The erasure of a comma and the substitution of a comma for a period, in the sign of the "John Cummings, Hose. No. 3," would make it read better.

FIRE.—About two o'clock Monday morning, Mrs. Isaac Graham, who was up with a sick child, discovered the school-house on fire. She gave the alarm promptly, and Hose 3 was on the ground in quick time, putting a stream on the fire in seven minutes from the time the first man was out. Boards had been inserted between the underpinning and sills, in the rear of the building, shavings piled on them against the building, the whole being covered with boards to prevent the flames being seen before it had got well under way. The new part had not been raised. One of the workmen named Baker lost about $25 worth of tools, which were in the corner of the building. The damage to the building was about $100; no insurance.

THE MCCOOL TRAGEDY.—James McCool was sought for in Woburn this week, he being wanted to answer for a murderous assault on his wife. The coroner's jury, however, have returned a verdict which clears McCool from the charge of murder, and if captured he would only be charged with an assault. The verdict is as follows:—

"That in the opinion of the jury the said Hannah McCool came to her death directly from rupture of the heart, the result of disease; and further find that, while the evidence proves that she was severely assaulted by her husband, James McCool, on the evenings of Aug. 6 and 7, that said assault had no direct agency in causing her death."

McCool was arrested in Boston on Thursday, and will be arraigned for assault.

PLAY-OUT.—The Steamer was out Thursday evening and played from the hydrant on Railroad street, near Broad street.

WOBURN TAXES.

The taxes for the year 1875 have been made. The statistics vary a little from last year and we give the two for purposes of comparison.

	1874	1875
Real,	$5 707,157	$5,986,282
Personal,	2,948,419	2,770,611
	$8,655,576	$8,756 893
Polls	2924	2700
Dwellings	1579	1627
Horses	709	711
Cows	430	421
Sheep	1	7
Acres		7 718 1-2
Scholars	2216	2122
Tax	$146,114 09	$154,267 26
Population as taken by assessors		9,599
State tax 1875		$10,520 00
County tax 1875		6,748 88
Town tax 1875 including overlayings		136,998 38
		$154,267 26

The following parties pay a tax of $50 and upwards:—

Allen, Charles M Mrs	$ 51 00
Allen, George W	1,189 88
Allen, L H	152 88
Allen & Fowle	96 90
Ames, Charles O	153 47
Ames, Erskine	91 25
Ames, Henry L	108 00
Ames Jacob	54 70
Atwood, James	52 15
Bacon, John	71 28
Bacon, Mary B	328 95
Baeder & Adamson	856 80
Ball, George T	72 12
Bancroft, P Elverton	118 38
Barber, Joseph F	85 00
Barnard, Granville	51 64
Barrett, Marshall F	114 20
Barrett, Abel	51 30
Barry, David	56 40
Bartlett, Sarah A	103 70
Bean, Moses C	294 83
Bean, Moses C trustee	170 00
Bean, R B	81 05
Bean, G A	226 38
Bean, G A trustee	76 50
Bennett, W S	64 05
Bishop, C J & Co	627 64
Bland, James	61 50
Blake, E N	484 03
Blake, Higbee & Co	1,266 69
Blaney, G A	289 90
Blanchard, D O	249 35
Bond Charles	111 65
Bond & Tidd	175 95
Boutwell, James	72 89
Boutwell, Charles	94 65
Brigham, S T	69 15
Brooks, Rebecca W	59 92
Brooks, Harriett	95 20
Brooks, A W	78 84
Brooks, A B	119 30
Brown, Jacob	269 33
Brown, John S	73 40
Bryant, O F	61 50
Buchanan, George	84 45
Buck, Joseph, Jr	325 00
Buckman, Alvah	165 20
Buel, James	284 20
Buel, J & Co	200 36
Burgess, F S	69 15
Burke & Munday,	97 58
Buss, C H	87 00
Butters, Geo S	105 70
Baldwin, George R	572 90
Calnan, Patrick	166 22
Carswell, C W	121 51
Carter, Ruel,	168 91
Carter, John R	78 50
Carter, Dexter	192 82
Carter, Alfred G	404 05
Carter, Anthony, heirs	120 28
Champney, Edward W	172 85
Champney, Geo. M	173 70
Champney, Caroline B, Mrs	81 60
Cherry, William	60 35
Choate, Charles	1,205 23
Claffy, Patrick H	62 35
Clough, John	261 68
Colburn, Ephraim	83 52
Cole, John G, heirs	134 30
Collamore, Horace	196 23
Collins, Owen	50 27
Colson, Joseph C	56 40
Conn, Charles K	78 50
Conn, Charles K & Co,	68 00
Conn, Horace	640 85
Conn, George H	348 80
Connolly, John H	410 85
Converse, Joshua P	197 50
Converse, Sherman	92 95
Converse, Charles S	87 85
Converse, P L	461 00
Converse, J P and P L, Trustees to C R B Hayes,	680 85
Converse, J P and P L, Trustees to John Wade estate	563 55
Converse, D G	426 58
Cook, Samuel	500 61
Cooper, Eli	151 18
Cooper, Levi W	234 48
Copp, George W	51 73
Cottie, Edmund C	105 70
Cragin, Francis K	207 70
Crane, John P	143 52
Crane, J P & Co	719 52
Crehan, Patrick	224 70
Crosby, Rufus P	190 70
Cummings, John, estate	114 33
Cummings, Cyrus	94 65
Cummings, Cyrus and John	65 45
Cummings, Henry	89 38
Cummings, John	1,508 20
Cummings, John, admr.	85 00
Cummings, John & Co	3,859 53
Cummings, Ebenezer	198 35
Cummings, Amos	95 50
Cummings, Harriett, Mrs.	102 00
Cummings, J Otis	529 34
Cummings, Eustace	132 90
Cummings, E & Co	579 27
Cummings, John H	93 37
Currier, Jacob R	87 00
Cushman, William H	54 70
Cutler, Frank	122 28
Cutler, Jesse	104 42
Cutler, Sylvester	99 33
Cutter, Ephraim	197 67
Cutter, Epraim, trustee	187 00
Cutter, Maria P	137 70
Dalton, Tristram	114 20
Darling, O B	73 82
Davis, Horace W	224 70
Davis, John B	62 86
Davis, Richard	87 43
Dearborn, Andrew	126 27
De Loriea, J W	58 10
Dennis, Ward L	64 05
Dever, Patrick J	58 95
Dever, Hugh	300 25
Dickson, Aaron P	225 72
Dix, James H	53 17
Dodge, Frank B	174 55
Dodge, Frank B and A M Faden,	122 40
Dodge, George S	223 00
Doherty, John O	74 25
Doherty, John A	62 35
Donahoe, Patrick	78 50
Donnavan, Patrick	64 47
Dorr, Charles W	101 87
Dow, Alfred A	356 45
Dow, S Henry	279 95
Dow, James N	159 25
Dow, Stephen & Co.	1,552 81
Dow, Stephen	2,788 29
Dow, Eddie A	175 95
Doyle, William B	479 40
Thompson, Arthur A	286 16
Doyle, John B	68 30
Doyle, W B	87 55
Draffin John	75 65
Drew, S W estate	226 10
Dunn, Rose estate	52 70
Duren, Abraham	241 02
Duren, S R	176 93
Duren, William	202 60
Eager D F	98 90
Eager, D F & Miss Abby Mead	85 00
Eames, Henry M	84 44
Eaton, Marcus	90 40
Eaton, Page	144 80
Eaton, Alfred	180 50
Eaton, Joseph M	157 55
Eaton, Alfred and G Parks	66 30
Eaton, Mary Mrs	65 45
Edgecomb, Noah	88 70
Edgell, Susan T Mrs	154 19
Ellis, Alexander	548 43
Ellis, Russell F	63 20
Ellis, Susan K	292 40
Ellis, Ellen T Mrs	86 70
Ellis, Martin	142 25
Ellis, Martin & Co	100 30
Emerson, L trustee	51 00
Emerson, Putnam heirs	141 10
Emery, E R	60 65
Evans, Thomas J	136 30
Fay, James	106 12
Ferguson, John	87 00
Ferrin, A A	60 65
Ferrin, Michael	108 67
Ferrin, Patrick	82 75
Fisher, Oliver heirs	102 00
Flagg, William E	209 40
Flagg, Benjamin F	313 10
Flagg, John G	385 36
Flagg, B F trustee	78 20
Flagg, George	707 07
Flanders, B F	60 23
Flint, John R	59 80
Flint, Frederick	150 48
Flint, Frederick W	73 40
Folsom, James	276 55
Fosdick, Abagail R	59 90
Fowle, Luther A	321 77
Fowle Edward	63 20
Fowle, Eliza R	62 80
Fowle, L W	206 00
Fowle, George E	66 60
Fowle, Leonard, heirs	151 30
Fowle, Walter	116 83
Fowle, Luke, heirs	61 20
Fox, Warren P	87 00
Fox, Warren	168 60
Fox, Mrs H, and Mary Hart	285 60
Frisbee, J F	59 50
Frost, Walter, heirs	133 45
Fry and Thompson,	234 60
Fuller, John	135 45
Gage, Gawin R	463 53
Gage, G R & Co	150 88
Gage, Edward, estate	149 60
Gage, G R, M C Bean and Henry Taylor,	98 60
Gage, Richard	134 30
Gallagher, Michael	64 90
Garland, Jonathan	101 11
Gilman, J D	300 78
Gould, Luther A	134 86
Grammer Bros.	442 00
Green, Susan	100 00
Greenough, Susan T	238 17
Greenwood, Curtis	211 52
Gurney & Packard	53 55
Hackett, Ezra	104 00
Haggins, E H	68 30
Hall, G W M	93 38
Hammond, J W	185 60
Hammond, J W, Trustee	149 60
Harlow, John M	1,022 85
Harney, Michael	55 55
Harris, A B	58 95
Hart & Co	51 00
Hart, Charles C	53 00
Hart, D D	1,001 07
Hartwell, F A	199 71
Hayden, E D, Trustee	340 00
Haynes, A V	173 70
Hayward, A S	200 90
Hayward, Martin	172 80
Heald, J B	75 10
Hill, Jotham, heirs	132 60
Hill, Waldo	53 00
Holden, Simon	381 10
Holden, S B	62 78
Holden, Luther, Mrs, and S B Holden	150 45
Howland, William H	304 60
Hudson, E W	852 00
Hunt, David A	54 70
Hutchings, George H	114 63
Hyde, N H	100 00
Ingerson, N	65 75
Jayne, Clement P	70 00
Johnson, John	358 91
Johnson, David W	87 00
Johnson, Charlotte and Emily	71 40
Johnson, George	61 50
Johnson, William	80 20
Johnson, Nathan, heirs	124 10
Jones, G F	645 45
Jones, C A Treasurer First Baptist Church Cor.	556 44
Jones, Emily E Mrs	198 05
Jones, Charles	325 85
Jones, Eli heirs of	137 70
Kelley, Joseph	874 13
Kendall, J R	278 68
Kelsey, H S	72 55
Kendall, Nathaniel	56 40
Kenney, Keirn J	59 80
Keyes, Franklin	318 71
Killian, J H	94 22
Kimball, John R	268 90
Kimball, John P	85 72
Kimball, Emily, Mrs	100 30
Kimball, William	51 30
Kimball, George W	198 78
King, R W	68 30
Kinney, P W	272 30
Kinsman, Simon	76 12
Knight, Aiden	56 40
Knowlton, Amos	53 00
Lane, John R	155 85
Lavigne, Alexis R	70 00
Leach, W H, heirs	68 00
Leathe, Samuel, heirs	537 20
Leavitt, Eliza, Mrs	85 00
LeClair, J W, Mrs	51 00
Leighton, F M	85 30
Leslie, D W	59 29
Lewis, Hanson B	85 30
Lincoln, Allen	65 32
Linnell, Houston & Co	637 92
Linscott, J & A R	52 70
Littlefield, J E	996 50
Littlefield, J E & Sons	422 88
Littlefield, Clarence	114 20
Lord, Henry T	70 00
Lounsbury, W H	98 60
Lund, C G	335 20
Lyman, L J	75 95
Maguire, James	110 97
Mann, J A estate	178 50
Marrinan, James	55 75
Maxim, Converse F	71 70
Maxwell, John	216 20
Mayhew, Truman T	53 00
McCarthy, Joseph	179 23
McClure, J E & Co	59 50
McCrillis, Martha W	122 40
McCue, Michael	60 48
McDonald, Patrick	68 00
McDonald, J B	954 85
McDonald, James	94 65
McElroy, John, heirs	52 10
McFeeley, James	121 00
McHugh, Andrew	67 45
McIntire, Henry H	148 20
McLaughlin, John	58 10
McMahon, Frank,	64 90
McQuesten, E	53 94
Mehan, James	78 50
Melendy, Samuel	57 34
Merrimack Chem. Co.	724 20
Methodist Society	187 00
Miller, William M	90 40
Millet, Benjamin	117 60
Moore, Milton	62 78
Morgan, G E P	51 30
Mower, Jere W	297 80
Munroe, Harris	497 55
Munroe, Jacob and Ishmael	247 65
Munroe, George J	170 30
Murdock, John K	53 00
Murray, James 2d	56 48
Nelson, James	62 77
Nelson, John	150 67
Nichols, Winn & Co	640 47
Nichols, Stephen	157 55
Nichols, Charles	181 95
Nichols, Charles A	61 50
Nichols, Tracy C	98 05
Nichols, Lydia R, Mrs	77 35
Nichols, George C	74 25
Nichols, John C	87 85
Norris, L B	53 85
N W S Railroad	74 38
Ober, B H	82 75
O'Donald, John	88 36
Osgood, L W, estate	300 59
Osgood, Mrs E F	96 05
Osgood, John C, heirs	76 50
Oxford, C W	167 75
Page, James N	79 35
Page, John F	67 62
Page, Luther, heirs	51 85
Parker, Henry, heirs	68 00
Parker, Mrs Patty	79 90
Parker, Ebenezer	160 10
Parker, Mrs Clara	52 70
Parker, F C	122 95
Parker, Benjamin	98 73
Parker, Josiah	89 55
Parker, John L	121 00
Parker, A J	228 10
Parker, J H	162 65
Parker, Oliver, heirs	135 15
Parker, Robert W	99 24
Parks, Granville	70 60
Pearsons, Mrs M M	95 20
Perham, L W	92 10
Perry, George	74 67
Phillips, Sarah Mrs	79 05
Pickering, Rufus	473 75
Pierce, Ebenezer L	387 48
Pierce, T J	848 85
Pierce, William	59 80
Pierce, William 2d	53 00
Pierce, Joseph	81 05
Place, Griffin	123 12
Plummer, J C	54 27
Plympton, Augustus heirs	399 50
Pollard, Charles P	177 95
Pollard, Asa D	206 00
Pollard, J G	269 32
Pollard, S O	502 23
Pollard, S O & Co	1,123 02
Pollard, Martha F	136 00
Poole, E F	69 15
Porter, James C	60 82
Porter, B T H	156 70
Putnam, W R	418 50
Quealey, John	225 98
Randall, Ann R	85 00
Randall, J M estate	76 50
Rand, Ellen F	56 10
Ray, Ellen F, Mrs	58 65
Reed, George D	117 60
Reed, Abagail, Mrs	127 50
Reed, George W	202 60
Regan, John	59 80
Rice, Mrs C V	127 50
Rice, Emiline	51 00
Richards, D H	291 00
Richards, Cynthia, Mrs	85 00
Richardson, L G	192 40
Richardson, B	86 15
Richardson, Elijah D	213 65
Richardson, Daniel	257 43
Richardson, Nancy E	55 25
Richardson, John G	85 30
Richardson, R B	319 90
Richardson, R B and Hannah Parker	110 50
Richardson, James C	50 45
Richardson, Benjamin	127 51
Richardson, Thomas	593 77
Richardson, Albert L	71 28
Richardson, S & Sons	357 85
Riley, Felix	105 70
Robinson, John	58 10
Robie, Toppan estate	66 30
Russell & Johnson	238 00
Russell, George	119 00
Russell, S W	198 35
Sawtelle, J B	110 80
Salmon, Thomas	389 60
Salmon, Ann Mrs	131 75
Samson, S D	82 75
Sawyer, Phebe	64 60
Scales, T S	142 42
Sevrens, Urial	86 57
Seward, Joshua	384 50
Shaw, Lewis	349 65
Shaw, Lewis & Co	1,181 50
Shattuck, Amos	60 23
Sherburn, Boody, estate	166 60
Simonds, Edward	87 85
Simonds, Sullivan Jr	61 50
Simonds, N J	940 40
Simonds, Susan C Mrs.	54 40
Sisson, Mary F	226 10
Skinner, James	199 20
Skinner, James & Co	1,845 35
Skinner, Stephen	66 60
Skinner, Henry	68 30
Smith, John	51 30
Smith, Rufus	79 77
Smith, C A	217 90
Smith, G F & Co	68 00
Smith, Harriet T Mrs	141 10
Smith, Gilbert W	52 15
Soles, Edward O	416 80
Soley, John	58 65
Speare, Charles	80 62
Stearns, Hannah Mrs	170 00
Stearns, Eckley estate	323 00
Stearns & Knight,	78 20
Stearns, Horatio H	54 70
Stevens, John P	87 00
Stewart, Joseph E	53 00
Strong, George P	186 45
Tay, John estate	51 00
Taylor, J Dexter	255 30
Taylor, Henry	270 60
Taylor, Sewall 2d	87 00
Taylor, John R	51 00
Teare, Philip	114 20
Teele, Levi C	115 05
Thompson, Leonard	401 50
Thompson, L Jr	160 95
Thompson, Abijah	112 50
Thompson, E E	134 60
Thompson, A E	274 43
Thompson, Jonathan	473 58
Thompson & Mann	55 25
Thompson, George	73 40
Thompson, Henry	89 55
Thompson, Leander	59 50
Thompson, Aaron	99 75
Tidd, Marshall M	108 25
Tidd, John D	115 90
Tidd, Susan B Mrs	188 78
Tidd, Rosanna B	203 25
Tidd, Marshall	92 10
Tidd, Jonathan	263 80
Tidd, Daniel estate	59 50
Tidd, Luke	79 35
Timmins & Murray	52 70
Totman, William	89 55
Townley, H C	122 70
Trott, Elizabeth J	51 00
Trull, Charles	109 95
Trull, Samuel	87 00
Trull, Elbridge	257 00
Tufts, William A	145 85
Tweed, James	288 87
Tyler, Moses A	173 70
Tyler, Albert A	143 10
Tyler, J P	119 30
Vaughn, William	119 30
Vinal, Mrs Catherine	51 00
Vining, John R	61 50
Ventilating Water Proof Company	76 50
Wade, A J	79 10
Waldron, John	148 20
Walker, Edward M	86 70
Ward, Horace	90 40
Ward, Alfred	92 10
Warren, Edson P	66 60
Warren William D, estate	68 00
Webster, Jacob	66 60
Welch, Charles H	67 45
Weston John estate	132 60
Weston Louisa Mrs	54 40
Weston Israel A	58 10
Weymouth Simeon	53 43
Wheeler Frances C P Mrs	62 05
Wheelock & Son	198 05
Wheelock Charles A	77 82
Whitcher Jacob C	666 70
White Charles S	225 97
White, Osborn & Co	246 40
Whitford Hiram	141 40
Whitney Lewis L	122 02
Whitney Lewis L trustee	90 10
" " "	187 85
Whittemore M Dora Mrs	195 50
Wilson William A	70 00
Winn William	153 00
Winn Moses F	263 26
Winn William H	122 70
Winn Charles B	51 30
Winn C B exr J B Winn est	606 08
Winn George	187 30
Winn Joseph estate	123 25
Winn Timothy Mrs	1,859 80
Winn J B & Co	1,441 60
Winn, Eaton & Co	771 80
Winning John heirs	61 63
Winship Lorenzo	64 05
Woburn First National Bank,	612 00
Woburn Gas Light Company	153 00
Woburn Lyceum Hall Associa'n	340 00
Woburn A and M Association	697 00
Woodberry William	177 10
Woodrough Joseph	325 00
Woodrough & Co	200 60
Wood Sylvanus estate	345 10
Wood Alva S	121 85
Wood Artemas	112 50
Wood Charles T	69 15
Wright Jacob C	78 50
Wright Nathan R	79 35
Wyer E F	104 00
Wyer B F	121 85
Wyman Elijah	211 84
Wyman Calvin A heirs	68 00
Wyman Nathan	168 17
Wyman Ward	75 10
Wyman Winthrop	238 27
Wyman Winthrop & Horace	102 00
Wyman Herbert	51 30
Wyman Walter	151 60
Wyman Charles A	182 20
Wyman Charles A and Miss A Buxton	51 60
Wyman Luther B	76 50
Wyman Luke estate	56 10
York William S	121 40
Young A T Mrs	110 50
Young Mary A	102 00

FIRE.—Thomas Shandley extinguished a fire which had been kindled in a pile of brush on Center Street. Saturday night.

☞ A robin's nest was recently taken from a pear tree in the garden of W. F. Draper, having four eggs in it, with one of them broken. The material of which it was constructed was selected with great taste. It embraced a ladies' collar with cambric center and lace edging, and also several yards of lace footing, two and four inches wide respectively. The nest had evidently been abandoned by the occupant, whose income, perhaps, was not sufficient to justify living in such style as would be required in such a costly residence.—*Andover Advertiser.*

☞ The celebrated Chauncy Hall School, advertised in our paper to-day, is, undoubtedly one of the finest and most perfect educational institutions for youth in the country. Its different departments afford every facility for thorough instruction in numerous branches, and for nearly all pursuits in life. We refer with pleasure to the card of Messrs. Cushings & Ladd, and parents desiring to avail themselves of it many advantages can easily do so from this point, and still have their children reside at home.

A SCENE FROM LIFE.—A young man entered a barroom of a village tavern, and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord, and thus addressed him; "Six years ago at their age, I stood where those young men are now—I was a man with fair prospects. Now at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them." The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God help me, this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one." And he kept his word.

New Publications.

St Nicholas for September. The September number of St. Nichols contains a variety of very pleasant and interesting contributions, along with the usual fine array of pictures. On one of the first pages is Rachel Pomeroy's cheery little poem of "Three Times One," and there are other dainty compositions in rhyme—two of them beautifully illustrated by Miss Jessie Curtis. Of descriptive articles, the number has a full installment, bringing together for us in one article a collection of birds whose plumage is entirely white; giving us in another an account of "Some Queer Dishes," which are served in Oriental countries; and in still a third, as a companion sketch, a description and picture of a peculiar Mesopotamian boat or "Gooffah," which will open the children's eyes in wonder. In the same line, too, are Mrs. Treat's glimpse through the microscope at the "Cyclops," and Mr. Rideing's account of "A London Child's Holiday," spent in a steamboat trip up the Thames and into the suburbs of the great city.

There is also a full budget of stories—among the rest, a delicate, fanciful one by Emma Burt, entitled "A Squirrel's Stratagem," and a thrilling narrative of a brave woman's unaided contest with a bear, which is vouched for as true. There is also a suggestive story of a railway journey, a charming biography of a very "Short-Lived Family," and an amusing colloquy between a dog and a deer, resulting to the disadvantage of poor "Bocko," and well illustrated by the frontispiece.

The serial stories grow in interest and excitement as they approach their conclusions, and Mr. Trowbridge gives us a vivid description of a tornado on the Western praries, which is also graphically pictured in an illustration by W. L. Sheppard.

Finally, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box," close the number, as usual, with their eight or ten pages of information and amusement.

SCRIBNER FOR SEPTEMBER.—The discussion of the historical aspects of the German Death-Mask, to which Scribner has already devoted an elaborate illustrated article (July, 1874), is supplemented in the September number of this magazine by a virile and enthusiastic paper from the artist's stand point, entitled "A Study of Shakespeare's Portraits," by William Page, who returns from Darmstadt, whither he went for the express purpose of studying the Mask, with an earnest conviction of its authenticity, based upon moral evidence. Accompanying this article are two fine engravings from Mr. Page's photographs of the Mask, and a schedule of its measurements, the important ones (ten or twelve in number) exactly coinciding with those in the Stratford Bust, which it is claimed was made from the German Mask. The number opens with an article on "Chicago" by J. W. Sheahan, of the "Tribune" of that city, embellished with over thirty engravings, among which are excellent portraits of David Swing and Robert Collyer. Col. Waring's "Vacation" series concludes with a jaunt to Guernsey and Sark, but it is rumored that this is not the last we are to have of this agreeable writer. The illustrated articles are: "The Cross of Cadmon," by Charles A. DeKay; more of "The Mysterious Island;" and two chapters of Dr. Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks," in which there is a bit of female diplomacy, and Mr. Belcher "pines for a theological seminary." Mr. Stedman's critical papers are continued with a study of "Minor Victorian Poets," from the advance sheets of his volume to be issued by by Osgood in the Autumn. The verse consists of: "An Early Poem by Poe," given in fac-simile, a tribute to Longfellow by Charlotte F. Bates, "Alma Mater's Roll," by E. E. Hale, "Omniscience," by Alice Williams, and "The Sunshine of thine Eyes," by G. P. Lathrop.

The other contributions are, 'How the Declaration was Saved,' 'Tilda,' a story by Kate B. Foot, and 'The Cold Snap," which will be found to possess some of the virtues of fans and ice-water.

In 'Topics of the time,' Dr. Holland sums up the Beecher trial, discusses 'The Jury-System' in general, and has 'A Word for Our Wanderers.' 'The Old Cabinet' takes 'A text from a Tragedy.' 'Home and Society' continues to increase in practical value, and in 'Bric-a-Brac' there are some clever silhouettes, and a funny poem by Clara G. Dolliver, called 'Gyp Tie.'

☞ The third number of *Wide Awake* the new Boston magazine for "the young of all ages," has reached us. It is very bright with pictures, and its letter press is most "taking." It opens with a good story by the editor, Miss Farman, "The Strangers from the South," illustrated by Shepherd with a sketch of four young "darkies," from life. Rev. Dr. Rankin of Washington, follows with a baby-poem in Scottish brogue. Mr. Butterworth furnishes a well illustrated paper concerning Whittier and his Home. Miss Eastman's "Young Rick" grows in years and in mischief. We get a vivid glimpse of the interior of a New England Poor Farm in the present instalment of this vivacious serial. Patty Kingman's "Ten Thousand Monkeys" are duly diverting. "Twice in my Life," by Rev. Wm. M. Baker, shows that this popular clerical novelist was not a whit better than anybody else when he was a boy. There is a capital story for young ladies by Clara F. Guernsey "Fayette's Ride." Nora Perry furnishes a stirring centennial poem, "Bunker Hill in 1875. To the serial by the editor, "The Cooking Club of Tu-Whit Hollow," we specially call the attention of both the girls and their mothers. It is the most wholesome story we have seen for a long time, brimming with humor, too. By all means let the girls have some cooking-clubs! There are other poems and papers, a serial by George Macdonald, Guess Work, and a Music page, together with a piece of music, under the supervision of Dr. Tourjee, of the New England Conservatory of Music; and it is worth while to take a trip on the Magic Carpet this month. Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., so well known for their success in issuing choice books for young people, are the publishers. The record of no other house could give a better guarantee for success. Price $2.00 per year, postage paid.

The Science of Health for September abounds in excellent suggestions on the prevention of disease and the care of health. Among the more prominent articles we find laws—which govern life; Prevention of Disease in Children; Popular Physiology; Cause and Effect; Alcoholic Prescriptions; Colors and Hues in Relation to Health; Tobacco; Consumption; Sunshine; Intemperance Among Lawyers; Oatmeal, with various recipes for its use; an excellent Agricultural Department; Teachers and Health Teachers; Antipathies to Drugs; The Trade in Medicines; with a great amount of information in small paragraphs, as in Answers to Correspondents, etc. This magazine should have a place in every well regulated family. Single number, 20 cents. Address S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, New York.

☞ We have received from the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, a handsome little volume of 126 pp., entitled "Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies, and Poisons." It is very convenient to have whenever any of the circumstances above named may occur, and it is a safe guide at such times. It is prepared by a competent editor and 50,000 of them have been circulated. Also from the same source, "Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick, and Recipes for Sick People," is a book of about the same size as the foregoing, and it is evidently prepared with great care, and will prove very useful. The publishers will send either or both on application.

Music Cheap!—Dexter Smith's Paper for September, contains twelve pages of the best Vocal and Instrumental Music ever published, for only 50 cents. The great popular songs: "Wait till the Moonlight Falls on the Water," and "Little Rosebud," are included. All this music would cost Several Dollars in any other form, but by ordering the Sept. Number of Dexter Smith's Paper of your Newsdealer, at once, you can secure it for only 15 cents.

PRINTER'S TEXT BOOK.—We have received from Horace Dodd's Advertising Agency a very neat specimen book of the above title, showing styles of type, borders, presses, and material of all kinds which may be obtained at the Printer's Supply Depot, 265 Washington Street Boston. The book is compiled by J. Wesley Barker, and is a credit to his skill.

The *Nursery* for September is at hand fresh and bright as a happy baby. The Young Architect, the Pet of the Ship, Rocky Island, The Important Letter, The Family Hen, and Mr. Thomas Tit, are some of the best things, but it is full of good things as our little friends will say.

☞ For an article of great utility, and which will prove a blessing to every housewife, we refer our lady readers to an illustrated advertisment in another column of the "Dover Egg Beater." Grocers, hardware dealers, in fact all storekeepers will do well to have it on sale.

Winchester.

TAXES.—We are able to lay before our readers to-day the names of parties paying over $50 tax.

Adams, William	$ 216 53
Andrews, Hiram	261 00
Andrews, H E G	131 75
Abbott, Zebediah	125 00
Ayer, Albert	73 80
Ayer, Thomas P	217 80
Ayer, Tryphena	99 20
Allison, Andrew	117 00
Broder, Hubert	241 00
Bacon, Ann	123 20
Buxton, John	53 00
Bacon, N Charles	84 20
Brackett, E A	71 56
Baker, F W	69 00
Bodge, S G	122 36
Brown, George P	254 60
Boynton, William	1,556 52
Bell, A C	51 40
Bell, C J, Mrs	64 00
Bray, Benjamin	73 60
Billings, C O	115 40
Brewer, W H	110 06
Badger, Henry	57 00
Bridge, A M, Mrs	56 00
Bartlett, S P	226 90
Bailey, W H	361 24
Bangs, E D	496 20
Baldwin, S P	88 20
Boutwell, J P	66 60
Baldwin, Charles A	139 78
Boon, L H, Mrs	160 00
Coffin, Warren	89 00
Chisholm, Francis	71 00
Cutter, Stephen H	393 11
Carlton, W H	155 60
Crawford, Robert	65 80
Chaffee, W G	157 00
Carter, John	137 00
Cutter, Sullivan	96 20
Chapin, Alonzo	88 68
Cutter, Stephen	635 40
Cutter, Henry	312 76
Chapman, G H	520 28
Cushman, Mial	56 20
Clarke, Jonathan	93 00
Cosgrove, William	61 00
Carlton, J D	172 52
Connor, Mary	59 52
Cobb, A D	85 00
Conant, C E	249 00
Cooke, George	104 00
Carter, Susan B	356 08
Cowdery, Cobb, Nichols & Co,	436 00
Cushing, S T A	77 00
Cook, Marcus C	290 60
Cutting, A	107 40
Cutting & Hill,	80 00
Hill, W W	345 60
Carpenter, W L	170 76
Cooper, W H	89 00
Dunham, C H	144 20
Davis, S H	67 80
Dwight, Edmund	520 20
Dwinell, J F	389 40
Dodge, W B, Mrs.	122 40
Dodge, W L	69 00
Discomb, A B	57 00
Eldridge, J L	62 60
Emerson, L, estate	321 20
Elliott, S	69 00
Eaton and Whittemore,	80 00
Eames, Esther J	96 00
Fletcher, Asa	424 20
Fitzgerald, John	94 60
Fitzgerald, Margaret	157 28
Fitzgerald, Nicholas	109 96
Farlan, Thomas	81 80
Ford, Lydia W	84 80
Field, A H	115 20
Fullam, John F	60 20
Fulsom, S H	96 20
Foster, W F	53 80
Farrow, Joshua	92 80
Fretch, W S	121 00
Fiske, W H	269 00
Fletcher, E C	147 40
Fletcher, S, heirs	83 20
Gleason, Nancy	57 60
Gardner, O W	177 80
Gurney, Franklin	76 20
Greeley, W P	976 92
Gage, Julia M	160 00
Gibbs Marshal	56 20
Godhue, Louis	171 40
Godell & Winn,	72 80
Gardner, G W	113 16
Guernsey, J W	97 54
Hall, Charles	54 60
Hoit, S A	253 96
Huse, Joseph	75 40
Hutchinson, T O	95 43
Hutchinson, J H	68 23
Huse, E C	79 80
Huse, Eleanor	216 00
Hanson, Joel F	213 88
Holton, S S	434 20
Holland, Patrick	155 40
Houston, James	596 60
Holton, Lemuel	143 40
Hatch, Horace	67 00
Holbrook, Frances L	64 00
Holton, Thomas S estate	85 60
Hamlin, Emmons	889 80
Hight, H W	54 60
Ham, B F	277 00
Hanson, R W	56 20
Herrick, M A	866 12
Hall, George A	61 00
Hall, Peter C heirs	160 00
Holbrook, B F	81 00
Johnson, Nathan estate	166 40
Joy, A K P	205 00
Johnson, J C	62 60
Judkins, J B	1,077 40
Johnson, Francis	85 00
Johnson, Warren	208 20
Johnson, Maria L	110 40
Kimball, Ozro	98 60
Kelsey, James estate	75 20
Kinsman, W H	2,025 48
Langley, S S	85 00
Locke, Jonathan heirs	308 24
Locke, Asa	205 08
Locke, Lydia	96 00
Locke, Josiah	242 76
Locke, D W	548 68
Locke, Varnum P	236 68
Lunt, Charles F	85 00
Lyceum Hall	272 00
Lane, Joshua heirs	57 60
Langford, William	52 52
Larivee, Joseph	69 00
Locke, James L	179 20
Lamson, Edwin	1,143 08
Loughead, Joseph	56 20
Manny, John T	365 00
Morse, F H est	104 00
Mead, Ellen M	64 00
Mason, John C	923 00
Moore, George D	59 40
Marsh, F L	284 44
Metcalf, Richard	87 00
Miller, Henry C	85 80
Miller, Mary H	94 40
McKenzie, W S	65 80
Marble, N F	52 20
Mulligan, Charles F	53 00
McNeal, John	86 60
Magee, John A	127 80
Moulton, Joseph	81 80
Nichols, Stillman	53 00
Nutter, Leonard	199 80
Newman, James	170 20
Nourse, F H	276 95
Olliver, Eliza Ann	56 00
Porter, S S	79 00
Perry, F W	111 00
Prince, J H	353 80
Pierce, S G	62 60
Pratt, William	124 52
Parker, Edmund	79 24
Parker, Harrison	507 40
Pressy, Charles	93 00
Pratt, Andrew	170 20
Pratt, David H	69 00
Parker, George F	457 83
Pierson, Rebecca	72 80
Proctor, William T	63 88
Pickett, John H	177 80
Palmer & Johnson,	88 00
Paine, J C	73 80
Quimby, S D heirs	80 00
Quimby, Leone S	56 20
Quigley, Thomas	60 20
Redfern, W C	125 00
Redfern, Charles E	93 00
Richardson, F S	54 60
Richardson, S	213 29
Richardson, Gilbert, heirs	95 36
Richardson, John S	213 48
Richardson, N A	162 84
Richardson, Luther	102 50
Rand, W M	65 80
Rogeers, Theodore	53 00
Tyler & Richardson	185 60
Richardson, Sumner	77 00
Russell, Charles heirs	169 68
Richardson, William	61 80
Richardson, Zach	91 16
Reed, Mary heirs	64 00
Richardson, Louisa	96 00
Raymond, Perley heirs	84 80
Rust & Carlton	88 00
Robinson, Calvin	74 76
Riley, G W T	594 20
Rand, George D	133 00
Russell, J W	73 80
Stanton, H K	94 60
Stanton, H K trustee	80 00
Sanderson, E	161 00
Sanborn, S T	381 00
Symmes, Marshal	189 00
Symmes, Zach, heirs	188 00
Symmes, L R	93 40
Stanton J C, Jr	125 00
Symmes, Horatio heirs	106 40
Symmes, H W	91 40
Skillings, D N	6,099 08
Swan John	156 28
Smith, Samuel	144 12
Symmes, Joseph	69 00
Stone, J F	288 44
Stone, J F trustee	53 28
Stone, J F trustee	283 85
Stone, J F trustee	453 94
Stone, J F trustee	36 00
Stone, Henry	61 00
Symmes, Mary W	59 20
Sanborn, C P	395 00
Sullivan, Edward	73 80
Shepard, A N	405 00
Shattuck, Joseph	520 00
Symmes, Marshal, Jr	358 76
Shattuck, Edward	272 52
Symmes, John	91 06
Sherborn, J M	160 20
Sleeper, Horace L	167 40
Stillings, E B	65 80
Spurr, G W	176 60
Symonds, William	114 60
Small, S G	73 80
Shayer, J W	113 00
Sonrel, A	311 40
Spicer, W F	93 60
Stone, H M	64 00
Stinson, H F	88 20
Todd, Andrew	208 36
Twombly, S W	303 80
Tenny, T P	373 00
Thyng, James, est.	56 00
Thompson, Stephen	260 04
Thompson, Hannah	232 00
Thompson, A & S	136 00
Thompson, T A	136 26
Thatcher, H K.	160 60
Tyler, J H	373 00
Thompson, Abijah	485 00
Underhill, J F	54 40
Vinton A C	213 00
Wellington, O L	99 16
Whitney, Joel	137 80
Wilder, Salem,	290 54
Walker, Josiah	107 40
Winn, Alanson	151 40
Winn & Son,	103 20
Whitton, H C	131 40
Wells, Samuel	130 55
White, S B Jr	109 00
Wentworth, W G	139 22
Wyman, Jerusha,	211 20
Wyman, Stanley, Mrs.	52 80
Winsor, Fred	314 60
Wyman, Martha S	54 40
White, S B	65 80
Winn, D B	110 60
Wilson, J T	257 80
Winn, J H	51 00
West, Thomas F	57 80
Webb, Mary F	211 20
York, Henry U	82 60

CRUELTY.—Last Sunday afternoon Wm. H. Hunnewell and Arthur M. Judkins hired a team at Willoughby's stable and went to the beach. While there they abused the horse so much that they were remonstrated with, and persisting were arrested. They were arraigned for drunkeness and each fined $3 and costs, and Hunnewell $30 and costs for beating the horse.

AUCTION SALE—At the auction sale last Saturday, of house lots, on the corner of Washington street and Prince Avenue, a number of lots were disposed of at prices ranging from 6 to 10 cents per foot.

☞ A number of persons desiring to hear Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D., obtained Winn's excursion wagon and went to Melrose last Sunday afternoon.

BASE BALL.—A picked nine from this place are to try conclusions with the Menotomy Club of Arlington, at that place, next Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

COMMON.—The Common was surveyed again on Thursday.

THE BANCROFT FAMILY.

We had the pleasure on Thursday of attending the re-union at Reading of the Bancroft family. Last year an attempt at re union was made, but only a few of the descendants responded. This year a special effort was made to bring the families together, and accordingly over 600 invitations were sent out, which succeeded in gathering nearly 500 of the lineal descendants of the Bancroft family. As early as 10 o'clock parties began to arrive at the grove of Mr. S. A. Parker on Salem street, where this interesting event was to be observed, and by noon a great majority of the descendants had arrived, coming from nearly every town and city within a radius of twenty miles. Woburn was largely represented. At 1 o'clock the party sat down to well-filled tables which were loaded to their utmost capacity with the delicacies of the season, prepared by the lady friends.

At 2 o'clock the audience assembled around the grand stand, and after music by the Germania band and a song by a choir, the president of the day, Solon Bancroft, Esq, in a few brief remarks stated the objects of the gathering, and introduced Mr. John M. Bancroft of New York, who gave a brief synopsis of the early history of the family. The historian was followed by Rev. E. A. Winship of Soverville, a great-grandson of the family. Sidney C. Bancroft Esq. of Peabody, a teacher at Dragon Corner 28 years ago, gave an amusing account of his experience, and spoke with pride of his relation to the family. Mr. George Herric of Lynnfield also favored the audience with a few remarks.

At the conclusion of the speeches some fine music was rendered by the Germanias, and after the singing of some familiar tunes, an opportunity was given those who delight in dancing. The oldest person present was Mrs. Hannah Lewis of Reading, whose age was 83 years. The youngest was Harry Bancroft McIntire, of the sixth generation, aged two months. The Bancroft coat of arms is thus translated: "Or, on a bend, azure, three garbs of gold between six cross crosslets, azure," with the motto, *Dat Deus incencium*—'God giveth the increase.' It is proposed to repeat this reunion yearly, and next year will probably witness a much larger gathering than that of Thursday.

☞ The discovery of the remains of young Grimwood, the Chicago reporter who five weeks ago stepped smilingly into a balloon with Donaldson, and sailed away to his death in the tornado which swept over Lake Michigan, will give to those who read about it a fresh thrill of sadness, though all hopes for his safety had long since been dissipated. The fate of this young man is by far the most lamentable feature of this double tragedy. He wished an aeronautic experience for the same reason that others in his profession had courted it, and so far as he was concerned he took reasonable precaution by entrusting himself to a man who he had reason to believe was possessed of requisite skill and caution Though he doubtless shared the same fate of his victim, Donaldson hardly deserves the charity of silence. He betrayed his trust by venturing out under conditions which his experience must have told him were as a thousand to one against him, though he was willing to take that single chance in his mad thirst for excitement. He is as responsible for young Grimwood's death as if he had lured him over the cliffs at Niagara, and all regrets should be for the bright young life which, after giving promise of a brilliant development, was thrown away by the recklessness and culpable folly of another. The aeronaut's profession is a constant defiance of dangers at best, and Donaldson's action could have had no other result without a reversal of Nature's laws.

☞ The conflict that is waged between the patient and such maladies asdropsy, bladder and glandular complaints, Bright's disease, gravel, Diabetes, female irregularites, pain in the back and loins, prostration of the nerve structure, is promptly stayed by administering *Hunt's Remedy*, so searching is this medicine that it effectually removes these afflictions from the system and strengthens the wrecked constitution.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

☞ The San Francisco Chronicle tells a story about a couple of plucky youngsters in California that is worthy of being bound up in yellow covers. The children of Dr. Baker—Claude, aged twelve years, and Jenny, aged six or seven—having obtained the permission of their parents to go out deer hunting, started out early in the morning, taking a dog with them. The mother heard no more of them until evening. Then she became alarmed, and some ten or twelve miners started out in search of the children. Soon the mother became frantic. She heard an occasional gun fired off and knew that it was the men in pursuit of the lost children. She could not remain in the house another moment, and so started after the crowd. From the time she joined her husband and the other men she led the crowd until, about three o'clock in the morning, they heard a dog bark, and in another moment were with the children, who were instantly awakened by the noise. Then it was 'Howd'e do, mamma?' and 'Howd'e do, papa?' and 'Aint this a splendid tree to keep house under?' 'We had to fight for it, though,' said Claude. 'See here—we had to kill the first settler,' and sure enough there lay a California lion, one of the largest size, with a ball through his brain. Claude had shot him after dark. Jenny said the animal was crouched down like a cat, and not further away than across the room when they shot him. He sprang right into the air and tumbled at their very feet. Before starting from the house one of the men had put some biscuits in his pockets, thinking the children would be hungry, and these he offered them. 'No, thank you,' said Jenny, 'we had quails for supper.' They had taken matches, and Claude had shot the quails; these they had roasted on a stick, and of course they were not hungry.

"LOCAL" JOTTINGS.—The following "local" jottings were clipped from the Gloucester *Advertiser*. Their similarity to certain other "local notes," is so marked that we give them "off hand."

—When some men have a business that dosen't pay, they begin to look around for a partner either to make it to pay or to share the losses.

—In these days no lady appears perfectly unruffled.

—You can get the cholera morbus very cheap at this season of the year: a small amount of scrip, and a little indiscretion in the way of cucumber or watermelon eating will answer the purpose with most people.

—If you have a stock of goods which you wish to sell quickly for cash, let the people know where they can get good bargains through the medium of this paper.

☞ Fooling with a whirlwind is what a man who lives about five miles northwest of Faribault, Minn. by the name of Samuel Johnson, has been guilty of. He was going along the road Saturday last, when suddenly a little whirlwind, which described a circle apparently not more than three feet in diameter, appeared in the road in front of him. It took up the dust pretty lively and buzzed like a swarm of bees, but Mr. Johnson kept on his way directly towards it, thinking it had no great amount of power. In fact, he did not think it worth his while to step one side and let it whirl past, but kept straight on and met it square in the road. When they came together the whirlwind seemed to drop everything else and took hold of Mr. Johnson, and in less time than it takes to tell it Mr. Johnson had lost his hat and his shirt and was pitched about twenty feet into the gutter, feeling as though he had been shocked by a battery. It was a rough experience, and Mr. Johnson will never fool with a whirlwind again.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Married.

In Peterboro, N. H., Aug. 12th, by Rev. Geo. Dustin, Mr. Henry M. Shepard, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Clara, oldest daughter of John N. Thayer, of Peterboro.

In Woburn, July 7, by Rev. C. D. O'Connor, Thos. F. Flynn, of Cambridge, and Margaret Kenney of Woburn.

In Woburn, July 16, by Rev. F. L. McClure, Michael Quialy and Annie O'Brine, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, August 9, by Rev. John Quealey, Michael McNulty and Annie Meaghar, all of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Lexington, August 12, Patrick White, aged 63.

In Winchester, Aug. 14th, William J. Jordan, aged 2 mos. 22 days.

In Woburn, August 15, Julia McCulple, aged 35.

In Lexington, August 15, Mary Cosgrove, aged 40.

In Woburn, August 16, Cynthia Horton, wife of D. H. Richards, aged 55 years, 7 months.

In Winchester, August 16th, John F., son of John and Mary Jordan, aged 6 months, 3 days.

In Reading, August 16th, of dropsy on the brain, Fanny Estella, twin daughter of W. H. and Ruth Ann Temple, aged 8 months.

In Boston, Aug. 17, Rebecca B. Holden, aged 32 years and 1 day.

In Woburn, August 17, Stephen, son of Michael and Abby Foley, aged 9 months, 4 days.

In Stoneham, August 17, Mary Tolan, aged 65.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The undersigned would return thanks to Mrs Isaac Graham for the prompt manner in which she gave the alarm of the School House fire, Monday morning, also to Hose 3 for their promptness in responding to the alarm and extinguishing the flames.

T. R. CORBETT.

NOTICE.

We the members of Charles Porter Hose Co., No. 4, of East Woburn, wish to play a friendly game of Base Ball with any other company of the W. F. D., at East Woburn, August 28th, 1875. "First come, first served."

T. A. HENSHAW, Clerk.

East Woburn, Monday Aug. 16th,

LOST.

On Thursday evening, a Russia leather fan, between Abbott St. and Miss Bancroft's store. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the Journal Office. 160

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled. MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Reject all violent purgatives. They ruin the tone of the bowels and weaken the digestion.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, is used by rational people as a means of relieving all derangements of the stomach, liver and intestines, because it removes obstructions without pain and imparts vigor to the organs which it purifies and regulates.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RIDGE'S FOOD

is extensively used in

The Mass. Infants' Asylum,
The Women & Children's Hospital,
The Chicago Foundlings' Home,

And public institutions in this and other countries. For sale by Druggists everywhere

Pleasant & Profitable Employment. "Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" etc. Such are exclamations by those who see the large elegant New Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. They are all perfect gems of Art. No one can resist the temptation to buy when seeing the Chromos. Canvassers, Agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. Gleason & Co., 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 154

$50 TO $10.000

Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid

900 PER CENT. PROFIT.

"How to Do it," a Book on Wall St., sent free. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall St., N. Y.

TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to Robert Wells, 43 Vesey st., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

$77 A WEEK guaranted to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Me.

Board Furnished

By the day or week at Saloon 189 Main Street. Rooms connected.

Parties catered for at short notice.

Remember we sell the French Aerated Bread, fresh from the bakery every day.

159 J. H. NASON.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at Auction,

Thursday, Aug. 26, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

At the residence of the late Deacon John Tidd,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

A great variety of Household Goods, consisting in part of Bedding, Bedsteads, Tables, Chairs, Carpets, 1 Ice Chest, 1 Black Walnut Extension Table, Sofa, Bureaus, Crockery and Tin Ware, and a large variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

E. PRIOR, AUCTIONEER.

Woburn, August 20, 1875. 158

NEW BAKERY!

Dearborn & Estabrook

Will open their new bakery at

No. 219 Main Street,

SUNDAY MORNING, Aug 22,

AND WILL BAKE

BEANS and BROWN BREAD.

Pots of Beans must be left at the Bakery Saturday evening before 9 o'clock.

They expect to complete their arrangements early next week, when they will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of BREAD, CAKE, PASTRY, CRACKERS, &c. 159

The Cook Bobbin Winder.

For all Shuttle Sewing Machines.

EVERY LADY NEEDS IT.

Price only $2.00.

Saves time, thread, patience and avoids poor sewing; winds a bobbin as perfect as the spool you buy; puts nearly double the quantity of thread on a bobbin, thread never breaks. Read the following:

"It is so exceedingly simple that a child can use it, winding a bobbin to perfection. We regard it as invaluable and the most important improvement to the shuttle sewing machine we have ever seen." —*New Haven Journal & Courier.*

Sent by mail on receipt of price. Gentlemen or Ladies desiring honorable and profitable employment in their own or neighboring towns, free from competition, are wanted to call on or address us. All letters cheerfully answered and fullest particulars given.

COOK BOBBIN WINDER CO.,
156 179 Washington St., Boston.

PRIVATE SCHOOL!

MISS PARSONS, Winchester, (near the Post Office), will reopen her class in the English branches, French and Latin, Sept. 16th, 1875; and will also give private lessons if desired. 152

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL!

259-265 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

The forty-eighth year begins Sept 13.

In the different departments of the School, all of which, at any stage, are open to pupils of both sexes, a complete education is given in preparation for College, Business, the Institute of Technology, or the position of a Teacher. Any branch of study, Mathematics, Languages, Book-keeping, Drawing, etc., can be pursued by

Special Students,

without taking the whole course of the School.

An excellent Gymnasium is open to the scholars, and a Military Drill is a part of the Course. Pupils attend without inconvenience from all the neighboring towns, and their necessities in regard to travel, food etc., are always considered.

By special vote of the TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, members of the first class of Chauncy Hall School are allowed to take books from the Library.

A year's trial has shown the New School Building to be *perfectly warmed and ventilated*, and in every way commodious.

It can be inspected and the Principals consulted on Wednesdays in August, and daily on and after August 30, from 9 to 2 o'clock.

⁂ Catalogues may be had at A. Williams & Co.'s Washington Street; Thos. Groom & Co.'s, 82 State Street; at Bookstores in Franklin Street, or by mail.

151 CUSHINGS & LADD,

A Competent Book-keeper

desires an engagement.

152 Address "X," Journal Office.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

But send for a free copy of

"*The Summer Excursionist,*"

Containing Routes and prices for over 1,000 Trips

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST.

T. EDWARD BOND, Ticket Agent.

322 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F WYER. 43

Party Wagon.

The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.

M. ELLIS & CO.

Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. 142

TENEMENT TO LET over Burke & Munday's Shoe Manufactory; 5 rooms; Horn Pond Water; good cellar room. Inquire of

150 JOSEPH KELLEY.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and on short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard and Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

Also a large Assortment of all kinds of

Steam Coal constantly on hand.

WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

TAKE NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 1st, 1875,

all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.

H. E. STROUT

39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M.
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7‖ P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.58†, 5.00, 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†,* 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40

WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,

Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.

WOOD SAWED.

☞ OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH. ☜

Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.

24

G. R. GAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

171 Main Street,

59 Woburn.

WOOD FOR SALE.

WHITE BIRCH AND HARD WOOD TRASH.

WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.

July 16th, 1875.

D. C. SISSON & CO.

AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS,

Real Estate and Mortgage Brokers.

Offices: { 174 Main Street, - Woburn,
22 School Street, - Boston.

OFFICE HOURS IN WOBURN, FROM 8 to 9 A. M., AND 7 to 9 P. M.

IT IS A PLEASURE

—TO USE—

Liebig's Extract

LEMON & VANILLA,

SOLD AT 41

ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

AND NOW COMES

THE SEASON FOR

CHILDREN'S

CARRIAGES,

(New Style Canopy Top,)

AFGHANS & MATS,

CARTS, WAGONS,

Wheelbarrows,

HOOPS, MARBLES,

BASE BALLS & BATS, 45

SELLING AT

LOW PRICES!

—AT—

HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,

No. 195 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

For Singing Schools!

No book can be better fitted to provide agreeable musical entertainment mingled with instruction, than the

SONG MONARCH!

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Price 75 cents.

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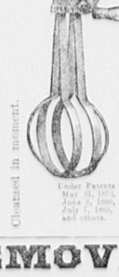

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Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
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Cleansed in moment.
143

Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other.
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"WHAT DO I KNOW?"

So ran the motto on a seal;
His whose rare wit doth sprightlier dance
Than any other that hath used
The daughter-loving speech of France.

Upon this heaven-kissing hill,
On this midsummer day of days,
That sad old question shoulders in
Among my thoughts of prayer and praise

What do I know? Not much, alas!
Of all the breadth and depth and hight
That presses upon soul and sense
From day to day, from night to night.

And yet I know the light is sweet,
And pleasant 'tis to see the sun,
What time he climbs the eastern hills,
And when his course is nearly done.

I know the look of wind-blown grass,
The quiet rustle of the corn,
The lusty song the thresher sings
To usher in the glowing morn.

I know to what a merry tune
You river ripples on its way,
And how, along its leafy brink,
The drooping branches softly sway.

I know the springs that trickle down
Through many a rod of brush and fern,
Divinely cool, nor Zeus himself
Drank better drink from Hebe's urn.

I know what fine enchantments lurk
In clouds that trail their shadows dun,
O'er hill and vale, or lie at ease
Along the west at set of sun.

I know the night is calm and cool
And welcome when the day is spent;
And, when it fills the sky with stars,
Fills all my soul with sweet content.

But in the worlds of thought and love
Yet more and better things I know
Than this midsummer day of days,
For all its treasures, has to show.

I know that many friends are kind,
That many hearts are fond and true;
I know—but hush! I may not tell
The half I know, Montaigne, to you.

Wherefore, O skeptic, go and try
Your question in some other ear;
I know enough to keep my heart
Brim full of joy from year to year.

Chesterfield, Mass., July 15, 1875.

SLEEP.

There is a law of periodic rest, which is universal in its application. The successive periods of creation are distinguished by an alternate evening and morning—a night of repose followed by a day of activity. After the nebulous matter, that had been "without form and void," had become condensed into a solid mass, for a time "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and the great, watery ball swung dead and silent in the expanse. Interior fires smoulder quietly in their central oven; the waters—tideless and waveless—slumber peacefully above; while the creative spirit broods over the placid bosom of the deep. At last, the word is said, "Let there be light!" the darkness vanishes, morning breaks, and the round world shines like a globe of silver.

Then there comes another long night of stillness and repose, during which the elements are preparing themselves for a further period of activity and life. The inner fire has been melting, fusing, crystalizing and gradually weakening the superincumbent strata, when suddenly the depths of the sea are troubled, and islands, continents, and mountains are heaved up into the air, while the waters subside into the valleys. Then the winds begin to blow, the rain descends upon the rough rocks, wearing away their surface, electric and chemical forces prepare the way for vegetable life, and a rank verdure, in process of time, covers the face of the earth. As the evening of this third day draws on, there comes another grand convulsion, and the ferns and the flowers, and the huge trees, sink down into the depths, there to be changed into carbon and stowed away to meet the necessities of the age in which we live. And so it proceeded, by alternate seasons of rest and action, until all things were finished and man appeared upon the stage.

The same law prevails in every department of nature. Every year the trees strip off the covering which they had worn, the earth wraps itself up in its coverlet of snow, and the silent slumber of winter reigns profound. Every day the flower that followed the sun so lovingly while he shone, folds its little hands at evening and bends its head and sleeps. Here and there we find a rollicking cereus that never opens its painted doors until nightfall; but like all who revel in the darkness, it must rest at noonday.

The winds and the waters sleep—well for us that they do; but the sounder they sleep, the more terrible are they when they wake; the profounder the calm, the fiercer is the hurricane which follows. Even the metals need to have their periodic rest; an iron wheel kept in incessant motion for too long a period of time loses its cohesive power and flies in pieces.

It is also said that stone, if it were exposed to constant sunlight, and with no chance to sleep at night, would become disintegrated and crumble away. Every organ of the human body needs to have its special season of rest. The lungs must have their brief period of repose, between each successive inspiration; the heart pauses for an instant in the interval between each pulsation; and every one knows to his sorrow that if the digestive functions are forced to work too steadily they will avenge themselves upon the gormandizer. But for this fact, many of the organs of the body would get no rest at all, for, during our ordinary sleep, the involuntary actions of the body continue in exercise; and in some cases even the power of locomotion may be complete, while all the bodily senses are wrapped in slumber.

In what that ordinary sleep consists, it is not easy to say. Of course every one knows what it is, as a matter of experience, although no man was ever conscious of the precise moment when he fell into oblivion. We all know what it is to be sleepy, when we feel that we ought to be wide awake, and what it is to be wakeful when we ought to be asleep.

There are certain positions of the body which are favorable to sleep, and yet, when they are very weary, soldiers may slumber while on the march, couriers while on horseback, and many a person falls asleep bolt upright in his chair while engaged in trying to read a heavy article. Some people have a much greater aptitude for sleep than others, and here and there one is found who makes it a deliberate business to doze away a large portion of his life, like the somnolent Hibernian, who, when asked by his employer how he could manage to sleep so much, replied, "Sir, I pay attention to it." A man who is used to it will slumber as soundly inside a copper boiler, while a dozen hammers are driving rivets on the outside, as he would anywhere else, and is liable to wake only when the clatter suddenly ceases.

It has been remarked that if one should lie down on a revolving wheel, he would fall into a sound sleep, from which he would soon be liable to sink into the arms of death. I was once rocked into a sleep that became almost complete, while floating passively in a warm summer day on the billowy waves of the ocean, and was carried off by the retreating tide so far from shore as to make it very difficult to swim back again. It is a singular fact that criminals generally sleep soundly on the night before their execution, when they know it is to be their last sleep on earth.

The operations of the mind, when the senses are locked in slumber, are mysterious and inscrutable. Some say that the mind never sleeps, and that it is only suspense of memory that prevents us from recalling all its operations during the period of bodily slumber. But if the brain never rested, it would wear out prematurely, and soon become useless.

In ordinary dreams there is the same sense of reality which we have in the affairs of our waking life. And yet we may have a sort of vague consciousness that there is something incongruous and absurd in the strange things which seem to be going on around us. Sometimes we have a dream within a dream, or dream that we are dreaming, and the faculty of reason is tolerably wide awake, while other powers of mind run riot.

It may also be noted that although the fancy brings other people before us, who are manufactured for the occasion, and may also put elaborate arguments into your mouths, which we are incompetent to answer, we never suppose ourselves to be other than we are—never lose the consciousness of our personal identity. We believe that we rarely, if ever, are aware of any distinct exercise of memory in our dream—never recall things as belonging to the past. The visions in the night are in a great degree built up out of our old experiences and impressions, but they always assume the aspect of something present and palpable.

If the limits to which we are restricted allowed, I should be glad to enlarge upon these inexplicable phenomena, and also speak of the complicated problems that have been solved, the wonderful poems composed, and the beautiful music conceived, during the hours of sleep. I am inclined to think that some people have their brightest times when their senses are locked in slumber. And what a wearisome thing life would be if there were no alternation of evening and morning, no periodical season of rest—no quiet hour, when we may lose sight of this bustling, anxious, toilsome world.

While I write the bells toll the hour of midnight.

"There is stillness now:
Gloom, and the trance of nature now.
The snake is in his cave, asleep;
The birds are on the branches, dreaming;
Only the shadows creep,
Only the glow-worm is gleaming."

And then comes to me the solemn words of Sir Thomas Browne, written centuries ago, "Sleep is so akin to death, that every night, before I go to rest, I hold a colloquy with God, then bid farewell to the world, and prepare to sleep till the resurrection."

And with this I close.—*Bishop Clark.*

A Boston Lady's Experience.—Mrs. A., who resides in one of the mansions on the Back Bay, liked the reading of one of those advertisements that appear daily in one of our paper, which told of a lovely spot in New Hampshire which was "just the place to spend a few weeks in summer," so she corresponded at once with the parties, and made arrangements to go up and board with them, but forgot to add when she would be there. One morning she left Boston on the first train. after receiving a promise from her husband that he would join her soon. About two o'clock in the afternoon she reached, as she thought, her place of destination, but upon inquiry found that there were five hours' ride by stage in store for her. This announcement quite nettled her, as in giving directions this fact had not been mentioned, but she engaged passage on the stage, which proved to be a two-seated wagon, on which she started off alone, with one of those good-natured though rough stage drivers, often found in the country, who know everybody's business, talk with their passengers as though they were old acquaintances, and persist in asking questions until they have learned their names, where they are from, where they were going and how long they intended to stay. He at once entered into conversation with Mrs. A. in the usual style, and when he learned where she was going and for what purpose, he gave a low whistle and said, "Wal, I guess I can reckon on you for a passenger back to-morrow." When she questioned her informant as to what he knew of the place and people, he said, "Oh, they are good enough I s'pose, but it is the lonesomest place you ever saw." She was feeling very homesick when they drove up to a large farm-house, a desolate-looking place, with no paint on the buildings, not a blind on the house, half of the windows without curtains, and there was not a tree or shrub or flower to be seen in the little field that enclosed this dreary habitation. It was hard work to keep back the tears, while she begged the driver not to leave here there. But he said, "Why, dear woman, to stop here is the only thing you can do, for there is not a hotel within ten miles." So, with a heavy heart, she alighted, tired and hungry, and the driver rapped on the front door with his whip; receiving no response, they went round to the back door, and there encountered a man with a pail full of milk in each hand. Upon being informed who the newcomer was, the farmer said, "Wal, now, haint that tu bad? We didn't think you'd come so soon, and my old woman has gone away; but never mind, she'll be here in the morning." Before the driver left the lady charged him not to forget her in the morning, for she should return with him. When left alone with the farmer he invited her into the house and showed her supperless to her room; but what a room it was—no carpet on the floor, no paper on the walls, nor a lock on one of the doors. As soon as she was left alone she threw herself on the bed and cried until she fell asleep. When she arose the next morning she saw a female form gliding about the house, and, upon inquiry learned to her horror that she had been left alone in that great house all night, while the host drove twenty miles away after the "old woman."

Soon after the stage came rattling along, and despite the urgent entreaties of the homespun couple, Mrs. A. jumped aboard, and she now declares that it was the happiest moment in her life when she was once more seated behind the good-natured stage driver. She doesn't enjoy hearing vacations talked about now, and says that Boston is the best place in the world after all, and for her part she can't imagine why any one wants to ever leave it.—*Ellsworth American.*

Some one to Love.—Perhaps one of the most positive proofs we have of the soul's independence of the body, is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals—creatures doomed to perish after a few years of life in this world—that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be enough, As it is, we may have all these things, and health to enjoy them, and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love," is our heart's cry.

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice: when people are harsh and unkind, we suffer. We begin life wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear once grow fewer; but as long as reason lasts, we must love some one—we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters and brothers—that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us, these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterwards come the little children—frail helpless babies who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their empty-heartedness; for kindnes wins love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses. which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride or morbid sensitiveness may have been at the bottom of their loneliness. and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul. the note to which every human heart responds; the bond that will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

A Singular Dream.—An Amesbury man had a singular dream under the following circumstances: His father and mother had recently died within four weeks of each other, and one night in a dream he saw his mother standing by his bed, with a peculiar coverlet on which lay a man, with his back turned toward him. His mother called him by name, and said "here are seven dollars." He attached no significance to the dream until when he went to the post office, he received a letter stating that his brother, who was on a western railroad, had been badly crushed, and requested his presence immediately. On arriving at his brother's residence, he was struck with surprise when he found him lying on a cot-bed, with the same kind of a coverlet as he had seen in his dream, with his back turned toward him. The brother died, and the gentleman was still more astonished, when on settling his affairs the first bill presented was just seven dollars in amount. Strange as the story may seem, it is told by the man himself, and he is a gentleman whose veracity no one would impeach. — *Peabody Press.*

☞ An Indiana girl wanted to see if her lover really loved her, and she got a boy to yell "mad dog!" as they were walking out. The lover flew over a fence and left her to be chewed up, and she went right away and married a store clerk.

☞ He that loveth a good book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently entertain himself, as in all matters, so in all fortunes.

☞ A stone-bruise on a boy's foot will not prevent him from walking around all day if a circus is in town, but let his mother ask him to bring in some wood and that foot completely disables him.

☞ When a Massachusetts man walked seventeen miles to see a man hung, and the prisoner was respited, the disgusted traveler sat down in a fence corner and hoarsely inquired if this country was drifting back to barbarism.

☞ Chicago doctors come right out like men and say that cucumbers are healthy, and then sit and watch and wait like villians for calls from colic patients.

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Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
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Leave Hingham at 7.30, and 10.30 A. M., 1.30, 3.50 and 6.40.
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Leave Hull at 7.50, and 10.50 A. M., 1.50, 4.15 and 6.30 P. M.
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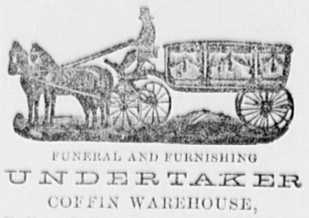

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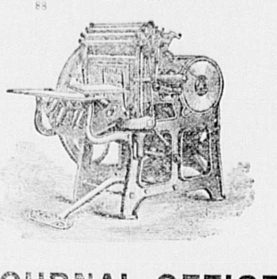

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☞ Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 91

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 92
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
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LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address
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Auctioneer,
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 97

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"
Will make the season for a limited number Mares at
WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,
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For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.
Board for Horses
At all seasons of the year. 48

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Gas Fitter and Plumber,
BASEMENT OF NEW POST OFFICE,
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WOBURN MASS. 98

Porcelains,
All sizes, at 99 STROUT'S.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875. NO 50.

MYSTIC
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Selected Flowering and Climbing
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BEAUTIFUL
Hanging Baskets!
CHOICE
FERNERIES, &c.
FRESH
CUT FLOWERS!
AND ELEGANT
Floral Designs
ON HAND AND TO ORDER. 146

Dr. E. M. Harding,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE: 110 MAIN ST.
(Formerly occupied by Dr. Wolgamott.)
WOBURN. 148

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - - - - - - MASS.

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PRIVATE SCHOOL!

MISS PARSONS, Winchester, (near the Post Office), will reopen her class in the English branches. French and Latin, Sept. 16th, 1875; and will also give private lessons if desired. 152

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER
—AND— 70
Real Estate Broker,
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 4

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Cash Assets, over $6,000,000.
B. T. H. PORTER, AGENT, Woburn, Mass.
Over Savings Bank.
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CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 9
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

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A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and for sale at the lowest prices, by 10
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Poetry.

ART'S EXCHANGES.

There was a poet once who wrought
In marble all his poet-thought—
All glimpses that his yearnings caught

Of scenes whereof the senses fail,
Of light that strayeth pure and pale
From out the rent, *unlifted* veil,

Till royal head, or shapely gleam
Of some unhidden throat, 'twould seem,
Took on the whiteness of his dream.

But sometimes e'en from dreaming eyes
Art folds a while her mysteries,
To greet them with more sweet surprise.

And so for many an empty day
Nerveless the master's chisel lay:
The clay unloved was only clay.

Some angel waiting to be free,
Some beauty sleeping there might be—
So sleeping and so bound was he.

And idling still one dusk at ease,
Rare fingers touched the meek white keys,
And woke them into harmonies—

High harmonies, whose longing stirred
In speech too glad for any word,
Or river sweep, or call of bird.

And as he heard, the joy intense,
Born of such gracious influence,
Grew too complete for one mute sense.

The artist-passion claimed its own—
The thought a symphony had shown
Leaped to immortal life in stone.

* * * * * *

Dear heart, you find the story strange,
Yet has this wondrous interchange
Scarce touched the utmost of its range.

For when the statue stood confessed,
There came a poet, with the rest,
Whose music-language was his best;

And, all unconscious how it grew,
He caught the joy the artist knew,
And straight its soul to music flew.

A marvel, was it? Nay, a law!
Bach heard the seraphs Raphael saw:
I listen in content and awe.

In that new tower, whose every round,
Shapen in color, song, or sound,
Climbs onward till the heaven is found,

The builders hold a common speech,
And in the courage whispered each
Build on—to heights beyond the reach.

—FANNIE R. ROBINSON, in *Harper's Magazine for September*.

Selected.

Mademoiselle Isolena.

They formerly lived in Madison Square and moved in the best New York society. The father, a Wall street man, lost his money, and the wife, two sons, and two daughter lived on the east side, and the best society knew them no more. Isolena, the youngest of the family, had accepted the situation with becoming fortitude. She had three trunks laden with the spoils of Saratoga and Newport. They would keep her in clothes for two years, and so long as the spoons held out to burn, to her boarding-house fare she could return. After the crash the father did nothing in particular, and the mother took to her bed. The sons, never having done any thing during their prosperous days, now kept sternly in that noble path. The elder daughter, in a fit of desperation, threw herself away on a book-keeper with eight hundred a year, and was buried in Jersey. Isolena Van Rensselaer, being a person of sense, sold the silver and jewelry a bit at a time, paid the family board bills, and so kept the wolf away.

Weeks passed, and the store of spoons faded slowly. How much longer could they live on silver ware? The wolf had already bayed the gas lamps in Third Avenue, just around the corner, and the sound kept her awake in the night.

One day there came a letter inclosing a check for one hundred dollars. Her hand shook as he unfolded the crisp paper, and sudden tears filled her eyes. Were the family miseries and poverty so wearing upon her that the sight of a check shook every nerve? And how had Heaven raised such friends in their hour of need?

It was only a letter from Cousin Mary Pelham. Cousin Kitty was to be married, and Mary wished to furnish one room in the new home. Would Isolena be so kind as to do some shopping in the city—get a nice chamber carpet, and have it sent up by express? Glad to find something to divert her mind, Isolena went shopping among the carpet men, selected what she thought would please and fit the prescribed measure, paid the bill, and returned home tired out and minus fifteen cents paid car fare. Two days after came a letter saying that "the carpet was lovely, and we are all so much obliged."

The next day Isolena counted the spoons and figured out their position. There was just enough plate to pay the board bills for exactly six weeks. She appealed to her father. He, poor man, had trouble enough on hand. The wife and mother was dying. For a time the lesser griefs were lost in the greater; and then the mother crept away to peace and her grave, weary with the miserable disasters of the family.

The day after the funeral Isolena asked her father for her portion, and he divided his living among them all. Isolena's share was the spoons and some diamond rings. The family was broken up and ruined, and each selfishly looked out for himself. The men went to the bad generally. The elder daughter furnished her parlor with her share of the wreck, and Isolena sold a diamond ring, and put an advertisement in the *Tribune*, *Evening Post*, *Herald*, and *American Agriculturist*. Then she found another and cheaper boarding place, and sat down to await results, or starve.

Within a week a million people read this advertisement:

"MADEMOISELLE ISOLENA, purchaser of dress good, gloves, hosiery, and millinery. Persons at a distance desiring to purchase dry-goods, etc., in New York may address Mademoiselle Isolena. Every kind of under-wear and small wares bought, goods and colors matched, and the best selections made at the lowest prices. Terms five pre cent. All orders must have the money inclosed. Goods sent by express or mail at purchaser's expense. Address 492 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York. References, Arnold, Taylor, and Co.; Stewart, Lord, and Kinsey;" etc.

Three days Mademoiselle Isolena waited in heart-sick impatience, and then there came three letters. One contained a dollar, another six, another ten, and each had a small order. Total profits, eight-five cents—the first money she ever earned in her life. She put on a pretty hood and a bright smile, and went out to do the shopping. At the door her eyes fell on the walk, and a blush, half shame, half something else, mounted to her face. He actually said good-morning, and offered his hand. She put out her left hand. That was the least worn glove. She felt grateful that he should recognize her. So many once friends had passed indifferent on the street that the thought that a Van Stupen should should speak to her gave her unexpected happiness.

"Awful clever idea, Mademoiselle Isolena."

"Oh, Mr. Van Stupen! how did you know? I never can forgive myself for it."

"Gad!" we all thought it a bright idea. Why, you're a broker—in trade, you know; same as I am, and Pell and Dennisen, all the old set. Oh, by-the-way, Sister Patty is to be married, and I want to do the presenting business in good style. You please step into Tiffany's and buy something pretty and suitable."

"Mr. Van Stupen, what do you mean?"

"Biz, of course. Now you're offended. I beg pardon, Miss Van Rensselaer. I would not hurt your feelings for the world. You know I would not. I thought I could help you—"

"Van!"

"That's right, Iso—Miss Rensselaer, call me Van if you like. I am your friend."

"Let us speak of this no more. I am poor now. Our paths divide. I must earn my living, and Patty would never forgive me. I am truly glad to hear of her marriage. I—"

"Look you, Miss Van Rensselaer, I want some work done. I'll pay you ten per cent."

"My terms are five, Sir."

"Well, five it is. Here's the money. Spend it all, and take out your commission."

With that he thrust a roll of bills into her hands, and disappeared into a University Place car just as they reached Broadway. That night she slept peacefully for the first time for weeks. She had earned enough in one day to support her three. The following day she lad aside one dollar from her earnings, and received seven more letters, inclosing forty dollars in all. These orders employed her nearly all day, and at night she sent a letter with each, detailing the business transaction. The next day there came but one letter, and she was a trifle discouraged. Then came the Sabbath, and on the Monday there were twenty letters, including one that had evidently wandered about Madison Square in search of her for some time. It was from Patty Johnson, late Van Stupen. She was charmed with her brother's beautiful present, and so glad to hear that Isolena had made the selection. "Would it be too much trouble to do just a little shopping—only a dozen gloves or so?"

There was no money inclosed. Perhaps Mrs. Johnson was not aware that Miss Van Rensselaer was in busines. Without the slightest hesitation she inclosed her advertisement to Mrs. Johnson, and explained her position. Mrs. Johnson might cut her dead; she probably would. She might even talk to her brother, and perhaps say bitter and disagreeable things. Then she must.

The following day brought more letters, and a loud complaint from her landlady concerning the trouble of bringing up so large a mail. Isolena at once turned all her available assets into money, and made one more bold push for her life. After much search she found a small back-room on the third story of a store on Broadway just below Union Square, and having supplied it with second-hand furniture, set up for herself, alone in the city. The room was at once chamber, parlor, kitchen, and business office. A dollar a day gave her all this, and placed her within easy reach of the best stores both on Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The removal gave her a chance to advertise again, and went into it with seemingly reckless energy. She believed in advertising, and she meant to play a bold hand in the game.

Slowly, day by day, her business increased. It kept her upon her feet and in the stores and streets nearly all day, but in all her wanderings about the town she never met Mr. Van Stupen nor any one else who recognized her. Patty Johnson never answered her letter, and her family seemed to have utterly fallen out of her life. Weeks passed, and the warm season came. Then her business declined, and she at once spent every dollar she could spare in new advertisements, and within ten days her correspondents doubled in volume.

Late one warm afternoon she climbed the dismal stairs to her room, and found Mr. Van Stupen waiting at her door. She could do no less than ask him in. He came into her little room, and then said slowly,

"Is this your home, Isolena?"

"Yes, Mr. Van Stupen; it is my home, counting-room, and all. I do up my packages here, and write my letters, and live generally. Don't you think it a pleasant room?"

"Well—yes; but hardly safe."

"Oh, indeed it is. The janitor and his wife live up stairs, and the street door is locked at seven. I am never out after that. Besides, there are the police."

"For all that, people might come and annoy you. Your father and brothers have been looking for you. They told me yesterday, when I returned from Saratoga, and asked where you lived. I had seen your advertisement, but I would not tell them."

"You are bitter, Miss Van Rensselaer. Had you seen them, you would have thanked me for keeping them away."

"They are my friends, Sir."

"I know it. Pardon me if I seem unkind. I am not, Isolena. I would gladly serve you, gladly take you away from such a life, gladly offer—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. It was the postman. He counted out a large bundle of letters, and said, pleasantly,

"Biz is a looking up, mam'selle. Sixty-two letter is a big haul."

She bowed the man out, and then, with the bunch of letters still in her hand, she said, slowly,

"Thank you, Mr. Van Stupen. You are very kind. I need no help. I have created a good business, and I have more than a hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and as soon as the fall trade opens I shall take more comfortable quarters. I am doing well, and want for nothing, save—"

She paused. The door slowly opened without warning, and a shambling figure, crept in unbidden. It started them both with a drunken laugh.

"Say—'Solena, gimme a ten—won't you? I've had hard lines—I have."

"What do you mean, Sir, by this insolence?" cried Mr. Van Stupen. "Take yourself off!"

"Mr. Van Stupen," cried the sister, interposing between the men, "he is my brother. Edward, there is the money; now please go away. Come again another day."

"Yes, demme ly don't! Ten dollars! here's wealth for you!"

Stumbling down the stairs, he crept away, and the two were left alone.

"That was not wise, Miss Van Rensselaer. He will trouble you again."

"He is my brother, Sir," she said, with dignity. "We will not speak of him more."

Mr. Van Stupen was in a measure defeated. He had not accomplished his mission, and after a few commonplaces he withdrew, and without an invitation to renew his call.

Now was her life clear before her. She must give her whole heart to her business. There was naught else to feed on, and it must take that or starve. The one friend she had retained had proved unfriendly. How had he dared to come to her since his engagement to Amy Ramsey? She had seen the engagement in some gossip's letter in a newspaper many weeks before.

By ten the next morning she had two advertisements in the *Herald*, one for a better room, and one for a female bookkeeper. At night she glanced over the paper to see if her advertisement had received attention. Her eye fell on the marriage:

"RAMSEY—COURTLAND.—Amy Ramsey daughter Theodore Ramsey, of this city, to Allen Courtland, of Stamford, Connecticut," etc.

The paper slip from her hand, and for an hour or more she dreamed of the happy might have been. How she had misjudged him! And he was gone!

Three hundred and thirty-one girls and women presented themselves at her room during the next four days. Ten per cent. of them knew their business fairly well; ninety per cent. were totally ignorant of the subject. After much discussion a girl who had a first-class talent for doing exactly as she was told was selected, and in a new room on West Fourteenth Street the two set up a larger and more convenient establishment. The girl kept the books, and the mistress shopped for a profession. The weeks grew to months, and the winter came. Mademoiselle Isolena constantly spread her advertisement before the rural public, and the fame of her bargains filled the feminine mind with admiration. She slowly and surely prospered, and tried to think herself happy—and failed.

In all this neither father nor sister nor brother ever visited her. She worked for a living. They never could forgive that. Madison Square concluded she must have died, and nobody ever contradicted the rumor. Mademoiselle was often useful to Madison Square, but none knew her, none recognized her. She had changed somewhat, grown more placid and quiet, and her face had put on a womanly beauty the Isolena of Madison Square had never known.

Suddenly the clerk gave notice that she must leave. Ah, yes; going to be married. That was it. Her work was only a make-shift till a man could be found to support her. After some delay Isolena found her father, and he called to see her. Would he keep her books for her? "Never! She was an ungrateful girl thus to blast the family name. Julia never did, nor Edward, nor Thomas." Could he support her? Well, no, not very conveniently. He was busy on the street, and it took all he could pick up to pay his board and the boys' board. By-the-way, he just a little short. Could she lend him twenty dollars for a day or two? In silence she gave him ten dollars, and he went away without even thanking her.

She sat down indignantly and heart-sore, and would have cried for shame and misery had not a visitor knocked. Patty Van Stupen.

"Isolena! Can I believe myself?"

"Yes, Patty, it is I. Can I be of service?"

"Service! Isolena Van Rensselaer! One would think you were mademoiselle!"

"So I am."

"Great Heavens! has it come to this?"

"I do not know what you mean, Miss Van Stupen. Shopping is my profession. This is my office, and I am neither ashamed nor afraid. I explained it to you once by letter. Oh, pardon me! You are married, Mrs.—Mrs—"

"Johnson, Isolena. I never received your letter, and I am truly grieved and shocked."

"I do not know why you need be. I have a good name in my business, and I owe no man any thing."

"Does my brother know of this—this great misfortune?"

"He once knew that I worked for a living, but that was a long time ago. I have not seen him for a year or more."

"He is in Germany. Did you not hear how that spiteful Amy Ramsey, served him? Poor boy! He lost his money on the street, and then she left him and married Courtland. Then poor Van broke down, and father sent him abroad; and its cheaper living there, you know. Father allows—"

There was a sudden knock, loud and jolly. The mistress said, "Come in," and a big fellow entered, breathless and rosy with excitement—and something else. The two women were for a moment silent with astonishment. Isolena found her tongue first.

"Van!"

"Isolena! Patty! Dear girls, how are you both?"

He offered a hand to each.

"How you surprised us! When did you return?"

"One hour since. I bought a *Herald* and read the dear girl's ad., and here I came."

"Oh, Van!" said the two, and with a different tone to the "Van" and the "oh."

"I'm cured, Isolena. I have cut the parental apron string, and defied Madison Square. I haven't a cent in the world, but I'm going to work like a—like a man. Know any body who has a spare job?"

"Frederic Lorberry Van Stupen, I am amazed! I can not listen to such language. Grandmother Van Stupen will never forgive you."

"Bother grandmother!" replied Frederick. "Say, sister, couldn't you just run home and tell 'em I'm returned? You can take the carriage at the door."

"I will at once, for I am grieved and surprised beyond expression, and I must consult with my parents."

"Do—do. It will be kind in you."

"Allow me to wish you a very good-morning, Mademoiselle Isolena."

This Mrs. Patty Johnson said in tolerable French, and the shopper replied with equal grace and better French.

Once more they were alone. For a moment neither spoke, and then with a smile she drew near, and said, quietly,

"Are you familiar with book keeping, Sir?"

"Yes, marm, and I write a very good hand."

"I am in want of a book-keeper, and shall be pleased to employ you."

"I am deeply grateful, mademoiselle, for your kind offer. You will pardon me if I ask the concerning the prospect of an interest in the business—if I tried to be good."

She drew near, and a diviner light filled her eyes, and her lips parted in an ill-suppressed smile.

"If you please me, Sir, and you are very, very good, we will go into partnership in just six weeks from this day."

"Under the style of—"

"Isolena, Van Stupen, and Co."

No more honorable and successful firm can be found in New York than the dry goods and millinery store purchasing house of Isolena, Van Stupen and Co., in West Fourteenth Street. More than this, it is a growing house. The company has increased materially. There are two already—twins.

NOT MY PLACE.—A dispute having long existed in a gentleman's family between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the greater part of the morning, and yet was so ill-natured that he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do as not to have a moment to spare. The coachman alleged that it was not his business.

"Very well," said the master; "but pray what do you call your business?"

"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied he.

"You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

The coachman and the maiden soon after came to terms.—*Once a Week.*

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: "It is night now and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders, and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike, calm and sad. Eyes as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the twilight wreathed under the Autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch, here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon us."

☞ If you are at church of a Sunday evening in August, without a fan, cast about your eye until it lights on an engaged couple, and, when you see how close they snug up together, you will lose in a great degree a sense of the heat.—*Danbury News.*

HOPEFUL.—As the world regards as a true hero the individual who sustains himself under such disheartening circumstances as often fall to the lot of man, and who bravely reaches out beyond the darkness to the light beyond the clouds, so it commends business men, as a class, who do not succumb to the revulsions of trade and long-continued inactivity in business circles. The almost unparalleled long season of inactivity which has prevailed in this country in all circles of trade, especially in the shoe business, has had a most depressing effect upon men engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, and even the most hopeful have had an almost overwhelming current to contend against. It has been excessively discouraging to see "houses," which never before succumbed to financial difficulties, go down, and there has been indeed enough to make the stoutest heart grow faint and sick. The wonder is that enough have been found with sufficient courage to bear up against the adverse tide, and keep the wheels of business moving at all. With the most sterling men in the business community failing all around, with the great difficulty of collecting bills, with the inclination of dealers to place orders for goods, there seemed to be nothing to instigate manufacturers to keep their factories in operation. There has been but a very small margin of profit even on what goods have been made up, and even that profit has been made unavailable in consequence of the refusal of those having money at their disposal to let it into circulation. With all the money locked up in safes, what has there been to impart life to trade? What incentive has there been to engage in business, or what inducement has been held out for manufacturers and traders to continue the struggle? It has been, virtually, a prolonged contest between disappointment and forlorn hope. But there is a satisfaction in knowing that some have been still hopeful, to such an extent that life in business circles has not become quite extinct, and by their faith in the "good time coming," have contributed much towards preventing total stagnation. Their motto has been "never say die," and as season after season closed with no change in the prospect, they have consoled themselves with the thought that "hard pan" had been reached, and re-action must soon take place. Courageous and persistent in the most unpromising periods, they have struggled on and been instrumental in furnishing employment to many who would otherwise have suffered, and have virtually kept the grass from growing in the pathways of business.

There seem to be indications on every side now that these individuals have not hoped in vain, if we may judge from the opinions expressed by persons who are posted in this direction. As the finances of the country are usually regarded as significant of activity or lethargy in commercial circles, the statements of those under whose charge the national accounts are placed are of interest at all. The accounting officers of the Treasurer at Washington have just completed the national balance sheet for the fiscal year ending June 30, and the statements, it is said, will be a gratifying exhibit for those who labored for economy in the last Congress, and a corresponding disappointment to croakers. There is no deficit, as was predicted, although the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by the relatively small margin of $13,376,658. But for the economical measures adopted at the two last sessions of Congress the predicted deficit would have been made. The balance shows that the revenues of the government were $3,681,761 greater than the estimates made by the Treasurer in November last, while the expences were $792,026 less than the estimates. Another encouraging fact is that the expenditures for the last year were less than for any fiscal year since 1861. This shows economy is working good results in placing our government upon a financial basis in which business men have faith. By looking over the reports of the money market we find it stated that the banks are loaded with surplus currency, and ready to accommodate either customers or outsiders, and in fact they are compelled to seek customers in the open market or let funds lie idle. Here again is encouragement to such men as are willing to do business for small profits, provided the financial aid is readily obtained.

Accounts from the West by mail give a more intelligent and reliable view of the extent of the recent damage to the crops, and show that it is considerably less than at first stated. In many cases the loss is reduced from forty to ten per cent. and the excessive yield in States where no floods have occurred will more than offset the loses. This will be another step towards renewed activity, inasmuch as the crops are the producer's stock in trade. Let the money be abundant, so that farmers can move their grain, &c., and it will at once flow through the legitimate channels of trade to the manufacturers, and thus the whole machinery of supply and demand will be set in motion. From conversation with gentlemen who have recently returned from a trip West, we should opine that the feeling in regard to a turn in the tide of affairs is more encouraging, and that there will be a very fair fall trade. We sincerely trust that such may be the case, and that the coming autumn may witness such a return to prosperity as may reward those who have had faith in the ultimate revival of business, for being, under all the past discouragements, still hopeful. —*Lynn Reporter.*

☞ They don't ask a woman in Wisconsin to teach school for any paltry $2 a week. They offer her $1.25, and if she refuses they nail the door up and hang up a sign of "noa skule hear."

☞ Honesty is the best policy as a general rule, but the cheapest manner of making a railroad track is to steel the rails.—*Lowell Journal.*

☞ And now, may it please Your Excellency, will you let an expectant public know what your decision is in the case of the Pomeroy boy?

BASE BALL.—Probably no game in the country has been so popular an so universally practiced as base ball. Such general favor has it received that it has long been denominated the "national game." The effects of this training, as a whole, upon the system are decidedly beneficial. It is peculiarly calculated to call into practice nearly all the muscles of the limbs, as well as most of those in the trunk. The *manner* in which all parts of the body are called into action, affording a constant change of muscle, and variety in the rapidity of movement is very conducive to both health and strength. But when this game is played with great zeal, there may be danger, in the too rapid and long-continued exercise of running and violent efforts at striking the ball, of producing an injurious effect upon the heart and lungs—first, by increasing the circulation of the blood to an unnatural extent, and second, by causing a conjested state of the blood in both those organs. If there should happen to be any constitutional weakness or abnormal formation here, the injurious effect, and the danger would be still greater. There is also an objection to this kind of training from the intense and general excitement sometimes created by competition, and again, by resorts to wagers or bets. The sanitary effects is entirely lost sight of in the strife for victory. Here comes the rub or danger. The physical or sanitary advantages of the games are sacrificed to personal rivalries. The nice or turning points upon which successful competition depends, such as "brilliant batting," "unerring throwing," "swift pitching," "skillful catching," and "daring running," must be studied and practiced above everything else; and, in order to secure victory, individuals excelling in these particular points must be *hired*—sometimes at a large price—by clubs or companies engaged in the play. As one of the consequences of this state of things, a less and less number of different individuals are found to engage in the exercise, and these comprise the very persons who do not so much need it on the score of health or strength.

Now, whenever and wherever ball-playing is carried to the extent here described, it is the *abuse* of a good thing: for there can be no question, but that this game, when properly conducted, is one of the most healthful exercises that students or young men generally can find. The question is already raised, whether this sport in some quarters is not over-done—whether serious evils are not growing out of it—and that this "national game" is degenerating, or losing character. It certainly behooves its friends to guard against the evils and dangers that threaten it.—*Sanitarian for September.*

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—The St. Albans Messenger tells the following story of a remarkable anatomical phenomenon: Recently a very valuable horse belonging to Mr. Gaylord of Brookfield was thrown down by a rolling stone in the road, while on the road to Randolph Centre. After striking the ground the horse turned a complete summersault, landing his head toward the carriage. The horse gained his feet and began feeding. For a week he seemed perfectly well, and was driven as usual, going to West Randolph and to Washington in the time and doing odinary farm work, and working on a mowing machine. A week after the accident the horse's head began to droop, and other signs of disease to appear. It continued to eat well, and twelve days after the accident died suddenly. Dr. S. E. Boot and another physician were summoned to examine the horse, with a view to determine whether the death of the horse was the result of the accident or not. Upon examination it was found that there was a fracture of both the fourth and fifth verterbras of the neck. From the fourth a piece was broken off about two inches long, one inch wide and nearly half an inch thick, and from the fifth a piece about half as large. Also a piece about three-fourths of an inch by an inch was scaled from the body of the fifth, and many fine fragments were found in the wound. There was no external wound. The spinal cord was not broken into by the fracture, but the irritation had finally set up inflamation in the membranes of the cord, and this caused the death of the horse.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW EACH OTHER.—Think for a moment of the narrow limits of our knowledge! Eight hundred millions of featherless bipeds, more or less, are picking up a living, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, on this pretty planet of ours; of what infinitessimal proportion can you really unveil the secrets and gauge the virtues and the happiness? How many people do you know intimately enough to say whether their lot is, on the whole, enviable or the reverse? Every human being is a foreign kindom to every other. We make a short excursion into their minds; we touch at a port here and there; and we say glibly that we know them intimately. We know not how many dark corners are carefully hidden away from all strangers, and what vast provinces have never been reached in our most daring travels.

A CURIOUS TRAP.—While walking along the bank of the Little River, in the direction of Bloomfield, Ct., the other day, a party of boys had their attention attracted to a lively disturbance in the water. Drawing near they found a kingfisher apparently anchored and struggling in the stream. They waded out to the bird and found it caught in a curious way. It had dived down upon a fresh water clam and, having put its beak inside the shell, had been quietly captured by being shut in. The shell had to be smashed to free the bird, and when liberated it seemed so nearly dead that it was lain on the grass. It soon revived and flew away.

HIS LOOKS DECEIVED HER.—He did not look like a joker. One to sit and study his face would have said that his sou was so lost in melancholy that he didn't care whether the sun set at noon or staid up till 7 o'clock. He entered the ladies' sitting room at the Central Depot, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired:

"Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"Had red hair?"

"He had—oh! what has happened!"

"Weighed about 180 pounds?"

"Yes—yes—where is he—where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He is drowned—my husband is drowned!" she wailed.

"Had a silver watch-chain?" continued the stranger.

"Where is my husband—where is the body?" she gasped.

"Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have a gray shirt?"

"Yes, oh! my Thomas! my Thomas!"

"And Stoga boots?"

"Let me see him—let me see him!" she cried.

"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There is that your husband across the street at that peanut stand?"

"Why yes, that's him; that's my husband," she exclaimed joyfully. "I thought you said he was drowned."

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying peanuts, and I believed it my duty to say to you that peanuts are not healthy at this season of the year!"

He slid softly off, and she stood there and chewed he parasol and stared after him as if he were a menagerie on wheels. —*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ACCOMMODATING LITTLE WOMAN.—Some friends of ours went down river the other day to have a chowder, and when they had got every thing in readiness but the milk, they found, to their disappointment, that this essential article had soured. Now a chowder, without milk, is to most folks rather poor fare, and one of the party started after some. He went the rounds of the houses down river, but could not get a drop, and finally, as he was turning to go down to his boat, with a face as disconsolate as that of a newly made widower, a voice from the first house he had called at asked him how he made out.

"Not a drop, and I do hate to go back without any," was the answer.

"Well its too bad to have that chowder spoiled, and seeing it's you, if you will wait, I'll go up into the pasture, find the cow, and milk three quarts."

A pleasant smile lit up the face of the young man at this announcement. He could hardly believe it, that any one would take so much pains for him, and he felt that there were angels in the world even in the 19th century. He went into into the sitting room and waited while she hunted up the cow. This took some time, as cows will stray away during a midsummer afternoon; but she was found at last, and three quarts of rich milk obtained, which was received with thanks, and liberally paying for it, he was not long in rejoining the party, who were wondering what had become of him. He told the story while the chowder was cooking, and a round of cheers was given for the accommodating little woman who milked her cow in the middle of the afternoon in order that a party should not be disappointed in their chowder. —*Gloucester Advertiser.*

A NEWSPAPER FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.—No change in the manner of doing anything more strongly marks the peculiar genius of this time than the metamorphosis, scarcely an exaggeration to call it so, newspapers, Looking at the old issues we see no headlines. No special correspondence. No personals. No jokes. No reports of amusements. Much less criticism. Much less puffs. Much less book notices. Much less market reports. Much less court decisions. O, easy-going, non-news devouring, low-pressure long ago! O, lolling, lazy, limp, luxurious, lounging, ante telegraphic days! How many exausted editors and gorged readers sigh for your return, and long to exchange, at least for one short day (say Monday), the same old bliss of ignorance for this over burdening load of universal intelligence. We are very much like bees caught in the rain, overloaded with honey—and such honey.—*N. Y. Mail.*

☞ A well-known lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate—a shoemaker.

You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?

Yes sir, 'cause why, she confessed it.

And you also swear that she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?

I do, sir.

Then, giving a sagacious look at the court, we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you?

Of course, how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?

☞ An upright man who does not want to be set down as a suicide, or a murderer, or both, should beware how he goes to a drug store and asks for five cents' worth of strychnine. It is much easier to endure the ravages of four or five hundred rats that to encounter the terrible eye of a druggist who thinks he understands human nature.

☞ A queer old chap in Michigan has named his daughter "Misery," because she loves company.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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THE NEW PARTY.

The Banks and Lamar movement culminated last Saturday at Parker's in a meeting for organization. Mr. Thompson the sanguine young man who has been flooding the country with circulars preparatory to doing something was one of the secretaries, and Col. Conwell who was Gen. Bank's chief engineer last fall, presided. The General modestly disclaimed any aspirations for the Presidency, and thought that the connecting his name with the movement would not accord with its interests. A platform was adopted in which it is stated that "Whereas in times of great danger men naturally organize themselves in defensive lines; and whereas there has seldom been a period in the century of our national existence when the people felt less secure in their possessions and in their personal liberties than now; and whereas the daily record of crime and poverty is appalling, our manufactories are silent, our wharves deserted, our property depreciating, labor a drag, fraud in public offices the rule rather than the exception, and such a sense of insecurity prevailing that capitalists hoard their money in the banks while internal and foreign trade is paralyzed, and whereas this condition has been the result of dishonesty in high places and the fanning of the late war's baneful fires by unscrupulous or short-sighted partisans of the heretofore dominant parties." This being the sad state of affairs they resolved that it was dangerous and unpatriotic to support "extreme Democratic or Republican institutions," but that the time has fully come when the people should resume their sway. Dishonesty in high places was denounced. Public officers must be more careful, and taxes taken from the necessities and added to the luxuries. Government should build its own vessels and ordnance. Monopolies must be looked after. All the promises of the government must be fulfilled, and the citizen feel himself bound for it. Sudden inflation or contraction is deprecated. No encouragement to sectional enmity, but on all sides words of fraternity, forgiveness and peace.

The platform sounds well; it is full of glittering generalities, but does not undertake any new task. All parties will agree to those resolutions. There is nothing that is startling or original. They are not aggressive enough. It is a poor imitation of the Independent party, poor, because it is not started for a principal but for a man. Of course Mr. Banks declines to father it, but the child goes on all the same, "hoping all things" and probably while it lives "enduring all things." Gen. Bartlett who was appointed on the Central Committee has since declared that the use of his name was unauthorized, and we have heard from several others to the same effect. The fact is, if a necessity for the party existed, other and better men would be found to launch it, but as its main object was to elevate Mr. Banks it can have little hope of success. The effort to make it appear that this was a soldier and sailor affair is absurd. Those who fought in the late war, are not less loyal now than they were when in the service of the country, but they are divided in sentiment, and work within their favorite party organizations as their inclinations dictate, and they will probably so continue.

* * *

THE 39TH.—Capt. Tidd presided at the meeting last Monday evening. Mr. Cummings reported that the ladies propose to assist in the work of the reunion in any manner proposed by the Committee. The following Committee have full charge of the dinner: L R Tidd, G E Fowle, C K Conn, A L Richardson, T Marvin Parker, C S Converse, John Cummings, J G Pollard, A E Thompson. It was voted to have a Levee in the evening, in honor of the 39th. Tickets $1.00, admitting a lady and gentleman. T. Marvin Parker was appointed Treasurer. It is estimated that there will be at least 300 present.

* * *

ORDINATION.—Mr. Alfred A Newhall, Jr., will be ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry, next Thursday evening, September 2d. The services will be held in the First Congregational Church at half past seven o'clock, sermon by Rev. H. C. Townley, Rev. Drs. Murdock and Gardner of the Baptist Missionary Union will assist in the services, Mr. Newhall being under appointment by the Union as missionary to India. The public are cordially invited to attend.

* * *

GOOD PICKING.—A party of four went berrying last Friday, and although caught out in a heavy shower, and well drenched, they succeeded in getting about two bushels of huckleberries. One of the number picked 30 quarts.

* * *

CONCRETE.—John R. Furbush is patching up the concrete street crossings with a new kind of composition which hardens quickly and gives good satisfaction.

* * *

TAXES.—The Tax bills have been printed, and are being filled out by the Collector, and every one will soon know just how much he will have to contribute toward the general fund.

* * *

RESTORED.—The fan advertised in last weeks *Journal* was restored to the owner, through the agency of the advertisement.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The following scholars were admitted to the High School, on examination, in June:—

Harry T Perry,
James Taffe,
Effie C Sweetser,
Emma J Sherburn,
Katie Kelley,
Clara M Pierce,
Annie L Wood,
Frank Hayes,
Gilbert Frampton,
Carrie S Parks,
Annie E Crosby,
Mary L Warren,
Lizzie Cummings,
Lilian Davis,
Clara I Carter,
Oliver Sevrens,
J Willie Day,
Margie Kelley,
Edward F Carney,
Mary L Burbank,
Ella Dunbar,
Webster Woodman,
Nellie L Childs,
E H Lounsbury,
Flora Hanson,
George Lamkin,
Josie Lang,
Willie Kenney,
W E Morgan,
Florence Dyer,
Maggie Mahony,
Arthur Fiske,
Fannie Jones,
Scott Ward,
Mary Breslin,
Clarence A Pierce,
Hattie Bosworth,
Edgar Thompson,
Eddie Cummings,
Lucy Taylor,
Cora Jordan,
Everett A Fox,
Carrie Gage,
Ella Gilcreast,
F E Burbank,
Maria Thompson,
Lizzie Buss,
Fannie M Heald,
Frank C Taylor,
George H Perkins,
James Darmody,

Number examined.	64
Number admitted,	51

The above scholars were graduated from the Rumford, Central, Cummings, and East Woburn Grammar Schools. Two were from the Cambridge Street Mixed School, and one recently moved into town and had not attended the Woburn Schools.

* * *

BASE BALL.—The Grand Army Nine played a practice game on their field at Central Square, on Saturday with the Woburn Juniors. The latter showed some very good fielding.

A meeting of base ball players was held in Burbank Hall, Saturday evening. J. H. Nason, presided and Dr. M. H Allen was secretary. It was decided to raise two nines for practice, Walter W. Bennett to be captain of the first and Albert Gleason captain of the second. A committee of three consisting of Albert Gleason, Otis S. Harris and W. W. Bennett were chosen to select a playing nine from the practice nines. H. W. Berthrong and W. W. Bennett were appointed a committe on name, and the same with M. H. Allen were appointed a committee on permanent organization. A. Gleason and Roderick McDonald were chosen to select a place of meeting. The meeting adjourned to this Saturday evening at the same place.

By the courtesy of Mr. George Winn, a very level and desirable ground has been secured on which to play the game between the Stoneham and Woburn Posts. It is situated one mile from the Common, on the east side of Winn St., near Mr. Winn's house. The game will be called at 3 o'clock this Saturday afternoon.

The following challenge has been received from Stoneham, and placed in the hands of the committee appointed last Saturday to pick out a Nine:—

STONEHAM, Aug. 24, 1875.

J. L. Parker, Esq,—DEAR SIR;—I am instructed by Stoneham's Best Nine to challenge Woburn's Best Nine to play a friendly game at Base Ball on Old Kearsage Grounds at Stoneham. Time of playing to be agreed upon at some future day. Hoping this may meet your Best Nine's approval, I remain yours &c.

W. H. MARDEN,
for Stoneham's Picked Nine.

* * *

FIRE.—About 2 o'clock Sunday morning an alarm was sounded for District 5, and the Fire Department turned out, Hose 5 and 1, Steamer 1 and H. & L. 1 reported at Winchester line, where they were dismissed. Hose 3 came over to Green street. The fire was the blacksmith shop on Black Horse Hill, Winchester.

* * *

VACATION OVER.—Next Monday the boys and girls resume their studies, all the schools opening on that day. The vacation has been a long one and a pleasant one for the young folks, and they will doubtless take up their studies with energy, and make good progress during the coming term.

* * *

BEACH PARTIES.—Last Saturday the employees of White, Osborn & Co., went to Revere Beach in the Commonwealth. On Tuesday a party went from the Highlands and camped out on the Beach.

* * *

FIRE.—Thursday morning an alarm of fire in Stoneham attracted attention in Woburn, and Hose 2 started out. Our department did not go over the line however.

* * *

BOY STABBED.—A son of Andrew McHugh cut Amos Richardson's youngest boy in the face with a knife last Friday, on Railroad street. The Richardson boy bled quite freely.

* * *

DRY WELL.—Another dry well, one of those apologies for a system of drainage that our town is well supplied with, has been put in opposite the Wade Estate drive way.

* * *

BLACKBERRIES.—Those blackberries from New Hampshire, which were sent down last week, afforded the "friends" considerable pleasure.

* * *

JURORS.—S. T. Brigham and Joseph Johnson were drawn as jurors on Thursday, to the Superior Court at Lowell to be holden the first Monday in September.

APPOINTMENT OF TEACHERS.—The following teachers have been appointed, and will enter on the discharge of their duties next Monday:—

High—James I. Hanson, Everett A. Thompson, Vanie B. Robinson, Caroline G. Grammer.

Cummings Grammar—Andrew R Linscott, Ada A. Bancroft, Caroline A. Wheeler, Mina J. Wendall.

Central Grammar—Frank A. Hosmer, Susan A Russell.

Rumford Grammar—Edward P. Fitts, Amanda Sevrens.

East Woburn Grammar—George E Kimball.

Plympton Intermediate—P B Cathelle, Helen E. Brigham.

Union St. Intermediate—Jennie E Skinner.

Cummings Intermediate—Abbie E Dimmick, Lizzie H. Boyd.

Rumford Intermediate—Mary E Briggs.

Cummingsville Intermediate—Mary E Hevey.

Plympton St., Primary—No appointment.

Union St. Primary—Philena W Johnson.

Lawrence Primary—Lizzie P. Ingalls

Pleasant St. Primary—Marrietta H. Bowers.

Rumford Primary—Ella F. Phillips.

Cummingsville Primary—Emily J Ward.

East Woburn Primary—Lilian Miller.

Main St. Sub Primary—Martha A Russell.

Union St. Sub Primary—Brazillia Taylor, Charlotte E. Converse.

Highland St. Sub Primary—Ella A Fowle.

Lawrence Sub Primary—Josie A Randall, Lucretia K. Tidd.

Pleasant St. Sub Primary—Kate W. Munn.

Rumford Sub Primary—Lucy G. Danforth.

Cedar St. Mixed—Ina V. Austin.

Cambridge St. Mixed—Julia H. Lincoln.

Music Teacher—Chas. E. Whiting.

Schools that will probably be consolidated with others:—

Cummings Grammer, Room 5, East Woburn Intermediate, Main street and Highland street Primary, and possibly the Lawrence Sub Primary No. 8.

* * *

NON-RESIDENTS.—The following non residents pay over $50 tax in Woburn:

BOSTON.	
Baldwin, J. F. heirs,	$ 86 70
Boston Ice Company,	664 70
Bradford, Rebecca S., Mrs.	78 20
B & L Railroad,	850 00
Cowdrey, E T	68 00
Deland, Frank E	61 20
Butman, Jane C Mrs	273 70
Butman, Jane C, Ellen E Leonard and Clara W Frye,	144 60
Leonard, Ellen C and Clara W. Frye,	76 50
Garvin, Frank H	68 00
Kennedy, Donald,	144 50
Lent, W A	280 50
Philbrook, Mrs Eliza	56 10
Turner, R W, Increase Noyes and Isaac McClellan,	371 45
Wyman, Rufus, heirs, and brother,	340 00
CHELSEA.	
Wardsworth, G H	76 50
GREENFIELD, MASS.	
Farrell, Lewis,	51 00
HAVERHILL.	
Howe, Calvin,	102 00
LAWRENCE.	
Coolidge, Thomas B	96 90
READING.	
Dewy, F O	62 90
WALPOLE.	
Moore, William	54 40
WATERTOWN.	
Woodward, J B	95 50
WINCHESTER.	
Holton, Lemuel	95 20
Holton, S S	73 10
ROCKLAND, MASS.	
Clapp, George B	164 90

* * *

GOOD WATER.—The Horn Pond water has for the last few days been running rather poor, giving rise to the rumor that it was being drawn from the pond. We are assured by a Water Commisioner that such is not the case, and the bad smell of the water is due to impurities in the reservoir. To obviate this objection the water will be drawn out of the reservoir, and a thorough cleaning given it, the pumping engines the meanwhile pumping direct into the town mains. The supply in the spring well is still apparently inexhaustible, and no efforts will be spared to keep Woburn water where it always has been, the best in the State.

* * *

SMASH UP.—Friday morning, Miss Skillings of Winchester, and another young lady, with E D Bangs's infant child were driving down Main street, and in turning out for a team, drove upon the hydrant in front of Stephen Dow's lawn. The shafts, whiffle-tree and harness were broken, and Miss Skillings and the baby were thrown out. Miss Skillings is a skilful driver and held on the reins, and the horse did not get away. Miss Skillings was slightly hurt on the shoulder, and the baby also escaped with slight bruises.

* * *

FIRE ALARM.—Thursday evening an alarm was blown for District 5 and the Department turned out. It being apparent that the fire was out of town, Engineer Ferrin stopped the companies at Hudson street. Hose 5, H & L 1, Hose 1 and the steamer were out. Hose 2, 3 and 4 also started. The fire was in the Fitchburg coal sheds at Charlestown. The alarm was started by a boy who saw the light, and supposing it to be nearer raised the cry of fire.

* * *

BAKERY.—The new bakery was inaugurated last Sunday morning, and is now in full blast. A wagon with fresh bread is run about town morning and evening, and our citizens have an opportunity of getting good bread and fresh at all hours.

* * *

PERSONAL.—We had a pleasant call this week from Mr Henry Chickering, of the Pittsfield *Eagle*. Mr Chickering is a native of Woburn, and was in town with his brother, Rev Dr Chickering, visiting some of the old scenes of their boyhood days.

* * *

OFF THE TRACK.—The horse car that should have connected with the 7.40 train Thursday morning, ran off the track, and was delayed. The car was slightly damaged.

ACCIDENT.—Wednesday evening Mrs L M Barker, Jr, daughter of L B Norris, of Woburn, was thrown from her carriage at the Malden depot, and severely injured, remaining insensible nearly all night. The horse was frightened by the sudden escape of steam from the safety valve of an engine standing at the depot, and suddenly whirling about threw Mrs. Barker out of the carriage.

* * *

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Thursday, Frank G. Richardson, employed at Mason & Hamlins organ factory while pulling down a window slipped and f on a pile of sticks, one of which was forced several inches into his abdomen. He was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, and then brought home to Woburn The wound is quite serious.

* * *

$2 *vs.* 2 CTS.—The other day a man was offering rings for $2 which he said were pure gold. A lady bought one, and on showing it to a jeweller was pained to learn that it was worth two cents. She revealed her sorrow to the Chief of Police who hunted up the ring merchant, and induced him to trade back, to the great joy of his lady client.

* * *

POLICE COURT.—20th, Thomas Keating, Charles Buckley, John Nash, single drunk, each $3 and costs. 21st, David Hoben, William O'Grady, single drunk, each $3 and costs. James McHugh, assault on Francis Donnolly, satisfaction acknowledged, fined $1 and costs. 25th, Denis Welch, single drunk, $3 and costs.

* * *

STRUCK.—A few days ago Mr J R Currier was holding a horse at Horn Pond Station while the cars passed. The animal became frightened and rising on his hind feet struck Mr Currier in the face with his forward feet and knocked him down. Mr Currier was fortuuate in escaping with only a few bruises.

* * *

LOST.—A black Spitz dog is an unusual sight. Walter W Bennett had a very pretty young dog of that breed, but he has strayed or been stolen away. He offers a reward for his return.

* * *

☞ We are glad to learn that Mr W M Miller is rapidly recovering, and it is expected that he will be able to come home next week.

* * *

TALL.—There is a corn stalk in Hartwell's market, grown by William Winn, Esq., which measures 10 feet 8 inches in length.

* * *

IMPROVED.—Winn street is being improved by the road men, and all who have occasion to travel on it are pleased

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☞ John S True's horse fell and injured his knees a few days ago while being driven out.

* * *

FIT.—At Prior's auction on Thursday at 277 Main street, a woman by the name of Kenney had a fit.

* * *

☞ F K Cragin offers a good house to let on North Warren street.

East Woburn.

☞ Rumor says that there is a prospect of a branch of the Ames Plow Company being established here. We hope the rumor may prove true, as East Woburn possesses land and railroad accommodations unsurpassed by those in any other part of the town.

HOSE 4—This company were out in good season at the alarm on Sunday morning, but Engineer Porter, seeing the fire was in Winchester, stopped them from coming to the center.

NO CHALLENGE.—Hose 4 have received no answer to their challenge to play a friendly game of base ball with any other company in town, on Saturday.

SMASHED.—Mr. H. Woodrough met with a misshap as he was driving into his yard on Tuesday last. He got out to open the gate, and before he could get into the meat wagon again, the horse started, struck the post, and cleared himself and ran to the barn with the forward wheels. The body of the wagon was badly broken.

☞ The members of Chas. Porter Hose are endeavoring to make arrangements for attending the Fireman's muster, at Lynn.

North Woburn.

ON HAND.—Jacob Webster Hose are bound not to miss any more alarms if they can help it, and responded to a alarm in Stoneham Thursday morning. They came only a short distance.

☞ The pictures of Jacob Webster which formerly adorned the old hand-tub have been placed on the new hose carriage.

ELECTION.—A special meeting of the North Woburn Street Railroad was held in Sons of Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening, Mr. E E Thompson was elected President, for the remainder of the year, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Mr Winn. Alfred G Carter was elected a Director.

* * *

DIED.—August 4th, 1875, at the residence of his brother Mr. Andrew Pierce, of Malden Mass, where he had gone for his health, Mr Samuel Pierce, aged 50 years, one of the firm of Lane, Pierce & Co, of this village, and formerly of Woburn, Mass. Deceased was honest and upright in all his business transactions, and was universally respected by all that had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His many friends in this town tender their sympaties to the bereaved family, and particularly the widow and fatherless one, and would commend them to the tender mercies of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—*Sandy Creek News.*

* * *

READING.—On Sunday night, when returning from a prayer meeting at North Reading, Deacon Stillman Parker met with a slight accident. The spokes came out of one of the wheels of the carriage he was driving, and the vehicle fell to the ground. Deacon Parker was thrown out, and slightly bruised, but the rest of the party escaped injury.

* * *

STONEHAM.—The following are the statistics of the census-takers: Number of families, 1229; number of males, 2363; number of females, 2610; total population, 4973; showing an increase of 1675 since 1865.

Winchester.

HEALTH.—The following regulations have been issued by the Board of Health:

"The owner, agent or occupant having the care of any tenement used as a dwelling house, shall furnish the same with a sufficient drain, under ground, to carry off the waste water; and also with a suitable privy, sufficient for the accommodation of all who may use it.

All vaults or privies shall be so constructed that the inside of the same shall be at least two feet distant from the line of every adjoining lot or street, and the same shall be kept tight; nor shall the contents of any vault be allowed to accumulate to within twelve inches of the even surface of the ground, or otherwise become offensive.

All waste water shall be conveyed through sufficient drains, under ground, to a common sewer, or to such reservoir, sunk underground, as shall be approved by the Board of Health; and no person shall suffer any waste or stagnant-water to remain in any cellar or upon any lot or vacant ground by such person owned or occupied.

All city swill, dirt, rubbish or filth of any kind in any house, warehouse, store, cellar, yard, unaccepted street or other place which the Board of Health shall deem injurious to the health or safety of the town, shall be removed by the owner or occupant of such house, warehouse, store, cellar, yard, unaccepted street or other place where the same shall be found, within twenty four hours, or other such time as the Board of Health shall deem reasonable, after notice in writing to that effect, served personally upon such owner or occupant, or their authorized agent, by any person competent to serve any civil process, or left at the owner, occupant's or agent's last and usual place of abode, if the same be known and be within the State, or such removal shall be made under the direction of the Board of Health, and the expense thereof borne by such owner or occupant.

"No person shall bring into the town, for sale, any diseased, putrid, stale, or unwholesome meat, vegetables or provisions.

"No person shall burn, boil or decompose in the town, any bones or other refuse parts of any neat cattle or other animal, without a license from the Board of Health.

"No person shall keep any goat, or swine within the limits of the town, where the Board of Health may deem it a nuisance.

Any person or persons sick with the small-pox, together with all persons in attendance upon them, will be subject to the control of the Board; and no person shall enter in or leave a house wherein any person is or has been sick with the above disease, or in any way come in contact with the inmates of such house, except by permission of the board.

All persons are warned not to approach a house or the surrounding premises whereupon is displayed a red flag by day and a red light by night."

BASE BALL.—Some weeks since a nine from Winchester went to Arlington and were defeated by the Menotomys of that place. A new nine was formed consisting of some of the old Mystic's, on Saturday last they took the field against the Arlington boys with the odds 4 to 1 in favor of the latter. But after the rust wore off, the Mystics began to show some old time playing, blanking their opponents in the last four innings. The Menotomy's left the field in the middle of the eighth innings without stopping to play out their opponents or to collect the gate money.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Mystic,	0	1	1	1	0	3	6	5	17
Menotomy,	0	2	1	9	0	0	0	0	12

CENSUS.—The enumerator has completed his task and reports the town of Winchester as follows:—

Families,	661
Males,	1476
Females,	1623
Population,	3099
Ratable Polls,	846
Exempted,	1
Legal Voters,	631
Naturalized Voters,	125
Aliens,	153
Occupied houses,	527
Unoccupied houses,	27
Total,	554

WATCH.—Several prominent citizens have had fears since "tramps" began to infest the place, that we were not as well protected as neighboring towns, and expressed a wish that something might be done about a night watch again, (if the vote of the town would allow the Selectmen to appoint one), and now that autumn is at hand, when this class are more than usually frequent, if we cannot have a watch, would it not be a good plan to have our police "shadow" these characters, while in town, or put them in "Hotel de Swan," during the "shadowy hours."

DROPPED DEAD.—Friday morning, while on his way to his work, David Hines, who lives on Washington street, near J. W. Richardson's slaughter house, dropped dead in the street near the Baptist church. He was employed on the roads for the town, and was waiting for the teams to come up. The physicians who were summoned pronounced it heart disease. He was taken to his home by R W Hanson. He was about 48 years old, and leaves a wife and six children. Deceased was a member of the Congregational Church, and much respected by all who knew him.

FIRE.—About two o'clock Sunday morning, some one set fire to the blacksmith shop corner of Main and Mt. Pleasant St., owned by Henry U. York, and occupied by F. K. Grose. The building was rendered useless, although it still stands a monument of the skill of the firemen. The Chemical put on the first stream, Excelsior and Black Horse Hose, the Steamer and Hook & Ladder truck were present. Mr. York's loss is $400; no insurance. Mr. Grose loses $700; insured for $500.

HIGHWAY.—The highway surveyor and part of his men have at last commenced work around the centre, and last Tuesday cut down three dead trees on Main street, front of Dr. Winsor's land, which have long been an eye sore to passers by. Thursday they began on Church street, and are fixing up the street running past the Selectmen's Room, with the material taken from beside the granite base around the Common.

SAVED.—Wednesday morning, as the 7 38 train from Woburn, was switching on to the Lowell, an old gentleman named Josiah Walker, seeing the engine pass and not seeing the cars approaching, was crossing the track when one of the section men who was at work quite near, pulled him back and without doubt, saved his life.

IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. D. N. Skillings has a face wall built, and cellar staked out for a house on Washington street, nxet to Henry Stone, Esq. We understand Mr. Skillings contemplates quite extensive improvements in the way of grading, new streets, and building on the property.

NEWS.—Joseph W Danton of Woburn, is ready to furnish all who may desire with the Daily *News*, only one cent, and leave it at their residence, or else where they may desire. Leave orders at depot or address him by mail as above.

GOOD RUN.—Thursday evening, Excelsior Hose No. 3, ran half a mile in three minutes and two seconds. They are talking of going to the Lynn Firemen's Tournamet, and are practicing running.

GRADING.—The work of grading the Common has been let out to Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, and he has commenced on it.

New Publications.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS. By N. L. Thieblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. . Price $1.50.

All who would know the past history and present condition of poor semi savage Spain, suffering from the most unstable government known, whose record cannot be read without the deepest interest, should at once secure a copy of this work. The author had unusual facilities for obtaining information by personal experience among the armed factions, and being untiring in the search for true history, he has accomplished what many authors fail of, and succeeded in producing in an easy and graceful style a book which no one will wish to leave till they have read the last page.

OUR COUNTRY. A Household History for all readers, from the discovery of America to the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. By Benson J. Lossing, L. L. D. With over 500 illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. New York: Johnson, Wilson & Co. 1875.

We have once before alluded to this work which is now being offered to our citizens in monthly parts. It is as its name indicates a household history, and tells the story of our country from the earliest discoveries to the present day in an easy familiar style which is at once instructive and pleasing. The numerous engravings so well illustrate the theme, that they almost tell the tale without the aid of letter-press. The History of the United States is arranged in six books representing six distinct periods, of Discoveries, Settlements, Colonies, the Revolution, the Nation, and the Rebellion. The first book sketches the discoveries by Columbus, Americus, and the Northmen. The second, the attempts to settle Atlantic coast and the River St. Lawrence. The third gives the colonial history of the Old Thirteen. The fourth details the stirring events of the Revolution in the trying days which saw the birth of the Republic. The fifth recounts the progress of the nation to the opening of the Rebellion. The sixth gives the history of the civil war which resulted in the destruction of slavery, and also a review of our progress for the hundred years ending July 4, 1876.

This work will be issued in monthly parts, each containing 32 pages, and will be completed in 48 parts, at 25 cts. each. Two parts will be issued each month. Mr. J. K Cilley is the agent for Woburn, and he will be pleased to take subscriptions for this valuable and interesting work.

THE ALDINE for August (Part 20 of the current series), conveys more pleasure to a large circle of readers and art-lovers—we may say to many thousands of the former, and to the whole array of the latter in America,—than has ever been imparted by any previous issue. Not that it excels all former issues (though in that regard it is certainly most perfect and welcome)—but that in its appearance, so little while after the time when it would have been in our hands, the late calamity unknown, we have the strongest assurance that both the motto on one side of the cover: "Ex fumo lucis!" ("From smoke, light!") and the defiant flame-surrounded figure of the Phenix on the other, mean something practical and determined, and mean that at once. Knowing the necessary delicacy of much of the machinery and many of the arrangements made use of in producing so perfect a work of monthly art as *The Aldine*, there was great reason to fear that, if the calamity was not sufficient to break up the enterprise, we should yet be compelled to endure some months of interval or the acceptance for a time of something very unlike our magnificent art journal Nothing of the sort, as the appearance of the August number, only ten days behind its time, well assures us. *The Aldine* is not only to live, but to live in full vigor and beauty, and to be, no doubt, eventually all the brighter for the scorching. So may it be!—for the art cirles of America and the world are only more interested in it, now, than the whole body of readers who desire something impossible to be met with in any other direction or publication. In the present issue, artistically, we have an exquisite dark engraving, with the full power of steel, by Cole, after a drawing of John S. Davis from Bonnat—"A Mother of Egypt,"—brimful of the Nile personality and atmosphere; three fine pictures, in continuation of the series of "Picturesque Europe"—"Maximilian's Tower, Suabia," "The Nunnery of Ottilienberg, Alsace," and "The Dole of St. Peter, Bohemian Wald;" "Pictures in the Fire," and "The Music Lesson," both by Lamoureux, the first with a marked resemblance to Pauline Lucca, and the second with more than a suspicion of Nilsson and two other stars in the musical firmament; a pretty little "Early Sorrow," by T. Cobb; a bold original conception of "Washington Taking Command" (at Cambridge); and two spirited domestic fancies of "Patience" and "The Unbidden Guest." Literarily we have, in poetry, "Bessie," a sweetly sensuous love-song, by George Douglas; "A Mother of Egypt" (descriptive); "East Wind and West," by E E Brown; "Modern Ingenuousness," a spicy bit, by Elizabeth A. Davis; "Red, White and Blue," a pretty fancy by Mrs. S. M. Damon; and a word of justice to the children, in "Early Sorrow." In prose we have a very valuable and instructive paper, "Better Acquaintance with Switzerland," by Henry Morford; "Washington's Appointment and Taking Command," and much other editorial work of interest (including some trenchant book reviews); a graceful paper on "Thought Travels," by Grace Benedict; "Troublesome Servants of Old," by John Hay Furness; an odd glimpse of the antique in "Prester John," by Ella Rodman Church; "Katy Did," by W. W. Bailey; an interesting paper on Handel; and neither last nor least, several chapter of the Revolutionary romance, "The Spur of Monmouth," involving glimpses of Major Andre, Sir William Howe, and Captain Adam Huyler, the marine guerrilla. Certainly, with this array, we have no occasion to repeat the pleasant assertion that *The Aldine* has moulted no feather either of artistic beauty or literary worth, in the late "scorching" which alarmed so many of its well-wishers.

"*Peterson's Journal of Popular Literature*," for September. The interesting serial, "The Deserted Husband," is continued in this number—there being the six chapters of "The Secret Society," "The Cat at Work," "In the Name of the Carbonari!" What appears to be a forged letter seems now to have separated in spirit as well as in person, the young bride from her husband; while the introduction of a fascinating young Roman Catholic Southerner to the so-thought discarded wife, brings a new element of complication upon the scene. The young husband meanwhile seems to be most determined and devoted in his search for the missing lady, and seeks aid from those old foes of the Roman Church, the Carbonari, and the new societies of that period, the "Native American." Altogether the plot is getting pretty well mixed up. This number also contains the usual fine assortment of short stories and poetry, with a number of pithy articles under the head of "Topics of the Times,"—including "The Ohio Election," "Great Surgical Operations," "In a nutshell," "Hard Money," "Taking Iron," "Religious Fanaticism," "Butler on Contraction," "The Public Schools," "Repudiation," "Gleanings," &c. Terms: $3.00 a year. Two copies $5.00. Postage Prepaid. Single numbers 25 cents. Address H. Peterson & Co., 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Peters' Household Melodies, No. 9 is out, this time with the following choice songs:—Little Hands we clasp no more. Why don't you come Home? Little Sweetheart come listen to Me, Bessie will you love Me, Bonnie Blue-Eyed Nell, Charge of the Light Brigade, I live for thee, I love thee. Single numbers 50 cents. Address J. L. Peters 843 Broadway New York.

Vicks' Floral Guide, No. 4, is at hand, containing some excellent suggestions concerning fall work in the garden, and winter plants and flowers.

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☞ Hon. Hugh McCulloch, in his last letter to the New York Tribune, takes a lively part in the discussion of the "paper-money dream." His own able part and entire consistency in the matter is demonstrated by a quotation from a speech on the finances made by him in Indiana in 1865, which in substance corresponds to his views at the present time. He also refers to the act of Congress April 12, 1866, by which the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to receive Treasury notes and other obligations of the Government, whether bearing interest or not, in exchange for bonds, with a provision that of the United States notes not more than $10,000,000 should be cancelled within six months from the passage of the act, and thereafter not more than $4,000,000 in any one month. The permission for regular monthly withdrawal he regards as the only objection to the act, and gives it as his judgment that had he been unrestricted in regard to the time and amount of the withdrawal, a hundred million of legal-tender notes might have been withdrawn in a year without deranging business or the people being the wiser for it. Now he considers it "as clear as day that our financial troubles are attributable mainly if not exclusively to a redundant currency," though "we find thousands of honest minded people denouncing contraction, when there has been no contraction, as the cause of these troubles, and clamoring for more currency as the cure of a disease that an excess of currency has produced." That seems to be the whole story in a nutshell.

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CHARITY.—This present week, the daughter of a gentleman residing on Mystic street, Arlington, came running to her father, early in the evening, and reported that a tramp had gone into the barn. Immediately he hurried there, and found a young man on the hay, with his boots off, preparing to sleep. Not liking the idea of a tramp in his barn he took him to the police headquarters, to hand over to the officers, but finding them closed and being unabled to find an flloecrs, he gan questioning him. The man gave a straightforward account of himself. Had been at work in Lexington, for Mr. A. Bullock; had only been able to earn his board; was now on his way to the salt marshes, without a cent of money, where he had been told he could probably get work. Having no more time to spare, the gentleman took him to the Arlington House, and paid for his lodgings.—*Arlington Advocate.*

* * *

NOT PLEASANT.—Last Tuesday afternoon the attention of many persons was attracted by a well-dressed woman staggering up Main street, and at one time coming very near tumbling from the side walk into the gutter. An hour before she was observed to come down the street showing no signs of intoxication. She had found her way into "hole in the wall" and there degraded herself. Imagine a female stepping up to the bar in a public grog shop and calling for a drink! How do you like the looks? The license law is showing us progress.—*Haverhill Publisher.*

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☞ Unquestionably the impared constitution can be brought to a sanitary condition by the use of *Hunt's Remedy*. Family physicians freely prescribe this medicine for dropsy, Bright's disease kidney, bladder and glandular complaints mental and physical debility, pain in the back and loins, gravel, diabetes, *uterine* afflictions, errors of youth or mature age, excesses intemperance, female irregularities and prostration of the nervous structure.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

A GOOD SWIMMER.—On Wednesday a Capt Webb accomplished the wonderful feat of swimming across the English Channel from Dover to Calais unaided by anything save his own strong limbs. He was in the water 21 hours and 40 minutes. The feats of Leander and Byron in the Hellespont are quite insignificant compared with this. The cable gives a full account of Capt Webb's performance. He started at 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, striking out at the rate of twenty strokes to the minute. The weather was calm. At 5.30 he lunched on ale and beef tea, and at 8 o'clock on beef tea and beer. He then rested, floating on his back. At 9 o'clock he was troubled with floating seaweed. At 11 o'clock cod liver oil was given him. The moon rose at 1 o'clock in the morning, when he indulged in brandy and tea. At this time Webb declared his accomplishment of the feat a sure thing. At 3 o'clock he partook of coffee, then the tide turned, running northward, and the captain appeared exhausted. His trainer stripped, ready to render assistance, but Webb laughingly declined his service. His strokes at this time were at the rate of twenty per minute. Fears arose that the northern tide would drift him abreast of the Calais sands, and as the sequel proved he had four miles further to swim. Daylight broke at 4 o'clock, finding him drowsy, when he indulged in coffee and brandy. At 5 30 o'clock Riden's buoys were sighted and their position located. At 7 o'clock there was a westerly breeze and a chopping sea, retarding in its influence, and it was only indomitable pluck that secured his success, A skiff was kept on the weather side, Webb swimming slowly. From this time he indulged in brandy straight every twenty minutes. Soundings were taken at 8 o'clock and ten fathoms reported. Steamers now made their appearance from Calais and steamed along the weather side of the swimmer, breaking the sea. Cheers rang out incessantly giving fresh hope to the gallant swimmer who laid in a direct course for Calais sands westward of the pier. At 10.30 he was in shallow water and at 10 40 to day, incredible to relate, the brave Matthew Webb stood on the land. He was tired, but soon recovered, and was conveyed to the hotel in a carriage. He was rubbed down and put to bed, and at 1 o'clock, when the correspondent left on his return to Dover, Capt Webb tranquilly slept. The doctors have no fears of serious consequences. Naked, he beats Paul Boyton about two hours, In London the wildest enthusiasm prevails. It is pronounced by the press the greatest physical feat of the century.

* * *

ANOTHER WONDER.—John Muir, well known to the visitors to the Yo Semite valley, announces the discovery of a rival to that wonderful scenery. It is a valley on the South Fork of King's river, forty-five miles from Visalia in a right line. This valley is nine miles in length from east to west, and has an average width at the bottom of about half a mile. It lies five thousand feet above the sea, and its walls are about three thousand feet high. They are precipitous, and some of the striking features of the Yo Semite, like El Capitan and the Sentinel and Cathedral Rocks, have their counterparts. The falls of the new valley have more water, but are less picturesque than those of the Yo Semite. Access is from Visalia, the greater part of the way by a good wagon road, through groves of sequoias and forests of fir and pine. The trail can be extended. Mr. Muir says, over the Kearsage Pass, which is 12,000 feet in hight, and is located in a perfect wilderness of peaks from 1300 to over 14,000 feet in hight, rising from rare glacial meadows and lakes, and adorned around their bases by a multitude of the very dearest of Alpine flowers. A company of drovers have entered a claim to the valley for the purpose of raising sotck.

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A LIVE TOWN.—The *Clinton Courant* in speaking of business says:—"There are few places in Massachusetts where business is as good as it in Clinton, or has been for the past two years; visitors from other towns report just what any of us may see who go abroad, viz.: hard times. In this town the manufacturing corporations have abated but little if any from former wages, save as results from the adoption of a less number of hours of labor, as is now required by the law; pay-day comes regularly, month by month, and nearly all of our mills are largely increasing their capacity; this this town is very fortunate in that our mill agents have by dint of earnest effort succeeded in keeping their various works in continuous operation, while in almost every other manufacturing community the factories and shops are being closed—either by the action of owners or the operatives—and hard times, no work, and no money, stares everybody squarely in the face; we are fortunate, and we all should duly appreciate the good fortune."

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☞ An old man died near Paris the other day who was known as "honest galley slave." When he was twenty-six years of age he fell in love with a young girl, and as her father refused his consent to their marriage, they eloped. They were pursued and arrested on the complaint of the inflexible father. The young man was tried for having abducted his beloved, she being not of age, and was condemned to ten years in the galleys. The daughter was consigned to a semi-conventual institution. Ten years passed, and on his discharge our hero found the cause of his disgrace still faithful to him. They were married and came to America. After some time they returned to France and settled down in their native land. He made such a worthy use of the fortune he had won in this country that he was always called the friend of the unfortunate. Three thousand persons followed his remains to the grave.

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☞ Last week one of the regular appointed policeman of Stoneham brought some offenders to answer before the district court in this town, the policeman being at the same time unmistakably intoxicated, and it was not an unusual state for him to be in either Stoneham votes to instruct its Selectmen to grant no more licenses and to prosecute all unlicensed sellers of liquor, and yet such a man is sustained on its police force.—*Malden Mirror.*

* * *

☞ "How's politics?" asked a politician of a newspaper man. "Well," was the reply, "politics and newspapers are somewhat alike just now. As the news-boy said, 'there's a good deal of news, but nothing to holler.'"

RAILWAY SIGNALLING.—On some of the Scotch railways an improved system of block signalling has been adopted, with very satisfactory results. This improved system provides that along the railway line semaphore arms are to be regularly and ordinarily kept up in the horizontal position for prohibiting the passage of any train, and that each is only to be put down when an approaching train is—by an electric signal from the cabin behind—announced to the man in charge of that signal semaphore as having entered on the block section behind, and when further, that man has, by an electrical signal, sent forward to the next cabin in advance, inquired whether the section in advance of his own cabin is clear, and received in return an electrical signal meaning, "The track is clear; you may put down the debarring signal, and let the train pass your cabin." The main effect of this is, that, along the line of railway, the signals are to be regularly and ordinarily standing up in your debarring position against allowing any train to pass; but that, as each train approaches, and usually before they come in sight, they go down almost as it by magic, and so open the way in front of the train, if the lice is ascertained to be duly safe in front. Also, immediately on the passage of the train, they go up again, and, by remaining up, keep the road closed against any engine or train whose approach has not been duly announced in advance, so as to have been left clear by the last preceding engine or train having quitted it, and is sufficiently presumed not to have met with any obstruction, by shunting, or by accident, or in any other way.

ENGLISH CARS.—The English newspapers are waking up to the subject of compartment railway carriages. The recent outrage by Col. Baker, which could only have occurred in a compartment car, has caused a re-opening of the question, and if our cousins were not so slow in adopting improvements we might reasonably expect them soon to adopt our system, or some modification of it. One of our foreign exchanges, the *Leeds Times* says:—

"The dangers to which passengers are exposed are chiefly caused by the isolation created by the division of carriages into compartments. This is especially the case with first class carriages, where very often, for long journeys even, there are not more than two occupants in a compartment, and if one of these happens to be a ruffian or a lunatic, the result may be a crime which appals the country. It is not many years since a murder was committed under these circumstances in an English railway carriage. The Midland Company have done something to diminish the dangers of railway traveling by reducing the number of classes from three to two, one effect of which is that the first-class carriages are better filled. It is worth consideration whether it would not be better if railway carriages, instead of being divided into compartments, were constructed on the saloon principle—open from one end to the other—so as to insure a sufficient number of persons in each carriage, to afford protection against the ruffianly or maniacal propensities of any one of the passengers."

TARDY SYMPATHY.—The scene at the cemetery at Reading, Pa, when the remains of Mrs Bessinger and her three children whom she had drowned with her were interred, was a strange one picturesquely or morally considered. That the tragedy showed a desperation and broken-heartedness on the part of the poor mother that could excite only the deepest sympathy in the hardest, cannot be denied, but the crowd that hooted at the husband of the unfortunate woman, who attended the burial, and expressed a desire to hang him, certainly did not express that high moral appreciation to which they no doubt thought they were bearing testimony. Public opinion should accept no palliation of the husband's offence. By his brutality and cruelty he drove a sensitive woman to her death and deserves punishment for it; but why did a pack of inconsistent howlers choose the time and place they did to demand immediate and extreme atonement? His cruelty and infamous conduct towards his wife had been patent for years, and still his neighbors had not considered it necessary to give practical shape to their indignation. Only when the poor victim of the abuse, whose tendency they understood as well before as then, was dead and no act of theirs could avail her anything, did they seem to take any interest in the affair. The very act which filled the cup of her bitterness to overflowing was perhaps the one which to his callous conscience seemed his kindest. He would give her $2000 and two-thirds of the children to live away from him.

☞ The police during the musters, are located in the basement of Waverley Block, where a detachment of State as well as town officers may be found. On Thursday evening a thoroughly drunken stranger, attracted by the bright light at the head quarters, aiming for what he took to be a beer cellar, made a wavering line across Waverly street, to where our venerable friend Billings sat at the door of Cushing's store. "Can a feller git (hic) anything down there?" queried he, giving his head a drunken wag at the basement window. "Walk right down," said Mr B promptly, "You will find just what you want." Down blundered the stranger. "Well," said he, trying to wink at the officer, "have you got any thing down here?" Mr Policeman then opened a table drawer and taking out a pair of handcuffs, held them up. "We have those," said he. A dim perception that he was in the wrong shop came over the stranger. "I b'lieve I'll be goin'," said he. "I believe I'll go with you," said the policeman. And they went. And they went to the lockup.—*Framingham Gazette.*

CAN IT BE?—We are indebted to the Amherst Record for the information that one of Rev. Mr. Seelye's strongest supporters in the recent congressional campaign, which culminated in such a surprise party, has had his pure, patriotic and disinterested services rewarded in the shape of a snug berth in the Boston Custom House. Really, this smells highly of the earth, earthy. We thought Rev. Mr. Seelye's friends were not that kind of people. Indeed, we believe they told us so themselves.—*Athol Transcript.*

THE GRAND ARMY PARADE.—The most extensive preparations are making for the Grand Army parade in Haverhill, October 6, which the boys mean to make the best ever held. The Executive Committee have selected Colonel Jones Frankie of Haverhill as President of the day; Toast Master, Major Ben Perley Moore of West Newbury; Chaplain, the Rev Mr Sanger of Danvers. Invitations have been extended to Governor Gaston and Staff, Past National and Department Commanders, Generals Butler and Banks, the Hon George P Thompson, Collector W A Simmons, Postmaster Burt, Mayors of cities and Selectmen of towns where they have Posts and others. The Post of Haverhill and the citizens generally are at work, and no efforts will be spared to make the affair a grand success. Arrangements have been made with the Boston and Maine Railroad to convey passengers for one fare both ways.

LUNCH FOR TRAVELING.—Cold baked chicken, and other meats, carved before starting, cold boiled eggs, graham crackers brown bread, pickled fruit of almost any kind, and jellies—these are greatly relished by hungry travellers. Pies and cakes are less in demand by the locomotive stomach in a healthy condition than substantials. If one must have tea and coffee on the rail, he or she can carry a tin cup to be filled at stopping places with the beverage ready made, or with scalding water and make the infusion in the car. On many accounts it is better on a long journey to carry one's lunch than it is to depend for refreshments on the way-stations. It is cheaper, it is more trustworthy, for one always knows just what he's going to have, and then one can eat at leisure which is a great consideration.

TIT FOR TAT.—Conversation at a fashionable watering place. Middle aged party, envious of the belle of the room, and determined to put her down: "How admirably your dressmaker has altered your dress! I vow I hardly recognized it as the one you wore last year!" The young party, with outraged feelings, owing to the consciousness that the insulted garb had come direct from Worth's and was now worn for the first time. "Yes, it is nicely done, I think. By the way, tell me, Mrs X——, where did you procure your new teeth? They are perfectly lovely; but I must say that I liked your last year's false hair much better than that you now wear." Stately courtesies on both sides, and a mutual resolve never to recognize the creature again.

NOMINATE GOOD MEN—During the next three months political conventions will be the order of the day. We would strongly urge upon our friends the necessity of selecting none but first class men for office. With good men on our ticket we shall win a glorious victory. With bad men we shall be defeated, as we ought to be. No question of party expediency should stand in the way of putting good men in nomination. Office must be given to a man because of his honesty and generally ability to fill it with credit to himself and the public, not because of his peculiar service to the party. Where integrity, ability, and political activity are combined in one man, there will be no risk in selecting him for any office of trust or profit. But integrity and ability should be insisted upon as personal qualifications, absolutely necessary for a public official. If our friends throughout the country will keep his high standard before them, we shall enter the Fall campaign stronger than ever before.—*Cotton Plant.*

☞ While Vice President Wilson, on his late tour, was enjoying his morning nap at a hotel in Hot Springs, Arkansas, he was startled by the bang! bang! of a double-charged double-barrel gun. Rushing down stairs in a state of great nervousness, he met the landlord with gun still smoking—everything smokes in Arkansas. The Vice President inquired, "What's up? Is anybody killed?" "I've only fired off the first bell for breakfast. Go back; you will have plenty of time to dress yourself before the next shot, which will summon you to the table. Don't be in a hurry; it looks greedy like," responded the landlord.

MEDFORD.—The Mystic church is slowly approaching completion. The width of the edifice is fifty eight feet, and the length about seventy-five feet. The tower at the southeastern corner is 140 feet in height, and is to contain a clock and bell. The auditorium has a seating capacity of about 800. The architect is Mr T W Silloway of Boston, and by the contract the work was to have been finished by the first of October, but from present appearances will probably not be completed until about the last of November.

☞ The introduction to public notice of the "National Union party" affords the New York Nation a rare opportunity for sarcasm. It treats the little stranger with scorn, suggesting as addition to the platform the following: True happiness is only to be found in the practice of virtue; the longest way round is the shortest way home; many a little makes a muckle; it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and money makes the mare go.

☞ A bill against the landlord of a Northampton hotel was collected the other day by attaching the dinner after it had been laid on the table for the guests. That is not quite so mean as to attach a poor man's only means of getting a dinner for his family, by trusteeing the uttermost cent of his wages.—*Providence Journal.*

☞ The Norwich (Ct.) Bulletin says that Congressman Banks "has never had much of a following outside of the State since he came down the Red River, with a rebel army after him." Why won't Col. Conwell speak to that Norwich young man, and have him stop such talk?

— A Detroiter was called as a witness in a case before one of the justices, and when an oath was administered he raised both hands and said: "I shall spoke noddings what aint drew if I hope to die so quick as a minute."

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, &c. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 19, by Rev. S. U. Shearman John Busted and Belle Morow, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, Aug. 9, by Rev. John Quealey Michael McNulty and Annie Meagher, all of Woburn.

In Winchester, July 31, by Rev. D. S. Coles, George W. McCabe and Louisa M. Smith both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Aug. 25, Winthrop N., son of Moseley N. and Sarah J. Brooks, aged 11 mos. 22 days.

In Winchester, August 25, Eliza A., wife of K. W. Baker, aged 51 years, 2 months, 26 days.

Special Notices.

Pensioners Notice.

Pensioners are reminded that their Bienial Examination must be had before the next payment. The subscriber will be at his house, on Church st. Winchester, to attend to such; afternoons and evenings, on and after Sept. 4th. A. CHAPIN.

DOG LOST.

Lost on Monday a **BLACK SPITZ DOG.** Whoever will return him to the subscriber, will be suitably rewarded.

WALTER W. BENNETT,
No. 60 Mt. Pleasant Street.
Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son, William T Eames, his time during the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

GEORGE T. EAMES.
Wilmington, August 25, 1875.

A CARD.

The members of Jacob Webster Hose Co., No. 2, hereby express their thanks to Mr. John Ferrin, for his very acceptable aid in drawing their hose carriage home from the Center after the alarm of Thursday evening.

By order of
C. C. BURNHAM, Foreman.
E. EATON, Clerk.
North Woburn, August 26, 1875. 173

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association will be held in the front office in Lyceum Building, on Tuesday, the seventh day of September next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., to choose officers for said Association for the ensuing year, and to transact all other business as may legally come before said meeting.

J. F. DELAND, Secretary.
Woburn, August 27th, 1875.

EAGEN'S PATENT IMPROVED CONCRETE

FOR PAVING

Crossings, Side Walks, Drive Ways, Cellar Bottoms, &c.

Also ASPHALTUM ROOFING

Furnished on favorable terms by
JOHN R. FURBUSH.
43 Mt. Pleasant St., Woburn.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons interested in any way in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by John Nelson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Frederick A. Hartwell, of said Woburn, dated May 1st, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1308, folio 144, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing payment of the amount secured thereby, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of September next, at three of the clock in the afternoon on the premises, a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on Beach street, in said Woburn, containing about one-half acre more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:

Beginning at the Southeasterly corner of the premises, on Beach street, at land now or late of Samuel Thurston, thence the line runs Westerly on and by said Beach street, ten rods to land of A. D. Carpenter;—thence Northerly by land of said Carpenter, eight rods to a stake at land of said Nelson; thence Easterly by land of said Nelson, ten rods to land now or late of said Thurston;—thence Southerly by land last named eight rods to the point of beginning, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said John Nelson, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

FREDERICK A. HARTWELL, Mortgagee
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, August 26, 1875.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons in any way interested in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James Nichols of Wakefield, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation legally established within and by the authority of said Commonwealth, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in said County, which mortgage is dated November 1st, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1189, Fol. 558, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the sums secured thereby, on Monday, the thirteenth day of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated partly in said Wakefield, and partly in Stoneham, in said County, containing three and one half acres and thirty-six poles, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Prospect street, so called, easterly by land now or formerly of Charles Bancroft and others, southerly by land formerly of Benjamin Gerry, deceased, and westerly partly by a road leading from Prospect street aforesaid, by the dwelling house late of said Gerry, deceased, to Stoneham, and partly by land formerly of said Gerry, and all the same premises conveyed to said James Nichols by Thomas Sweetser, by deed dated July 1st, 1859, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 822, Page 212, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James Nichols, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at time and place of sale,

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagees.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875. 169

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons interested in any way in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by James Nichols and Caroline R. Nichols, his wife, in her own right, both of Wakefield, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Saving Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of said Commonwealth, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in said County, dated July 1st, A. D., 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1173, Folio 630, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing payment of the amount secured thereby, on Monday the thirteenth day of September next, at 3½ o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of said Wakefield, on the easterly side of Elm street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on said Elm street, at land of Mrs. Ephraim Swan's; thence the line runs easterly by said Swan's land, eighteen rods, to land of the Boston and Maine Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by said land last named, twelve rods and fourteen links, to land of Solomon Dodge; thence westerly by land of said Dodge, to said Elm street; thence northerly on and by said Elm street to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to Caroline R. Nichols by two deeds, viz:—One from John Lee, dated June 1st, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, July 1, 1871, and the other from Parker L. Converse, dated July 1, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James Nichols and Caroline R. Nichols, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENT SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875.

NEW BAKERY!

Dearborn & Estabrook
PRACTICAL BAKERS!
219 Main St. Woburn,

Keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of

Bread, Crackers, Cake, Pastry, &c

Also, Fresh Bread made from the ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL.

Beans Baked and Brown Bread furnished Sunday mornings from 5.30 to 9.30.

A Bread Cart runs from the New Bakery every day.

Orders from Picnics or Parties promptly filled.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

Real Estate!

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Daniel Coakley to Francis F. Taylor dated April 6th A. D. 1872 and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex Lib. 1359 fol. 207 will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on the 13th day of September next, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the Easterly part of Woburn, in said County, on Wood Street, containing Thirty-five thousand square feet, more or less, and bounded Westerly on Wood Street, northerly by land of Sherman Converse, easterly by land now or formerly of P. G. Hanson, and southerly by land now or formerly of Lewis Farrell being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Daniel Coakley, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale

FRANCIS F. TAYLOR, Mortgagee.
CLEMENT P. JAYNE, Auctioneer.
Woburn, August 24th, 1875.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

Real Estate

IN WOBURN.

To George H. Conn, the supposed owner of the equity, Samuel O. Pollard, Nigel D'Oyly mortgagees and all other persons interested in the following described Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Conn, to the undersigned dated January 1, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1276, Fol. 385, on account of the breach of condition therein contained, will be sold at public auction on the lot first herein described, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of September A. D. 1875, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the first and fourth described parcels of land in said mortgage, the second and third parcels having been previously sold, under prior mortgages.

The first of said parcels is situated in said Woburn and is bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the said premises on the westerly side of East street, at land of Couillard; thence running northerly on said East street five hundred and thirty-four and seventy five hundredths feet, to land of Howland; thence turning and running westerly by said land of Howland two hundred and forty-seven and 85-100 feet to the middle of a private way, said private way being the continuation of Mount Pleasant street; thence turning and running southerly by the middle of said private way thirty-four and 91-100 feet to a corner; thence turning and running westerly by land of Lyman, land of Cullen, and land now or late of T. J. and B. T. H. Porter, five hundred and seventy-two and 62-100 feet to land of Horace Conn, known as the Forty Pound Lot; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Horace Conn three hundred and seventy-two and 14-100 feet to land of D. Barry; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Barry three hundred and seventy-four and 75-100 feet to a corner; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Barry two hundred and forty-two and 7-10 feet to a private way known as Carter street; thence easterly by said Carter street thirty-four and 91-100 feet to land of Couillard; thence northerly by said land of Couillard one hundred and one feet to a corner; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Couillard two hundred and ten and 86-100 feet to the point of beginning, containing seven and four hundred and three thousandths acres, and being subject to a mortgage to Roxanna B. Eaton for one thousand dollars, and interest due thereon.

The fourth of said parcels is situated in said Woburn, on the westerly side of said Conn street, and is bounded and described as follows viz: Beginning at the Northeasterly corner of the premises on said Conn Street at land of Eustace Cummings thence running Westerly on said land of Cummings one hundred and seventy six and 3-10 feet to an angle, thence turning and running Southwesterly by said land of Cummings forty four and 82 100 feet to land of Horace Conn, thence turning and running Southerly by said land of Horace Conn one hundred and ninety five and 55-100 feet to land of said Conn, thence Easterly by said Conn's land and of land Simon Holden two hundred and fifteen and 35-100 feet to said Conn Street, thence Northerly by said Conn Street one hundred and ninety one and 9-100 feet to the point of beginning. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

GEORGE B. CLAPP, Mortgagee.
Boston, Aug. 24th, 1875. 166

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

DWELLING HOUSE AND LAND IN WOBURN.

To George H. Conn the supposed owner of the equity, Samuel O. Pollard, Nigel D'Oyly mortgagees, and all other persons interested in the following described Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Conn to me dated December 11, 1872, and recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Registry of Deeds, Lib 1276, Fol 382, on account of the breach of the condition therein contained will be sold at public auction on the premises therein described, on Tuesday the fourteenth day of September, A. D., 1875, at four and one half o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed viz:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows viz:—Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Middle Street and Mount Pleasant Street, thence running Easterly on Middle Street two hundred and seventy-nine feet to East Street, thence turning and running Southerly on East Street two hundred and thirty-two feet to Fowle Street, thence turning and running Westerly on Fowle Street two hundred and sixty-two feet to Mount Pleasant Street, thence turning and running Northerly on Mount Pleasant Street two hundred and ninety-two and nine tenths feet to the point of beginning.

Being lots numbered fourteen, fifteen, twenty nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three on a plan of lands of Fowle and Rogers, surveyed by Cyrus Thompson, Aug. 1849, recorded with Middlesex So Dist., Plans, Lib. 4, Plan 89

Will be sold subject to two mortgages on which there is now due, the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars and interest thereon, being the same mortgages referred to in said mortgage deed to me.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

GEORGE B. CLAPP, Mortgagee.
Boston, Aug. 24, 1875. 167

Special Notice

—TO—

U. S. Pensioners

—IN—

WOBURN AND VICINITY.

Please present vouchers for Pension now due, on Saturday, Sept. 4th, if possible.

Invalid Pensioners will require Biennial Examination by Dr. Chapin, of Winchester.

Sparrow Horton,

Justice of the Peace for Middlesex County.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

R. MARSTON & Co.'s
DINING ROOMS
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST.,
BOSTON.
Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

JUST PUBLISHED.

! ! THE SHINING RIVER ! !

A NEW SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK

By H. S. & W. O. PERKINS.

Price 35 cents. $30 per Hundred.

"Rest in Thee," "What Jesus may say," "Wandering Child," "What are these," "Watchman awake!" are specimens of the titles of the beautiful new hymns, to sweet new melodies.

! ! THE HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR ! !

By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.

Price $1.00. $9.00 per Dozen.

The HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR is similar in general design to the very popular 'HOUR OF SINGING,' which has been almost universally used in High Schools. The present work is in no way inferior to its predecessor, and is entirely fresh and new.

THE SONG MONARCH

Price 75 cents. $7.50 per dozen.

By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON. Do not think of teaching a singing school without using this attractive, popular and useful book. Specimen copies sent, post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 162
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Tenement To Let.

On North Warren Street, 7 rooms, Horn Pond Water. Apply to F. K. CRAGIN. 168

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Reject all violent purgatives. They ruin the tone of the bowels and weaken the digestion.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, is used by rational people as a means of relieving all derangements of the stomach, liver and intestines, because it removes obstructions without pain and imparts vigor to the organs which it purifies and regulates.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RIDGE'S FOOD

is extensively used in
The Mass. Infants' Asylum,
The Women & Children's Hospital,
The Chicago Foundlings' Home,
And public institutions in this and other countries.
For sale by Druggists everywhere

Pleasant & Profitable Employment.

"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" etc. Such are exclamations by those who see the large elegant New Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. They are all perfect gems of Art. No one can resist the temptation to buy when seeing the Chromos. Canvassers, Agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. Gleason & Co., 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 154

$50 TO $10.000

Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid

900 PER CENT. PROFIT.

"How to Do It," a Book on Wall St., sent free. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall St., N. Y.

TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to Robert Wells, 43 Vesey st., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Me.

TENEMENT TO LET over Burke & Munday's Shoe Manufactory; 5 rooms; Horn Pond Water; good cellar room. Inquire of
150 JOSEPH KELLEY.

IT IS A
PLEASURE
—TO USE—
Liebig's Extract
LEMON & VANILLA,
SOLD AT 41
ELLIS'S Railroad Store.

TAKE NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 1st, 1875, all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay **ONE DOLLAR** in advance, which is the charge for making negative.

H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

Board Furnished

By the day or week at Saloon *189 Main Street.* Rooms connected.

Parties catered for at short notice.

Remember we sell the French Aerated Bread, fresh from the bakery every day.

159 J. H. NASON.

A Competent Book-keeper

desires an engagement.

152 Address "X," Journal Office.

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements, one of eight and one of six rooms, in good condition, and both supplied with Horn Pond water. Rent Low. Inquire of E. F WYER. 43

Party Wagon.

The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.

M. ELLIS & CO.
Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. 142

WOOD FOR SALE.

WHITE BIRCH AND HARD WOOD TRASH.

WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.
July 16th, 1875.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

But send for a free copy of
"*The Summer Excursionist,*"
Containing Routes and prices for over 1,000 Trips
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST.
T. EDWARD BOND, Ticket Agent.
322 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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Hard and Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

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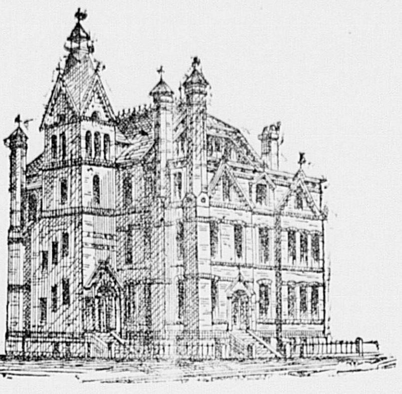
93 Main Street, Woburn.

Chauncy Hall School,

BOSTON, MASS.



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The forty-eighth year begins Sept 13.

In the different departments of the School, all of which, at any stage, are open to pupils of both sexes, a complete education is given in preparation for College, Business, the Institute of Technology, or the position of a Teacher. Any branch of study, Mathematics, Languages, Book-keeping, Drawing, etc., can be pursued by

Special Students,

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An excellent **Gymnasium** is open to the scholars, and a Military Drill is a part of the Course. Pupils attend without inconvenience from all the neighboring towns, and their necessities in regard to travel, food etc., are always considered.

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⁂ Catalogues may be had at A. Williams & Co.'s Washington Street; Thos. Groom & Co.'s, 82 State Street; at Bookstores in Franklin Street, or by mail.

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STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7‖ P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.58†, 5.00, 5.47, † 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†,* 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A. M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A. M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 **WM. M. PARKER, Supt.**

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜
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G. R. GAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT
TAILORS
And Dealers in
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
171 Main Street,
59 *Woburn.*

Dover Egg Beater.

FAMILY SIZE.

Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
Six eggs can be made to fill a quart.
Churns Butter in a few minutes.
Cleansed in moment.
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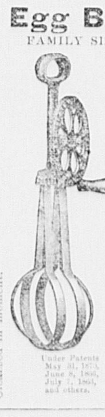

Under Patents May 31, 1870, June 8, 1866, July 7, 1868, and others.

Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other. It never spatters. No rivets or joints to get loose. Buy it of your Tin Smith, Grocer, Hardware or Crockery dealer. Return it and get your mobey if you are not *delighted* with it.

AND NOW COMES

THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS, 45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

What They do at the Springs.

"Pray what do they do at the Springs?"
The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a difficult task,
And yet in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
I'll venture a bit of a song
To tell what they do at the Springs.

"THEY DRINK."

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The water so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal things,
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

"THEY EAT."

Then with appetite keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast to dine;
(The latter precisely at three;
The former from seven till nine.)
Ye gods! what rustles and rush
When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat,
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

"THEY FLIRT."

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is told by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings;
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt—
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

"THEY WALTZ."

The drawing rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist—
How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz,
And *that's* what they doat the Springs!

"THEY PAY."

In short—as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance;
(With other unspeakable things;)
They pray, and they play and they pay;
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

WOMEN PRINTERS.

In looking back through the records of the past, one often finds himself confronted with facts of whose existence he had not thought or dreamed. The knowledge which he supposed he possessed he frequently finds was but error, and many things which he had always been taught to accept for truth, nor sought further anterior information upon the subject, are ruthlessly swept away and supplanted by a collection of facts which a deeper research has brought to the light. We are prone to boast of the superiority of the age in which we live, the high-pressure system which prevails, and its manifest fruits as shown in livelier organisms, multifarious occupations, and the brilliant but brief career of its votaries.

In no one instance, perhaps, has there been more misapprehension than with reference to the connection of females with the profession of typography. Doting parents nowadays remark to their neighbor gossips upon the proficiency of their daughters, their ability to spell, and the enormous wages which they earn by their deft manipulations of the treacherous types. Let us cast a backward glance along the centuries, and see how much we of the present day can plume ourselves when brought into comparison with our staid anti-revolutionary sisters.

Margaret Draper, of Boston, conducted, unaided, the Boston News Letter, the first regular newspaper published in America. She was a Tory, however, and when the British evacuated Boston, she went to England to enjoy a government pension.

The declaration of Independence was printed by Mary Catherine Goddard, although to print that immortal draft in 1777 was to jeopardize one's head. She was the sister of William Goddard, of Providence, R. I., who was appointed comptroller and surveyor of Post Roads, by Benjamin Franklin. While Goddard was thus engaged his sister conducted all the various affairs pertaining to the printing-house, with marked success.

Mention is made of two women of Boston who practiced printing long before the revolution—Mrs. Samuel Green and Mrs. Wilkins—who not only gained an enviable reputation in their business, but were called extraordinary persons in all the duties pertaining to their wife and motherhood.

Anne Franklin entered the printing office in 1732. Her husband, a brother of Benjamin Franklin, established in Newport, R. I., in that year, died soon after, and she carried on the business successfully for several years. She became Printer to the Colony and supplied blanks, published pamphlets, etc., for the public officers. The Newport Mercury grew out of this office, and is, with one exception, the oldest paper in the country. She was assisted in her duties by her two daughters, who were correct and quick compositors, and very sensible women. Mrs. Franklin not only printed from types, but carried on the business of print-calicoes, etc.

Mrs. Sarah Goddard was also a printer, well educated, and quite well versed in many branches of art and literature. She managed a newspaper with signal ability for two years, when she associated a certain John Carter with her under the somewhat rare style of copartnership, Sarah Goddard & Co.

Sarah Bradford was among the first women printers. She and her husband, Andrew, stood eminent among the early printers of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Zenger published the second newspaper established in New York. She was a quiet, modest woman, the exact reverse of her husband, who always contrived to have several libel suits on hand, and frequently made acquaintance with the State prisons; consequently his wife carried on the business almost as long before as after his death. Mrs. Zenger conducted the New York Weekly Journal for three years.

Clementine Bird succeeded her husband in the Virginia Gazette, in 1772, and accepted and set up with her own hand the writings of Thomas Jefferson.

Penelope Russell succeeded her husband in printing the Censor, in Boston, in 1771. She not only set type rapidly and well, but often, while at the case, would set up short sketches, comments, etc., without a copy, a feat of memory rivalling those attributed to Bret Harte on the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Hasselbotch was the wife of Nicholas Hasselbotch, the first printer of Baltimore. She succeeded to the business at once and prosecuted it with talent and energy. The following anecdote is related in connection with one of her most important publications; In 1772, a missionary had a bible in his hand explaining it to a party of Indians. He pronounced it to be the Gospel, the Truth, The Word of God. What! said one of them, did the Great, All-Powerful make this book? Yes, replied the missionary, it is his work. The Indian taking the literal import of the words, indignantly answered, I believe it to be a great lie. I go to Baltimore last month, when I see Dutchwoman make him; The Great Spirit want no Dutchwoman help him.

Mrs. Boyle published a paper in Williamsburg, Va., 1774. It favored the Crown and was consequently short-lived, She was a good printer however, and fully understood her business.

Mrs. Elizabeth Timothee, after the death of her husband, in 1775, continued publishing the Gazette in Charleston, S. C. She conducted it for two years, when, her son becoming of age, she passed it over to him.

Mrs. Watson, widow of Ebenezer Watson, continued as one of the publishers of the Hartford Courant.

Mary Couch, relict of Charles Couch, was born in Rhode Island. Her husband established a paper in Charleston, S. C., in opposition to the Stamp Act. She continued the paper until 1780, when she removed to Salem, Mass., taking her material with her. She published a paper there for several years and retired with a comfortable fortune.

Mrs. Mary Holt, widow of John Holt, was publisher in 1793, of the New York Journal, the paper which Mrs. Zenger had conducted before. This publication performed marked sevrices for the revolutionary cause, and as a reward, its publisher, Mrs. Holt, was appointed printer to the State of New York—the only woman recorded as having filled that office.

Last mentioned but not least in merit, is Mrs. Jane Atkins. This lady, at the death of her father, in Boston, in 1802, continued his business with talent. Her fame was high from the excellent character of the productions issued from her press. She was noted as a thorough printer and a severe and accurate proofreader.

From all accounts the early women printers of the United States were as remarkable as journalists as in more mechanical work of publishing. In all the records of those days it is in no instance hinted that the newspapers were not so well edited and so energetically managed by women as by men. In the light of this fact let us of this decade, not arrogate to ourselves the honor of introducing females into the printing business.

* * *

"WILL YOU TAKE A DRINK?"—How many young men are there who, when asked the above question, have the courage to say, "No, I don't drink;" In comparison to the many who answer in the affirmative, the number is small. The evils of intemperance are widespread and dissipation is the order of the day. The chief amusement of many of the young of our day seems to be to "get on a drunk," knowing full well as they do, the consequences of becoming habitual drunkards. The warning of thousands of drunkard's graves and families made miserable and left destitute, stares them in the face and yet they heed it not. The society of the present day is responsible to a great extent for this widespread dissipation. The line should be drawn more closely. When it is known a man is a drunkard, he should not be permitted to enter the charmed circle of society where our mothers, sisters and wives reign supreme. No matter whether he is a "gentleman" as the word goes, or not; no matter if he is as rich as Crœsus, if he attemps to enter respectable society he should be told to "halt." But how different is the spectacle as presented in the socalled "upper-circles," wherein an honest, intelligent mechanic would not be allowed to enter, because, forsooth, he "earns his bread by the sweat of his brow," and labor, you know, is "dishonorable." But the drunkard who wears fine clothes, although he spends his nights in gambling and drinking, is welcomed with smiles and all his "little faults" are overlooked. Thus a premium is placed upon dissipation, and honest labor is ignored by the so-called "aristocracy" of the present day.

There are many ladies, I am proud to say, who have the moral courage to frown down drunkenness in their companions and beaus, and when a young man calls upon them in an intoxicated condition, he is told to "walk." It is an insult to any lady for a man to present himself before her intoxicated, and yet a great many overlook their "little weakness," and thereby encourage drunkenness. The amount of intoxicating liquors drank in the United States is absolutely enormous, and I presume one-half the quantity is consumed by people who move in the "best society." Young men think it manly to drink whiskey, and I have seen even little boys of ten years old in a drunken condition.

It may be said that there are also women who become drunkards, and so there are, but their number is so small in proportion to the male drunkards, that, although a drunken woman is even more disgusting than a drunken man, I prefer to lecture the "stronger sex," as the source of the evil. And it is not to be wondered at that there is occasionally found an intemperate woman, with some claims to respectability considering the example set them by their "lords and masters." Haven't women as much right to get drunk as men?—*Newton Journal*.

* * *

GEN. GRANT AS A WAG.—A gentleman from Woonsocket was introduced to President Grant, by Senator Anthony, on Wednesday at the Burnside clam bake in Bristol.

"Here, General," said Anthony, "is one of those terrible newspaper men, Mr. ———, of Woonsocket, sixteen miles up the Blackstone."

"Sixteen miles in Road Island?" said the President. "Incredible!" —*Woonsocket Patriot*.

* * *

☞ The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions, —cowards have fought, nay, sometimes even conquered, but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature: the power of doing it flows only from strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.—*Sterne*.

* * *

UNCOMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.—A person once complained to Archbishop Whately that "he thought one should not go to church to be made uncomfortable." Mr. Whately replied, "That he thought so too; but, whether it should be the sermon or the man's life that should be changed to avoid the discomfort, must depend upon whether the doctrine was right or wrong."

LOVERS AND HATERS OF CATS.—The human race may be divided into people who hate cats and people who adore them; the neutrals being few in number, and, for intellectual and moral reasons, not worth considering. Such, at least, we may suppose to be the view of those grimalkin rabbis who hold that the earth and man were created for cats.

This division takes place early in life. Even in short clothes one boy will stone the sweetest kitten, while another will coddle the rustiest and crustiest tommy. A Hindoo might suggest the explanation, that in some previous state of existence the first urchin had been a dog and the second a cat; but not having been born in India, I feel at liberty to reject the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. I am quite as much inclined to attribute this diversity to predestination; I mean, of course, a predestination arising from some innate peculiarity of the sensibilities.

The distinction in question not only comes early in life, but it comes for good. I never knew a cat-hater to be converted from the error of his ways in mature years; nor did I ever know a cat-fancier who was permitted to fall from his beautiful faith. But here a moral discrimination must be made: there are those who pet pussy to please themselves; there are others who pet him to give him a pleasure. The true cat-lover is he whose object is, not to feel the soft fur or to watch the diverting gambols, but to make the animal happy.—*Atlantic*.

* * *

SOPHISTRY.—You can't get an old shoemaker to blunder. The other day when a weighty woman sailed into a Detroit shoe store and selected a pair of No. 4's and sat down to have them tried on, the shoeman saw that she wanted 7's. But he didn't tell her so, and start her out of the shop on a gallop. He smiled and softly said:

"Madam, all the aristocratic ladies are now wearing shoes three sizes too large for their feet, in order to have cool extremities, and of course you want to follow the style."

She smiled like a duck in reply to his smile, and replied:

"You are in a position to know best, and I leave everything to your judgment."

When she went out she said she never had such an easy fitting shoe on in her whole life.

* * *

☞ George Washington couldn't tell a lie, and that's what ails the average Vicksburg boy. The other day, when one of them accidentally broke a pane of glass in a store window, it was touching to see him walk bravely into the store and up to the merchant and say; "Mr. Blank, I broke a pane of glass in a window there, and you can charge it to the old man's account. Put it down as a pound of saleratus, and he'll never know the difference!"

* * *

☞ A Vicksburg (Miss.) lady was recently inquiring of a girl from over the river how a certain old acquaintance, who married a widower a few months ago, got along. "Very poorly," replied the girl; "There's five children who ought to be spanked twice a day, and Maria's left-handed and can't begin to do 'em justice. Poor woman, my heart bleeds for her!"—*Vicksburg Herald*.

* * *

☞ "Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up—no never!—*Columbia (S. C.) Union Herald*.

* * *

☞ This year has been a year of storms and floods and bugs and disasters and tight times, and that man who plays the fiddle on his doorstep every evening hadn't better rouse the Bengal tiger.

* * *

☞ A wife in Wyoming walked eleven miles to buy her husband a crockery spittoon painted blue, and when she got home he licked her for not having a clean shirt ready.

* * *

☞ If there is anything in the world which will make a woman mad it is to have a man hang over the fence and survey the week's washing on the line and grin and grin.

* * *

☞ A woman purchasing some cups and saucers was asked what color she would have. "Why I arn't particular," said she; "any color that won't show dirt."

* * *

☞ The time has now arrived when the average youth starts out of an evening to hunt coons and stops in the first melon patch he comes to.

NEW STORE.
No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
W. I. GOODS.
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.
Saturday, July 24
I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
J. W. KNIGHTS.

Pianos & Organs
TO RENT.
The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand
PIANOS and ORGANS
To Let on Reasonable Terms.
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No. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN, 51 MASS.

J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
No. 96 MAIN ST.,
Nearly opposite the Depot, } Woburn.
35

The Cook Bobbin Winder.
For all Shuttle Sewing Machines.
EVERY LADY NEEDS IT.
Price only $2.00.
Saves time, thread, patience and avoids poor sewing; winds a bobbin as perfect as the spool you buy, puts nearly double the quantity of thread on a bobbin, thread never breaks. Read the following:
"It is so exceedingly simple that a child can use it, winding a bobbin to perfection. We regard it as invaluable and the most important improvement to the shuttle sewing machine we have ever seen." —*New Haven Journal & Courier.*
Sent by mail on receipt of price. Gentlemen or Ladies desiring honorable and profitable employment in their own or neighboring towns, free from competition, are wanted to call on or address us. All letters cheerfully answered and fullest particulars given,
COOK BOBBIN WINDER CO.,
156 179 Washington St., Boston.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Main Street, Woburn.
LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.
☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 138

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HEART DISEASE?
If so, why not try
DR. GRAVES'
HEART REGULATOR
It Has Cured Thousands,
Why Not Cure You?
Enclose a one cent stamp, for a circular of testimonials of cures to the sole Agent, FRANK E. INGALS, Concord, N. H. 144
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Pasturing for Horses
Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.
137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

WANTED.
A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.
Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
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Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

MASON'S FRUIT JARS,
THE BEST INTHEMARK ET.
FOR SALE AT
A. E, Thompson's,
No. 3 WADE BLOCK, WOBURN.

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.
I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

A GOOD TENEMENT TO LET
On Pleasant Street, Inquire of
126 A. V. HAYNES.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

J. O. GOODWIN
Civil Engineer
—AND—
Surveyor.
Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for
WATERWORKS, SEWERAGE & DRAINAGE,
Streets surveyed and graded.
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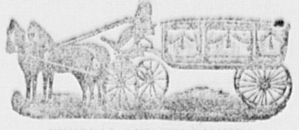

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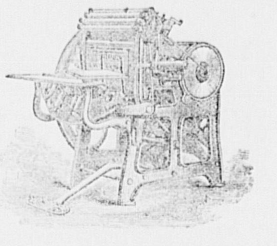

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Poetry.

THE MOTHER SAID:

Why did thou come so straight to me,
Thou queer one?
Thou might have gone where riches be,
Thou dear one!
For when 'twas talked about in heaven,
To whom the sweet soul should be given,
If thou had raised thy pretty voice,
God sure had given to thee a choice,
My dear one, my queer one!

"Babe in the wood" thou surely art,
My lone one:
But thou shalt never play eht part,
My own one!
Thou ne'er shalt wander up and down
With none to claim thee as their own;
Nor shall the Redbreast, as she grieves,
Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
My own one, my lone one!

Although thou be not Riches' flower,
Thou neat one,
Yet thou hast come from Beauty's bower,
Thou sweet one!
Thy every smile's as warm and bright
As if a diamond mocked its light:
Thy every tear's as pure a pearl
As if thy father was an earl,
Thou neat one thou sweet one!

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
Thou grand one:
A lassie's christening's half her fame,
Thou bland one!
And may thou live so good and true,
The honor will but be thy due;
And friends shall never be ashamed,
Or when or where they hear thee named,
Thou bland one, thou grand one!

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
Thou meek one,
Thou are my burden and support,
Thou weak one!
Like manna in the wilderness,
A joy hath come to soothe and bless;
But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
To love as I am loving thee,
Thou weak one, thou meek one!

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
Thou bright one,
To bear thee through the sky-blue gates,
Thou light one!
His feverish touch thy brow may pain,
And while I to my sad lips strain
The sheath of these bright-beaming eyes,
The blade may flash back to the skies,
Thou light one, thou bright one!

And if thou breast the morning storm,
Thou fair one,
And gird a woman's thrilling form,
Thou rare one:
Sly hounds of sin thy path will trace,
And on thy unsuspecting face
Hot lust will rest its tarnished eyes,
And thou wilt need be worldly-wise,
Thou rare one, thou fair one!

O that the heaven that smiles to-day,
My blest one,
May give thee light to see thy way,
My best one!
That when around thee creeps The Gloom,
The gracious God will call thee home,
And then, increased a hundredfold,
Thou proudly hand Him back His gold,
My best one, my blest one!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Selected.

THE TREASURE.

A young girl and an old man were sitting in a small but neatly furnished attic. The setting sun lighted up the humble apartment, and shone upon the girl's charming face, and the old man's white hair. The soldier, (for such he was,) rested his wounded feet on a cricket, and leaned his remaining arm on on a table, while he gazed abstractly at his companion, who was reading aloud to him from a newspaper. She stopped abruptly and listened.

"What's the matter?" asked the invalid.

"Nothing," said the girl, looking disappointed.

"You thought you heard Charles?" inquired the soldier.

"Yes," she replied blushing slightly; "his day's work must have ended; it is the time when he comes home."

"When he *ought* to come home," interrupted Vincent.

Susan opened her lips to justify her cousin, but stopped, embarrassed, and then fell into a reverie. The invalid played with his mustache impatiently, as was his habit when things went wrong.

"Our conscript is making a bad march," he said at last; "he comes home cross, he leaves his work to go to public houses, and festivals out of town; this will end badly for him and us."

"Don't say so uncle, you will bring misfortune upon him," said Susan, anxiously, "I hope he will be cured some time; he has not had courage to work."

"Why?"

"Because he has nothing to look forward to, he says, so he thinks it is best to live from day to day, without foresight and without hope."

"So that's his system? Well, he hasn't the honor of having invented it. There were some soldiers in the army who got exempted from starting for foreign lands under the pretext that the route was too long, and they lounged about in their barracks while their companies went to Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna. Your cousin, you see, does not know that by putting one foot before the other, the shortest legs can travel to Rome."

"Oh, if you could only make him understand that," said Susan earnestly. "I have tried to convert him by showing him how much a good book-binder, such as he, could lay up, but when I come to the sum, he always shrugs his shoulders, and says that women don't understand addition."

"And then you despair, poor girl. I know now why your eyes are red so often."

"Uncle, I assure you—"

"And why you forget to wear your gilly flowers, and don't sing any more."

"Uncle!"

Susan confessed, cast down her eyes, and began to roll up the corner of the newspaper. She soldier placed his hand on her forehead.

"I don't mean to scold you," he said kindly. "You are interested in your cousin Charles, that's all, who I hope will be some day—"

The girl made a motion as if to stop him.

"Well, we won't speak of that," said the invalid, "I forgot that one must not always tell what one knows. We won't speak of it I say, but will return to that good-for-nothing fellow, for whom you feel so great a friendship; that's the right word isn't it? and who feels the same for you."

Susan shook her head. "He used to," said she, "but for some time—if you knew how cold he is, and how tired he seems."

"Yes," said Vincent, thoughtfully, "when one has tasted exciting amusements, household pleasures seem tame, like claret after brandy; a great many people have felt this."

"But they have cured themselves," observed Susan, "so Charles can be cured. Perhaps if *you* should speak to him, uncle—"

The old man made an incredulous gesture.

"Such failings can't be cured by words," he said, "but by acts. It is as difficult to improvise a reasonable man as a good soldier. Experience is needed, and the baptism by cannon. Your cousin, you see, wants will, because he has no end in view. We must find one which will arouse his ambition, but to do this is no small affair. I will think about it."

"This time it is really he," interrupted Susan, who had recognized her cousin's hurried step on the staircase.

"Then silence in the ranks," said the invalid; "appear as if you were thinking of nothing in particular, and begin to read again."

Susan obeyed, but her trembling voice would have easily betrayed her emotion, to an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes followed the printed lines, and her mouth mechanically pronounced the words, her thoughts were taken up with her cousin, who had opened the door, and placed his cap on the table in the middle of the garret. Constrained to silence by Susan's continuous reading, the young workman approached the window and leaned his elbows on the sill. Susan read on, mechanically:

"A poor Besaucon pedler, named Peter Lefevre, wishing to make his fortune at any cost, thought he would start for India, which he had heard was the country for gold and diamonds. He sold the little he possessed, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as assistant cook on an American ship. Eighteen years passed before Peter Lefevre was again heard from. At the end of that time his relations received a letter from the ex-pedler, stating that he had reached France, with a fortune of two millions, although with but one eye and one arm, having encountered unimaginable dangers, experienced great fatigue, and made unheard of exertions."

Charles, who had listened to the article with increasing interest, exclaimed, as soon as Susan had finished reading, "Two millions!"

"He could buy a glass eye and wooden arm with it," the older soldier observed, ironically.

"What happiness!" exclaimed the young man, who had not heard his uncle's remark.

"Eighteen years of the most unheard of exertions," repeated Susan.

"That was nothing, so long as he made his fortune at last," said Charles, with animation.

"So," said the young girl, "you envy the pedler's fate? would you give all the years of your youth, one of your eyes, one of your hands—"

"For two millions? most certainly I would," interrupted Charles.

Susan said nothing more, but turned her head sadly. Her eyes filled with tears. Her uncle played with his mustache moodily. There was a long silence. All three of the actors in this scene were engrossed with their own thoughts. The sound of the clock striking eight aroused Susan from her reverie. She arose quickly and began to set the tea-table. The meal was sad and short. Charles, who had passed the last part of the day at a public house with his friends, did not want anything to eat, and Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent was the only one to do honor to the frugal supper, for in the war he had become accustomed to eating in the midst of all emotions. After doing her ordinary work, Susan, wishing to be alone, kissed the invalid, and went to her own room.

Vincent and Charles were left together. The latter was about to bid his uncle good night, when the old soldier motioned him to lock the door. "I want to speak to you," said he seriously.

Charles, foreseeing a lecture, remained standing before the old man, but the latter bade him sit down. "Did you consider the words well that you said a little while ago?" he asked, looking fixedly at his nephew. "Would you really be willing to work for a long time, if you could make a fortune in that way?"

"Certainly; how could you doubt it, uncle?" asked Charles, surprised at the question.

"You would consent to be patient, to work uninterruptedly, to change your habits?"

"If I could get anything by it; but why do you ask me such a question?"

"You shall see, presently," remarked the invalid, opening the drawer of a small bureau where he kept old newspapers that one of the lodgers had left him. After a long search he found the paper that he wanted, and handed it to Charles. The young workman read the following article, in a low voice:

"Application has just been made to the Spanish Government, on the subject of a deposit buried on the banks of the Duero, after the battle of Salmanque. It appears that during this famous retreat, a company belonging to the first division, who were charged with the safe keeping of some wagons, were separated from the main part of the army, and surrounded by a party so superior in numbers that all attempts at resistance was useless. The commanding officer, seeing that there was no hope of breaking through the enemy's ranks, took advantage of the night to order the wagons to be buried by some of the soldiers in whom he had the most confidence; then, feeling sure that no one could discover the buried treasure, he commanded his little troop to disperse, in order that they could try to escape singly, through the enemy's lines. Some, in fact, succeeded in reaching their divisions, but the officer and the men who knew the place where the wagons were buried, all perished in their flight. Now it is said that these wagons contained the money for the army corps, that is to say, about three millions."

Charles stopped reading, and looked at the invalid with sparkling eyes. "Shouldn't you like to go to that country?" he cried.

"I have been there," Vincent replied, quietly.

"You know of the existence of this deposit?"

"I was one of those the captains charged with burying the wagons, and the only one who escaped the enemy's balls."

"Then you know the place where the treasure is buried?" Charles asked, eagerly.

"Yes, I am as sure of it as of the place the bed occupies in this room."

"Then your fortune is made," cried Charles, excitedly; "why have you never spoken of it? The French Government would have accepted all your propositions."

"Perhaps," said Vincent, "but in any case they would have been useless."

"Why?"

"Spain has refused the solicited authorization; see for yourself."

He handed the young man a second newspaper, which in fact announced that a demand concerning the search for the deposit buried by the French, in 1812, on the banks of the Duero, had been rejected by the government at Madrid.

"But what need of permission?" objected Charles. "What is the advantage of attempting an official search, when it can be done as well quietly? Once upon the spot, and the ground bought, who would prevent the owner from digging? and who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have thought of it for thirty years," replied the soldier, "but how could we get enough money for the journey and purchase?"

"We could apply to some people richer than ourselves and tell them the secret."

"But how should we make them believe us, or prevent an abuse of our confidence in case they would believe us? If we did, it might happen, as in the fable you read to your cousin the other day, that the lion would keep the whole prey. Then besides the fatigue of the journey and the uncertainty of success, we should have to brave the trials of a law suit. What good would it do, I say? To the devil with the millions that one must go so far to seek. I have two hundred francs pension. Thanks to that I have enough for the quarterly expenses and my tobacco. I laugh at the rest, like a platoon of Cossacks."

"Then you will let this opportunity escape?" Charles asked with feverish animation. "You refuse riches?"

"Certainly, for myself," the old man answered, but for you, it is another thing. I see that you are ambitious; that you wish to become a millionaire; we'll get together the necessary sum for our journey, and I will go with you."

"How can I get the money?"

"Earn two thousand francs; at that price, I will give you a treasure; do you agree?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Charles with fervor. Then after a moment—"I never could earn so much money," he added despondently.

"Work courageously, and bring your pay to me, regularly each week, and I guarantee that you can do it."

"Think, uncle, how little a workman can lay up."

"I know."

"How many years will it take?"

"You said this evening that you would give eighteen, with an eye and an arm to boot."

"If I were sure—"

"Of getting a treasure? I swear on the ashes of the little Corporal that you have one."

This was the soldier's most solemn oath, therefore Charles thought the affair serious. Vincent encouraged him anew, repeating that he had his future in his own hands, and the young man went to bed resolved to work hard. His uncle's confidence, however, had awakened such magnificent hopes that he could not sleep. He passed the night in a kind of fever, calculating how he could soonest earn the necessary sum, and planning what he should do with his future riches.

When Susan came down stairs the next morning, he had already gone to his work. Vincent seeing the girl's astonishment, shook his head smiling, but said nothing. He had recommended secrecy to the young workman, and wished to keep it himself, besides he was desirous to see whether Charles would persist in his new resolution. The first months were the hardest. The young book-binder had formed habits which it was difficult to break, and it was almost impossible for him to work continuously, it was hard, too, to resist the temptation of his old comrades. His courage almost gave way many times, and he was on the point of falling into his old ways. But the importance of the end he wished to gain, would rekindle his courage, and every week that he brought his pay home to his uncle, he felt that he was one step nearer his goal. Every day the effort became easier, and as life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. His hard work during the day made him enjoy his rest in the evening all the more, and having abandoned his riotous companions, he felt a new charm in the society of his uncle and cousin. The latter treated him once more with friendly familiarity. Charles was astonished to find qualities and graces in her, which he had never before had time to notice, and she became more necessary to him all the time. Insensibly the aim of his life changed; the thought of the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his only motive for action. Susan was continually in his thoughts; he wished to deserve her approbation, to become more dear to her. The life which Charles led extinguished his restless ambition by degrees. He saw a simple happiness nearer home; his paradise was no longer a fairy land of the "Thousand and One Nights," but a small spot filled with domestic joys. His reformation, visible to those with whom he lived, remained a secret from himself, however. He did not know that he had changed, but he was happier and more tranquil. The only novelty which he was conscious of in his feelings was his love for Susan, henceforth mingled in all his plans, for he could not look forward to a life without her, and he was axious to know with certainty whether she reciprocated his affection.

He was walking up and down the little attic one evening, while his uncle and couisn talked near the stove. Both were speaking of Charles's first master, who, after thirty years of an honest and hard working life, had sold his book binding establishment, in order to retire into the counry with his old wife.

"They are a married couple who have had a paradise on earht," said the old soldier, "always agreeing, always cheerful, always at work,"

"Yes," replied Susan, decidedly, "the richest may envy them."

Charles, who was just passing the young girl, stopped suddenly. "So you would like to have a husband who would love you?" he asked looking at her earnestly.

"Certainly, if I could," the young girl replied, smiling and blushing a little.

"You can," said Charles, quickly, "by saying the word."

"What word, cousin?" Suson stammered, more embarrassed still.

"You have only to consent to become my wife," the young man answered. And as he saw his cousin's motion of surprise and confusion, "Oh you need not feel disturbed, Susan," he continued, with respectful tenderness. "I have wanted to ask you this question for a long time, but have waited hitherto, from a motive that my uncle knows, but you see I have said it in spite of myself, and now be frank with me—tell me what you feel."

The young man approached his cousin and pressed one of her hands in his; his voice trembled and tears stood in his eyes Susan overcome with joy, held down her head, and the old soldier looked at them both with a half tender, half sly smile.

Finally he pushed the young girl gently towards Charles.

"Come, speak, child," he said gaily.

"Susan, one word, one single word of hope," entreated the young man who still held his cousin's hand. "Will you accept me for a husband?"

She leaned her head on the young man's shoulder, with an inarticulate "yes."

"Well," said Vincent, "that had great difficulty in coming out; give me your hands and let me kiss you. You have this evening for confidences; to-morrow we will speak of business."

The next day he took his nephew aside and told him that the necessary sum for their journey was ready, and that they could now start for Spain whenever they wished. This news, which ought to have delighted Charles, made him feel a pang of grief. He should have to leave Susan at the moment that she had become most dear to him, to run all the dangers of a perilous and uncertain journey, when it would be so sweet to remain at home. The young man almost cursed the millions that he had to go so far to seek. Since the interest of his life had changed his desire for riches had singularly diminished. He no longer needed gold to buy happiness, for he had found it without. However, he said nothing of this kind to his uncle, but declared that he was ready to start. The old soldier volunteered to make the necessary preparations, and went out on several expeditions with his niece. Finally he told Charles that nothing remained to be done except to secure their places. Susan was out and Vincent begged his nephew to come with him on this errand, and as his unusual exertions for the last few days had made his wounds troublesome, he called for a hack.

The soldier had taken care to procure all the newspapers which had spoken of the famous deposits on the banks of the Duero, and handed them to Charles, telling him to see if he could find any information which would be of use to them in their journey. The young man read first the details that he already knew; then the announcement of the refusal of the Spanish government, and of the merchants of Barcelona. He thought he had read all the articles when his eye fell upon a letter signed by a certain Peter Dufour.

"Peter Dufour!" repeated Vincent, "that was the name of the quarter-master of the company. I thought the brave fellow was in another world. See what he says, he was the captain's confidant."

Instead of replying Charles uttered a cry. He finished the letter and his face changed.

"What's the matter?" asked Vincent, quietly.

"What's the matter?" Charles repeated, "why if what Defour has said is true our journey will be useles."

"Why?"

"Because the wagons contained powder, not silver."

Vincent looked at his nephew and burst out laughing.

"So it was powder?" he exclaimed, "then that's the reason that they took out all the cartridges before burying the wagons."

"You knew that they did?" interrupted Charles.

"Since I saw it done," the old man replied good humoredly.

"Then you deceived me," cried Charles. "You could not possibly believe in the existence of buried millions, and your promise was only a joke.

"It was done in earnest," said the soldier, seriously. "I promised you a treasure, and you shall have one, only you won't have to go to Spain for it."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see."

The hack stopped before a shop. and the two travellers got out and went in. Charles recognized the workshop of his former master, but improved, repainted, and full of all the articles that were needed in the trade. He was going to ask an explanation of what he saw, when his eye fell on his own name, engraved in gilt letters above the counter. At the same moment the door at the end of the shop opened, and he saw a fire burning brightly, a table set, and Susan, who, smilling, signed to him to come in.

Vincent seized his hand. "This is the treasure that I promised you," he said, "an estate to live on, and a good wife who will make you happy. All you see here you have earned, and it belongs to you. Don't be vexed with me for having deceived you. You refused to take your happiness, and so I have done as nurses do who sugar the pills their patients will not swallow. Now that you know what a happy life consists of, and have had a taste of it, I hope you will no longer turn away from it.—*Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre, for the N. H. Sentinel.*

* * *

☞ The burglar game in New York assumes varying phases, and the citizens who have portable property in their residences in the shape of cash, valuable papers, plate, jewelry, etc., are in a fair way to learn which form of visitation they like best. The open day attacks which were successfully made on the defenceless women at one time, of which the Dancer robbery is a striking example, have been discontinued, at least for the present. They were too bold to be followed up without intermission, and the cracksman have fallen back upon their old relience, the midnight raid, and the Greenwich street affair has been succeeded by burglaries at the residences of Surgeon-General Hammond, J. G. Gottsberger, etc. The results of the two last mentioned felonious attempts are highly gratifying. It is hoped and thought that Dr. Hammond made one dead shot, and the bravery of the Gottsbergers (father and son) effected the capture of the two desperadoes whom they found invading their domicile at an unduly early hour in the morning. That is the proper reception to give midnight prowlers. Let the Van Brunt tactics be applied with energy. Let the citizens form alliances, offensive and defensive. Let their motto be to kill or try to kill every burglar caught in the act. The craft have no mercy and deserve no more consideration than a rat. They seem to care but little for the police, and unreasonably; but with even chances of life or death in a midnight raid the knights of the jimmy will grow cautious, for a sneak is always a coward and very shy about getting his skin perforated. Let the cold lead and Indian club remedy be continued.

* * *

THE LAZY DAUGHTER.—Among the worst features of a badly minded daughter, we would first single out indolence, or, to use the rough and more expressive English word, laziness. A lazy, sofa-lolling, lie-a-bed late in the morning young woman is an affront to her sex, and in her own family more a curse than a blessing to her mother. She is also a great prompter of domestic strife, and a shocking example to her younger sisters. Such a being crawls, instead of walking with tripping alacrity through life. She dawdles instead of works, her speech is vulgar, and altogether her ways are very bad indeed; and to add to her misdeeds, her health suffers through her folly, and thus wantonly imposes a greivous tax on the purse and patience of her parents. For a girl to be idle in the flush of her youth is to invite any and all kinds of calamities to befall her with blistering anguish, and, depend upon it, the downward career of most afflicted women may be primarily traced to this early and wicked habit, for it is nothing else, it being as easy for a young woman to be industrious as the reserve.

* * *

PAINTING ON A WAGER.—There was considerable excitement recently occasions by parties who were engaged painting poles of the local telegraph company in Philadelphia. It has usually taken from three to four hours for the painting of a single pole, and upon the subject of completing the job in a much shorter time a lively discussion took place. Mr. James Grace, line man, asserted that he could paint a 55-foot pole, with six cross arms, in 30 minutes, and there were plenty of wagers that he could not. The crowd on the street gathered to witness what all at the outset predicted would be a failure. He was exactly 26 minutes, finishinging the job in that time, much to the surprise of the lookers-on. He did some tall reaching, and each dash of the brush covered a deal of space. He decended once to supply his paint pot. This same person once on a wager strung a mile of wire in 34 minutes and 15 seconds, climbing in that time 41 poles 30 feet high, and winning the wager by three-quarters of a minute.

* * *

☞ We are not merely working, intellectual machines, but socials puzzles, whose solution is the work of life,

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

He thought he recognized me the moment I entered the door, but I refused to encourage him in that belief. It was a strange town to me, all the people were strangers, and I was so far from home that I doubted if man, woman, or child in that locality had ever met me before.

The barber smiled tenderly as he pointed to the chair, and then led off as familiarly as if he had shaved me every day for a month past. While mixing the lather he remarked on the weather, the crops, the panic, the lost balloonists, and other matters, and although I did not pretend to hear him he was not to be beaten.

"I hope you'll do well here," as he pushed my head over and daubed the lather on my right cheek, commencing at the butt of the ear.

(Silence on my part.)

"This town needs another dry goods store," he continued after a moment, "and I shouldn't wonder if you just coined money."

(Long silence.)

Perhaps it was the silence which convinced the barber that he had made a mistake, but he was not discouraged. As he lathered the left cheek he suddenly said:

"There are three or four lawyers here now, but as Cristopher Columbus said, 'There's room at the top of the heap,' and I think you'll be full of business all the time."

He was looking down into my face, and through the foam of the lather he might have detected a faint smile, a frown or some other expression which hurt his conceit. He instantly suspected that he had made another mistake. I was looking into the glass on the wall and I saw his countenance change. Some barbers would not have pursued the subject further, but he was the only barber in the village. and he felt he had certain rights which I was bound to respect. He might have reasoned that I was mulish and obstinate and needed coaxing and flattering. or perhaps he theorized that I was timid and hesitating, and wanted encouraging. At any rate he soon attacked me again, saying:

"This is a nice village, but I never saw so much sickness in my life as we have had this year. Our doctors don't seem to know enough to manage the diseases, and I'm glad you are going to open an office. I am pretty healthy as a general thing, but if I get sick I'll give you my custom in preference to any one else."

Still watching the glass, I saw a self-satisfied smile ripple across his face. For about half a minute he was dead sure in his own mind that he had boxed me up. Then a shade of suspicion crossed his face. Silence sometimes gives consent, but in this case, after scrutinizing my face for an instant, he interpreted it to mean that he had blundered again. He was vexed. I had no right to sit there and treat his round-the-corner queries with such contemptuous silence. He would pay me for such conduct. I saw the spirit of resolve creep into his face, and he said:

"I was saying only the other day that this town was able to support another blacksmith shop! Old Jones is good-hearted, but he knows no more about shoeing a horse than a coon does about sailing a canal-boat."

His eyes glistened, and he took no pains to keep down the chuckle of satisfaction bubbling up into his throat. He regarded it as a line shot—a crusher—and if he hadn't been shaving my chin at that time he would have been unable to suppress a laugh.

His rasor crossed the chin, scraped up and down, and skipped around to the jugular vein before the barber's smile faded. He had been watching me to catch a start of surprise or a look of displeasure, or something to guide his opinion; and as he had been unsuccessful, he renewed the lather on the left cheek and sighed drearily. I hoped he was a man of determination, and trusted he would not give up. Fearing that he would I was about to speak, when he smiled blandly and remarked:

"I can tell a shool teacher the minute I set eyes on him!"

(Lather and silence.)

"And it's funny, too," he continued, "that I have shaved every professor in the Normal School here the very first morning of his arrival, and have told each and every one that he was a professor before he had said one word to me."

(Silence and shave.)

"Well, I suppose teaching is a good paying businesss," he went on, as he looked my face over to see if he had skipped a spot, "and I'm willing to help you all I can. I haven't any children—am not married—but if ever I get married and have children I'll send to them school to you."

His persistency and flattery deserved some encouragement, but I was determined to hold out to the last ditch. He shut up his rasor with a quick vexed motion, tossed it on the stand regardless of damages, and he smiled maliciously as he got down his bottle of undulated bay rum. I knew it would bite like an serpent and sting like an adder, but could I show less stoicism than he had shown diplomacy persistency? Didn't I commence the struggle?

I shut my teeth, looked straight into the glass, and he sopped the fiery stuff over my cheeks and chin. He expected a squirm and a yell, and his surprise was great. The light of revenge had crept into his eyes, but it quickly faded away, and as he replaced the bottle and wiped my face with a towel he said:

"I never saw but one other man who could stand bay rum like that, and he was a returned Californian. The climate of that country hardens the flesh I suppose?"

I refused to reply. He got angry again, dug my scalp as he combed my hair, gave my head several unneccessary twists and knocks and pushes, and he jerked the big calico apron off my lap as if he hated me. However, curiosity suddenly overcame his vexation of spirit, and as he brushed me off he said:

"This town ought to support another undertaker, and if I can be of any assistance in finding you a shop you can call upon me day or night."

I wouldn't speak, and I heard him gritting his teeth. He also struck me several hard blows with the brush, and once tried to hit me fair on the nose. I thought I had discouraged him, but just as I put on my hat and opened the door he made a last desperate charge. Smiling sweetly, he inquired:

"Less see! Reverend — Reverend — what did you say it was?—Reverend Mr. Brown!"

I didn't say.—*Hearth and Home.*

* * *

ARTEMUS WARD.—Of Artemas Ward Melville D. Landon writes: Personally, Charles Farrar Browne was one of the kindest and most affectionate of men, and history does not name a man who was so universally beloved by all who knew him, It was remarked, and truly, that the death of no literary character since Washington Irving caused such general and widespread regret. In stature he was tall and slender. His nose was prominent—outlined like that of Sir Charles Napier or Mr. Seward; his eyes brilliant, small, and close together; his mouth large, teeth white and pearly; fingers long and slender; hair soft, straight, and blond; complexion florid; moustache large, and his voice soft and clear. In bearing he moved like a natural born gentleman. In his lectures he never smiled—not even when he was giving utterance to the most delicious absurdities; but all the jokes fell from his lips as if he was unconscious of their meaning. While writing his lectures he would laugh and chuckle to himself continually. There was one peculiarity about Charles Browne—he never made an enemy. Other wits in other times have been famous, but a satirical thrust now and then has killed a friend. Diogenes was the wit of Greece, but when after holding up an old dried fish to draw away the eyes of Anaximenes's audience, he exclaimed, "See how an old fish is more interesting than Anaximenes," he said a funny thing, but he stabbed a friend. When Charles Lamb, in answer to a doting mother's question as to how he liked babies, replied, "B-b-boiled, madame, boiled!" that mother loved him no more; and when John Randolph said "thank you" to his constituent, who kindly remarked that he had the pleasure of passing his house, it was wit at the expense of frienship. The whole English school of wits—with Douglas Jerrold, Hood, Sheridan, and Sidney Smith—indulged in repartee. They were parasitic wits. And so with the Irish, except that an Irishman is so ridiculously absurd in his replies as to only excite ridicule "Artemus Ward" made you laugh and love him too.

* * *

RATHER INQUISITIVE.—A gentleman who recently passed over the old Central Railway, from Rochester to Syracuse, relates an amusing incident that came under his observation before reaching Auburn. An officer was on the train, having in his charge two convicts destined for Auburn prison. The hands of the prison convicts were free, and they sat opposite one another, with irons on their ankles, the officer occupying the seat with one of them. Presently a gentleman came in, whose hooked nose, old fashioned silk hat, and generally seedy appearance indicated inquisitiveness, and took the vacant seat beside the convict, not noticing the irons. The convict was an intelligent fellow, and eyed his fellow-passenger closely. Presently the stranger said: "Pretty slow train, this." Convict—"I suppose it is rather slow when one is in a hurry." Stranger—"Yes; you going down the road far?" Convict—"No, sir, I stop off Auburn." Stranger—"Ah! Do you live there?" Convict—"I have not fomerly." Stranger—"But you think of taking up your residence there, do you?" Convict—"I am thinking seriously of it, yes sir." Stranger—"What business are you in, if I may ask?" Convict—"I expect to be in the employ of the State." The stranger saw the irons and the sell about the same time, and ejaculated, "Oh Ah! yes, I see." and went into the next car.—*Syracuse Courier.*

* * *

☞ The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, commenting upon feeling caused in the South by the unwillingness to hear Jefferson Davis at the Winnebago county fair, pertinently says:

They seem to think down there that the people in this regionhave no right to select their own speakers for a public occasion, but must choose Jeff Davis and pay him $500 therefor, or be accused of tearing open the "bleeding wounds of the war" and re-inaugurating sectional strife! We have a few plain words for these aggrieved gentlemen. The North is anxious for peace. It wanted peace in 1861, and it has wanted peace ever since. For this it has pardoned the men who assailed the government. For this it restored to them the privileges they had forfeited. For this it has exhibited a magnanimity toward defeated rebels which we challenge the world to paralell. But now they require, before they can appreciate the generosity of the government, and before they consent to a reconciliation, that we shall honor and reward Jeff Davis and place him on the pedestal of fame. We say to them, stay where you are until the crack of doom.

Jeff Davis is peculiarly objectionable to our people, and it does not alter this fact that a few avaricious showmen or weak-minded flunkeys in the North have begged him to come here and lecture them. There are plenty of men South to whom our people would willingly listen. Mr. Davis is no better Southerner than Alexander H. Stephens, or Senator Gordon, of Georgia, or L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi. They exerted themselves also to destroy the Union, but after the contest was over they went to work to resume their relations and standing with the government. Mr. Davis, on the contrary, sat down and whined. He held himself out as the great American martyr, and tried to look interesting and melancholy, like Napoleon at St. Helena.

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John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Fifty-third Reg. Re-Union.

The 53d Mass. Reg. was a nine months organization recruited in the towns composing the northern parts of Worcester and Middlesex Counties. On the 29th of Nov. 1862, Col. John W. Kimball, of Fitchburg, assumed command, and the regiment left the state for the seat of war. Remaining in New York a few weeks, it started for New Orleans where it arrived after a stormy passage of twelve days. In March 1863 it went to Baton Rouge, and afterwards to Port Hudson, and on frequent reconnoissances. In April it joined the movement through the Teché country, and on the 13th was the first to plant a flag on Fort Bisland The succeeding weeks were spent in marching and skirmishing, and in the lines before Port Hudson. In an unsuccessful charge on the 13th of June, the 53d lost 7 officers and 79 men out of 300 officers and men who went in. On the 19th it went to the front to support a battery and remained there until July 9th when Port Hudson surrendered. Returning to Baton Rouge it was sent to Donaldsonville where it remained on drill and picket duty until August 21, and on the 12th started home by way of Cairo, and was mustered out at Fitchburg, Sept. 2, 1863.

Hon. B F Whittemore, then a resident of Berlin, Mass., was chaplain of the regiment. In early life he was a resident of East Woburn, and within a few years he has returned to his old home, and purchased the elegant estate, bounded by Railroad, Central and Organge streets, to which he has given the appropriate name of "The Evergreens." To this charming retreat he invited the officers of the 53d to celebrate the 12th anniversary of their muster out. The officers present were Col. J W Kimball, of Fitchburg, Adjt. Henry A Willis, of Fitchburg, Drs. J Q A McCollister, of Groton, W L Bond, of Charlestown and W B Barrett, of Boston, Chaplain B F Whittemore, of South Carolina, Capts. L Woodward of Hubbarston, F F Fay, of Athol, Joel A Stratton, of Leominster, Lieuts. Charles W Upham, of Templeton, Russell Carruth, Clesson Kenney, F A Hale, Fitchburg, William T Freeman, Clinton, Private J A Waters, Boston, and Capt. Henry W Moulton, of the 32d. who with their ladies, and a few invited guests numbered about 40. The dinner which was served by Lee Hammond of the Central House, was spread in the grove in front of the mansion, was all that could be desired, and at its close Lieut. Upham, president of the association introduced their old chaplain, Hon. B F Whittemore, of South Carolina. He said it gave him great pleasure to again meet his old comrades, and it was an added joy that he could welcome them to his summer home. He then gave a resume of the history of the regiment; their reception by the brigade commander whose ill natured welcome was changed by their gallantry into an ovation when their service expired; their welcome home to Fitchburg. Referring to his southern experience he said he ought to know about southern affairs, gained during a residence of 10 years. He had seen the results of the war, and knew what the peace is they fought for. We are living in a millenial period, but he wasn't quite sure which was the lion and which was the lamb, but they will lie down together, and he hoped in the Centennial year they will resolve to work together, harmonize all sections, and unite as one people for one flag, and one common destiny. Referring to their dead comrades he counselled them to ever keep their memory green. The very peace they fought for is to them an enduring monument, more lasting than those erected to the princes and potentates of earth. His remarks were listened to with great interest and received frequent applause.

Capt. Fay said the same fraternal feeling now bound the regiment together that on fields of danger was so potent. When ever danger threatened one, all arose to avert it. He spoke tenderly of the changes among the members, and of the bereavements that had come to their families. He was willing to forgive and forget, but like an old neighbor of his he would always remember the causes of the war, and counselled teaching the children loyalty to the flag, so that neither in our time nor in theirs should it be successfully assailed.

Col Kimball spoke in high terms of his regiment, composed as it was of the best yeomanry of Worcester and Middlesex. They made a noble record, but the credit belongs to the rank and file. We sacrificed much, but not too much when we remember what we fought for. He was ready to take the hand of any Southern soldier when that man could say with Gen Dix, "If any man pulls down the American flag shoot him on the spot." Until they all can say it the country is not safe. Let the Southern people say: We believed we were right, but we were mistaken, this country was saved in spite of us, and we thank God you whipped us. Then he would receive them and welcome them, and until then there will be no real union. Capt Moulton, Adjt Willis, and Capt Woodard spoke briefly, after which the association adjourned to the parlors where the annual business meeting was held. The following officers were elected:

President—C W Upham, Templeton
Vice Pres—J Q A McCollister, Groton
Treas—J D Edgell, Gardner
Sec—F A Hale, Fitchburg

The members were the guests of Chaplain Whittemore for the night. In the evening the operetta of "Laila" was very creditably performed by a chorus of village children, which closed the festivities of the day.

The house and grounds were decorated with flags and mottoes, and presented an attractive appearance.

G. A. R. BASE BALL.

The second game between the Stoneham and Woburn Posts was played last Satudray. The Stoneham boys had substituted, Frank Tay, Frank Murphy, and Wat Hayes in their team for Allen, Brown, and Hall, who played in the first game. The Woburn boys substituted Herbert J. Persons, G. W. Reynolds and G. W. Duren, for Hoskins, Leslie and Taylor. Duren was unable to run, and Devlin and Gleason took his bases for him. Tay was similarly situated and a comrade ran for him. Post 75 won the toss and sent Post 33 to the bat. In the first inning Pearsons and Parker were the only ones to tally. Post 75 had better luck, Seaver was put out at first, and then Dane, Marden, and Lawrence scored, Ferrin made a base hit, but Murphy and Jeff Hayes were put out before he could get round. In the second inning Duren made a run for 33. Post did better, six of their men scoring. Wat Hayes was put out twice in this inning. In the third inning Gleason was the only one to make a run for his side, and the Stonehammers had no better luck, Dane making the only score. In the fourth inning Berthrong tallied one and Ferrin, Murphy and Wat Hayes helped Post 75 to three runs. At the fifth inning the Woburn boys began to do better, and Berthrong, Parker, Nason, Wheelock, Devlin and Duren, scored six for their side, while Murphy was the only Stoneham boy who made a run The sixth inning added four more to the Woburn score, Pearsons, Parker, Nason and Devlin being the lucky ones, and the visitors run in Seaver, Dane, Lawrence, Ferrin and Murphy. Nason pitched the fifth and sixth innings to give Gleason a rest. Woburn made one on the seventh, Gleason claiming the honor. Gleason then went in to pitch and the Stoneham's took the bat. Seaver and Dane were run out at one, once by a brilliant foul catch of Berthrong's. Marden got to second base but Lawrence was put out at first and Post 75 was whitewashed. The game now stood 19 for Stoneham and 16 for Woburn. In the eighth inning Berthrong made one for 33 and Jeff Hayes one for 75 and the scores were relatively unchanged. The ninth inning opened with Gleason at the bat, who took his base easily and was followed by Wheelock with a heavy hit to left field which sent Gleason home. Devlin was put out at first, Gleason made a run for Duren. This tied the game the clubs standing 20 and 20. Pearsons, Berthrong, Parker, Nason, and Reynolds also got round making eight for Woburn in the inning and giving Post 33 a lead of 5 runs. Seaver went to the plate and struck a safe one, making his first, and eventually stealing home. Dane was caught out on a fly, and Marden retired on three strikes. Lawrence managed to get round, and Ferrin and Murphy were on the bases, when Jeff Hayes sent a fly ball to center field which was taken very neatly by Devlin, and the game was over, with Post 33 three runs ahead. The following is the summary:—

POST 33.	R	O	POST 75.	R	O
Berthrong, c	4	2	Seaver, c	3	3
Gleason, p	3	3	Dane, p	4	3
Parker, ss	4	3	Marden, ss	2	3
Wheelock, 1b	2	5	Lawrence, 1b	4	3
Nason, 2b	3	2	Ferren, 2b	3	2
Pearsons, 3b	3	3	Murphy, 3b	3	2
Duren, rf	3	2	Tay, rf	1	4
Devlin, cf	2	2	W. Hayes, cf	1	2
Reynolds, lf	1	5	J. Hayes, lf	1	5
	25	27		22	27

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Post 33,	2	1	1	1	6	4	1	1	8—25
Post 75,	3	6	1	3	1	5	0	1	2—22

There was a large attendance of spectators, many of whom had never seen a game of base ball. After the game the Posts returned to Burbank Hall where a collation was served by Post 33. Commander Parker presided and first introduced Past Comdr. Ferrin of 75, who presented the champion belt to J. H. Nason, captain of the Burbank Nine. Capt. Nason accepted the belt and made a happy response. Capt. Marden of the Gould Nine was then presented with a boquet of flowers. Brief speeches followed from all the comrades, Woburn and Stoneham alternating until the shades of evening warned the visitors that they must be on the homeward road. Auld Lang Syne and Sweet Home were sung, and cheers exchanged by the Posts, and Stoneham boys departed well pleased with their reception, and anxious to "try it once more."

RUNAWAY.—On Wednesday afternoon the street sprinkler let on water near A. E. Thompson's store which frightened the horse attached to Woodrough Bros. grocery team of East Woburn, and he striking the telegraph post on Woodbury's corner, cleared himself with the front wheels and went home in quick time. At Soles' market Geo. Mulligan's team was standing, and was struck by the runaway causing Mulligan's team to come as far as Hartwell's at a good gait, where he was stopped before any damage was done. Woodrough's horse, with the hind wheels, took the sidewalk at Soles' and struck S. W. Twombly's team, smashing it considerable. The wheels came in close contact to the large windows of the market and the Bath rooms, and struck the posts, casing of the house and the doorsteps of the bakehouse damaging them to some extent.

☞ At the meeting of base ball players last saturday evening it was voted to accept the challenge of the Stoneham Picked Nine. Two nines were selected for practice, and they will play together on George Winn's field this Saturday afternoon at half past three, o'clock. Another meeting will be held this Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

G. A. R.—Next Wednesday the delegates from the Grand Army Posts of Middlesex County are invited to meet in convention at Wakefield to make arrangements for the annual Fall parade. Commander Parker and Comrades Nason and W. A. Colegate will represent Post 33. The parade last year was at Waltham, and it was a very enjoyable occasion.

HUDSON.—Several of the members of Gilcreast Hook and ladder 1 went to the Hudson muster on Wednesday, being the guests of the department of that place. They were accompanied by their namesake, Ex Chief Engineer John Gilcreast.

A CENTENARIAN.—Last Wednesday Mrs. Abigail Flagg Lovering, now residing at Oxford, Me., celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She was born in Woburn, in the old house No. 342 Main St., near the residence of the late Martin L. Converse. Her maiden name was Abigail Flagg, or Nabby as the record has it, the daughter of John and Abigail Flagg, and was born Sept. 1, 1775. She married David Lovering, April 20, 1797, and moved to Maine, where she has since resided Her father was engaged during the Revolution in teaming government stores from Boston to Fishkill on the Hudson, making successful trips with his slow but sure ox team. He subsequently went over to the West Side and bought the farm on which his son William, Mrs. Lovering's only surviving brother, still lives at the advanced age of 91 years. Mrs. Lovering is said to have been one of the finest looking women Woburn ever produced, and still displays a wonderful vitality. Her memory is excellent and she converses with spirit on the occurrences of years gone by. She retains her bodily faculties to an extraordinary extent, and is able to read her Bible without the aid of spectacles. Her birthday was celebrated by a gathering of her descendants, of whom 149 are now living—seven "children," whose ages range from 55 to 78 years, 43 grandchildren, 93 great-grandchildren and 6 great-great grandchildren. Her eldest daughter is Mrs. Levi Maxfield, now living in Woburn, on Green Street.

HORSE STOLEN.—On Sunday about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. George W. Reed discovered that his horse that was in the barn on Prospect street at 2 o'clock, was missing. The officers were notified, and began the search for the animal. No clue was obtained, until about 6 o'clock, when a boy brought him back, but when he got a short distance from the barn he left the horse and run into Whitcher's lumber yard and has not been seen since. A bridle and an old bag for a saddle were taken and returned and the horse was all right, there being nothing to show that he had been driven any great distance. Mr. Reed has suffered considerably of late by having eggs stolen from the barn, the thieves taking a basket or some utensil at different times to carry them in. The eggs were taken from the barn at the same time the horse was taken. The barn was entered by the south door, which is about 10 feet from the ground, a board being placed so as to climb up on.

ANOTHER ALARM.—About 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, the boys seeing the light of a fire in Arlington began to cry fire, and presently the steam gong took it up, and signalled the Fire Department. Hose 5 and Hook and Ladder 1 ran to Winchester line and returned. Hose 1 and the steamer went down Pleasant street. The want of a more perfect system of fire alarm is felt by those who are obliged to turn out when the gong sounds. As it now is, any boy can, under cover of the night start the cry of fire, and the gong blower takes it up, and the firemen have to start. They are ready to do so, because it is better to run several times on a false alarm, than to fail to respond when there is real need of their services. If some way could be devised to put a stop to this running to the line, every fireman would rejoice.

FIRES IN ARLINGTON. — About one o'clock Wednesday morning, some of our firemen who sleep with both ears open, were aroused by an alarm of fire apparently from Arlington. It proved to be from that town, and the fire was at the Poor House barn. Several unhappy paupers were locked in the barn, and one of them was burned to death.

On Wednesday evening, Mr Cyrus Cutter's barn near the town farm, was set on fire and totally destroyed, together with 5 horses, 6 hogs, and 30 tons hay. Two of the horses belonged to the town, and were rescued from the barn burned the evening before.

RUNAWAY.—Monday morning as Mr. M. C. Bean was about getting into his team at his stable on First street, his horse became frightened and ran down Union street, as he came into Main street he struck Mr. G. W. Kimball's buggy containing his daughter and a friend, throwing it on the sidewalk and upsetting the buggy, Mr. Bean's team being thrown on top. Miss Kimball and her friend were underneath both teams, and escaped with a few bruises, The buggy was considerbly damaged, but Mr. Bean's horse was slightly cut on the knees. It was a very narrow escape for all the parties.

LYNN MUSTER.—The Engineers at their meeting on Wednesday evening, voted to allow the Steamer and Hose 3 to attend the firemen's muster at Lynn which occurs the 15th and 16th of this month. Perham Hose will go with the Steamer. There is some talk of taking 50 men from the Department and trying their luck with one of the old hand engines.

ACCIDENT.—Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock, as the Lawrence freight train was passing the No. Woburn station on the Lowell road, John Hine, a brakeman who was on the top of the car, struck his head on the bridge, causing concussion of the brain. He was taken to the Mass. Hospital, and at last accounts was doing well.

MORE ROOM.—Work at the iron foundry is quite brisk, and necessitates having more room. An addition 12x40 to the east side of the building will be made, and the front will be carried to the side-walk. The work is being done by J. C. Whitcher.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The following scholars have been admitted to the High School since our last issue:—Gracie Gould, Mary Gould, Anna Richardson, Louisa Moreland, Elona Dennis, David G. Graham.

TIP OVER.—As some barrels were being unloaded from a wagon at A. E. Thompson's on Wednesday evening, the pin on the front axle came out, causing the team to turn upside down. No damage.

☞ Careless driving on the part of two out of town young ladies on Saturday, came near resulting in a grand smashup near Porter's Cigar Store.

ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Thursday evening Mr. Alfred A. Newhall Jr, was ordained a minister of the Baptist Church. In the afternoon a council was convened consisting of Rev Dr Johnson, and Deacon Richardson of Old Cambridge, Deacon Hobbs, and W H Allen, of Arlington, Deacon Stetson and James Pierce of Medford, Rev Mr Barnes, Deacon Richardson and J A Safford of Winchester, Rev Mr Mills, and A A Newhall, and M J Persons, of Woburn, and Daniel Jones, of Stoneham. The council were satisfied with their examination of the canditate, and at half past seven the ordination was proceeded with at the First Congregational Church, in the following order. Voluntary on the organ. Singing by the congregation of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Prayer by Rev H S Kelsey. Anthem by the quartette, "High in the Heavens." Reading of the minutes of the Council, by Rev H F Barnes, Scribe. Scripture reading, 2d Psalm, and 2 Tim 2d chapter, by Rev E Mills. Prayer by Rev H F Barnes. Hymn by the quartette. Sermon by Rev H C Townley, from Ps 97: 1, "Jehovah reigns, exalt the nations, be glad the many isles." Hymn by the quartette. Prayer by Rev G W Gardner D D and laying on of hands by Dr Gardner, Rev B F Bronson, Rev H C Townley, Rev E Mills, and Rev Dr Murdock. Hand of Fellowship by Rev Mr Bronson, of Putnam Conn. Charge by Rev. Dr Murdock. "Protect us through the coming night," by the quartette. Benediction By Rev A A Newhall Jr.

Mr Newhall is a graduate of our High School, of Rochester University and Theological Seminary, and goes at once to the Foreign Mission field.

REUNION—A reunion of the Parker family occurred at Milford, N H, at the residence of Jonathan Snow, on Tuesday of this week. About 60 went from Woburn and adjoining towns, and were joined at Milford by about 50 more from that locality. They went in picnic style, each carrying their own eatables. In connection with the reunion was celebrated the 25th anniversary of their host. Several presents were given, Mr Charles S Converse presenting them in behalf of the company. Mr Snow responded in a happy manner. About 1 o'clock dinner was ready, and after being refreshed, the younger of the party indulged in croquet, swinging and other games, while the older ones enjoyed themselves by riding and talking over old times. Several of the party visited the Milford Springs, whose waters are noted for their mineral qualities. The neighbors of Mr Snow very kindly lent all the assistance needed, and did what they could to make the day a success. About four o'clock some of the party left for home, while a great many stayed over night. In the evening the Odd Fellows and the Grangers, to the number of 300, of which Mr. Snow is a member, gave him a surprise. Tables were set, and an enjoyable time had. The Milford Band furnished music, and singing, dancing, and speeches were indulged in to some extent.

POLICE COURT.—Aug 30 William P Robinson, single drunk, $1 and costs. Annie Finn, liquor selling. $50 and costs. Margaret Flaherty assault on Mary Flaherty, $1 and costs. John Coffee, Patrick McHugh, Thomas O'Brien, Joseph Mulholland minors, were arrested for stealing fruit from the garden of Brooks Hadley. The last three were discharged for want of evidence, and Coffee was fined $5 and costs. Aug 31, Elizabeth Conlon, single drunk, $3 and costs. Fred Straw, for vagrancy, sentenced to House of Correction for 3 months, and for assault on Geo W Austin, was given 90 days more in the same place. Julia Sullivan and Mary Brady for assault on G W Austin sentenced to House of Correction for 90 days. Aug 28, John Dwyer, assault on Patrick Welch, fined $20 and costs, and recognized in the sum of $100 to keep the peace for six months. John and Jane O'Brien, for assault on Patrick Gibbins were discharged for want of evidence.

39TH.—The arrangement for the successful carrying out of the exercises at the reunion of the 39th regiment, are being rapidly perfected. The members will mostly arrive on the 10 o'clock train. Music will be furnished by the North Woburn Band, and the Phalanx will probably do escort duty. The annual business meeting will be held in the Armory of the Phalanx. The dinner will be held in Lyceum hall.

Arrangements have been made for a levee on the evening of the 6th October, in honor of the visiting 39th regiment. Tickets one dollar, admitting lady and gentleman. Music by the North Woburn Brass Band and Edmands' Quadrille Band of Boston.

SELECTMEN—Regular meeting Thursday afternoon. All present but Cummings. A E Thompson in the chair. Luke Estabrook was appointed a special police officer at the Chemical works. An invitation was received from the 39th regiment association, to participate in the exercises of their reunion, which was accepted. The Chief Engineer was instructed to construct a bell deck on the Cummingsville School house. Usual bills approved

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☞ Thursday evening, some one attempted to break into the house of Mr. Charles Doherty on Main street. Mrs. Doherty was alone, but succeeded in arousing the neighbors, and a search was made for the burglar. He was found under the shed, but managed to get away before the arrival of the police.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP.—Mr. C B. Stevens has bought of A. T. Young 5400 feet of land on Broad Street, placed the Button End School-house on the lot, and fitted it up for a blacksmith shop. He will be ready for business next Monday. See advertisement.

CONFIRMATION.—Archbishop Williams was in Woburn on Tuesday and the rite of confirmation was performed on 269 candidates.

☞ The interest, or rather the excitement, on base ball playing seems to increase rather than diminish as the season advances. It is now the universal topic of conversation on the street and in the shops and counting rooms. Manufacturers, traders, clerks, shoemakers, laborers, school boys and even some of our professional men have caught the fever of excitement. At almost every corner of the streets we hear about base hits, fly catches, muffers, double plays, whitewashers, good fielding, runs earned, errors, home runs, which, to the uninitiated, are as Greek to the school boy. There are now some eight regularly organized clubs, besides the improvised nines for a game or two; four or five of these have uniforms and others are to have.—*Stoneham Independent.*

North Woburn.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Last Tuesday morning about half past six, Mr. Josiah Brown left the room where his wife was sitting, and returning after a few minutes, found that she had slid off the chair to the floor, and life was extinct. She has been an invalid for nearly a year.

☞ The Sunday School connected with the Unitarian Association at the chapel, will commence its sessions on Sunday next.

BUILDING.—Geo. W. Kimball is building a barn for F. W. Flint near his residence on Traverse street. It is 20x22.

East Woburn.

BASE BALL.—In our list of the names of the Emmit Club a few weeks ago, the names of John Kenney and Stephen Bradley were omitted. The former plays third base, and the latter is a substitute. The Emmets expect to play the Kearsarge Jrs. of Stoneham, on the grounds of the Stoneham club, on Saturday afternoon, game being called at 3.30 o'clock. On Wednesday Sept. 8th, they will play the Actives of North Woburn, on the grounds of the latter club. They have two games in anticipation, with the Live Oaks of Lynn, and the Warrens of Fort Warren.

LYNN MUSTER.—Hose 4 at a special meeting Tuesday evening voted to attend the fireman's muster at Lynn. They will go in the "Gen. Sherman," and take their carriage on behind. They have been practising considerable lately with good results. They have extended an invitation to the engineers of the town to go with them.

BREAK.—E. B. White's Lynn Express broke down on Green Street, Tuesday. A new wheel will be needed to make the team as good as new.

West Woburn.

TRAMPS.—About 1 o'clock, Monday afternoon, Patrick Lorne, employed as a gardener at John Cummings' house, saw two men run into the woods from the rear of the house. He notified Mr. Ward, and an examination of the clothes line showed that five shirts were missing. They followed the men, who came out on the road, and were joined by three others, two women and one man. Two of the shirts were thrown behind the hedge and found there by Mr. Ward. Help was summoned from the farm, and the tramps were followed through the woods towards Lexington. The farm hands surrounded them, and Mr. Hanson, foreman on the farm, ordered the arrest of one the thieves. Two of them drew knives, the third a pair of barber's shears, and the women were armed with stones. No revolvers were drawn, although the hilt of one showed itself from the breast pocket of one of the tramps. The display of arms caused the farm hands to hold back, when Mr. Hanson ordered the tramps off the premises. They started towards Burlington watched by two men, word having been sent to the centre for the police. Officers Ramsdell and Kenney went over, and followed on to Burlington, and found that the women and one of the men had been arrested by officer Austin, keeper of the poor farm. They showed fight when taken, officer Austin was cut near the left eye with a knife in the hands of the Sullivan woman, and several who assisted the officer were roughly handled. Two of the men escaped to the woods and have not been seen since. The man and women were brought to the central station and locked up. Tuesday forenoon they were arraigned. The man gave the name of Fred Straw and said he was a barber. Had worked in Boston but getting on a drunk had struck out into the country until he should get over the fit. He had four sets of razors and a pair of shears when he started. The razors he had sold for liquor. He claimed that he was on his way to Concord to get work at his trade. In Burlington the officers grabbed him, and as they would not tell what for, he said they should not arrest him for nothing, and added "I don't think they did." The officers however, clubbed him into sobriety. One of the women named Julia Sullivan claimed to be Straw's wife, but Straw indignantly repelled the claim, Julia however, took Straw's part in good earnest, and with a pocket knife and a large stone, made the Burlington possee quite sore before they secured her. The other woman, Mary Brady, plead not guilty to assault on the officers, but after a few minutes in the lockup changed her plea to guilty, although she said she didn't do it. Straw was sent down for three months for assault, and ninety days for vagrancy. The women were sent down for assault, for ninety days each. They left the court room cursing the Burlington officers.

FIRE.—About half past twelve Wednesday noon fire was discovered in the house at the foot of Fox Hill, on Lexington street, owned by the widow of Samuel Fox. Word was sent to Cummingsville, and Hose 3 came over and attached to the hydrant on Burlington street near William Flagg's. They run out 600 feet of hose, but did not put a stream on, as the fire had been extinguished with buckets. It caught from the chimney in a second story chamber in rear of the house, and had it taken place in the night the result would have been much more serious. Fifty dollars will cover the damage.

BASE BALL.—A club has been organized in this part of the town. They are called the "Eagles," and practice on Fowle's field on Bedford street. The following are the names of the players and their positions:—C Ellard, catcher; James Kelley, pitcher; John Breslin, short stop; Henry Reddy, first base; George Breslin, second base; John Lynch, third base; Barney Ryan, left field; John Garrity, centre field; Thomas Ryan, right field.

☞ Cummingsville has a rooster whose powers of imitation are tremendous, at least he imitated the fire gong so nicely the other night that one of the members of the engine company arose and dressed quickly, thinking there must be a "big flame" somewhere.

ALARM.—The alarm of fire Wednesday evening took Hose 3 as far as W. A. Tufts' house on Cambridge street.

☞ Dr. Palmer, of Westerly, R. I., says "That Hunt's Remedy is the most effective medicine that he has ever used in his practice for dropsy and kidney diseases. *I can safely say that it has almost raised the dead.*"

VACATION ON THE MOOSEHEAD.

Probably many of the readers of the *Journal* have seen the admirable illustrated article on the Moosehead, in a late number of Harper's magazine. Still impressions made on a townsman by a recent visit to the same region, may not be out of place in your paper, or uninteresting to your readers.

It is a matter of surprise that a region so full of beauties, and so attractive to the tourist and pleasure seeker is so little known to the public. It is safe to say, that, if its peculiar features were understood, it would speedily become a popular summer resort, especially for such as seek entire seclusion from the world and temporary oblivion of its cares.

The journey thither is easy, quick, cheap and pleasant. Fifteen dollars buys a ticket over the Eastern & Maine Central Railroad, to and from the center of the lake. Leaving Boston in the evening we reach the foot of the lake by four o'clock the following day, the last twenty miles being by stage, through a most delightful country of never-ending woods, and varying mountain scenery. Then twenty miles more by steamer, among islands rivalling in beauty and freshness, those of the St. Lawrence, and by mountains hardly inferior to those which make Lake George so famous, we come to Mount Kineo Hotel just as the sun with final beams is touching the eastern hills with violet, and the lake and sky with amber and gold. This journey increasing in interest at every step, ends at the best possible hour at one of the most romantic places in the world. The hotel at the foot of Mount Kineo, a perpendicular rock rising 800 feet above the lake and almost cutting it in two, faces Southward and commands a scene of water, island woodland, and mountain, which can scarcely be excelled unless from the cliff behind it.

Here of course, the mere tourist and pleasure seeker stops Here is abundant opportunity for recreation with ordinary accompaniments of civilized life. Here are good beds, a good table, papers, post office, music, dancing, flirting, croquet, fishing, sailing, mountain climbing, and if these things fill the bill, I know of no place where they can be found of better quality or at a cheaper rate.

But they who mean to get the most out out of the lake and the region eschew steamboats and hotels and seek another style of life and locomotion. For real enjoyment, mental rest and physical upbuilding, commend us to camp life, the canoe and the fishing rod.

Much of course depends upon the congeniality of the company and upon the spirit which actuates its members. A ready hand, a cheerful spirit, willing to rough it, ignoring little ills, seeing fun in everything and bound to get good out of everything—these things insure good fellowship and a happy time. Our little company of four were singularly fortunate in this particular. Two were ministers, one a merchant and one a professional musician. But such a thing as squeamishness was not once thought of among them. We were bound to have a good time and were willing to use the means to secure it. Two of the party had been on the lake before. Knowing well the value of a worthy guide they had secured one to whose fidelity much of the success and comfort of our trip was due.

Capt. Cole is a man whom any party, little or large, who desire to explore the lake or make the descent of the Penobscot or St. John's, or hunt by the month in the woods, would be fortunate to secure. A man in the prime of life, compact, tough, wiry, for fifteen years a guide, a hunter all his life, skilled in the use of the sail, the oar, the paddle, the rod, a gentleman, unobtrusive, mindful of the comfort of his charge, a capital cook, given neither to drinking, chewing, smoking nor swearing, he is the man you will want.

"All aboard, hoist away." And so we start from Greenville for a three week's cruise. The captain's wife, a bride of six months, waves us a parting adieu, and our faces are up the lake towards Indians and barbarism. Our means of travel are a fine sail boat, sloop rigged, a flat bottomed row boat and a birch bark canoe which sits and glides as gracefully as a swan. The breeze is fine and our speed is good. The lines are cut. Presently K. is waked from reverie by a jerk, quick, sharp and strong. Ha! ha! This way beauty, cries the excited minister, as he pulls rapidly in the line. "Not too fast," shouts the captain, "you'll tear the hook out." Gently, here he comes. "A laker." Three pounds? No, says Capt. about two and three quarters. Dinner secure! Broiled trout! Hurrah boys! But where away Capt? "Down to the outlet. We'll try fishing off from the dam." How far is it? "Twelve miles."

While we are making this distance, let me say a word or two about the lake and its surroundings.

The Lake is about forty miles in length and varies in breadth from two to fifteen miles. It is as irregular in form as the head of a moose with horns at the greatest spread, a shape very picturesque in a lake, but exceedingly ungainly in an animal. The southern part is filled with islands wooded and fresh, the northern is broader and more unbroken. The shores in some places are low and wooded, in others rocky, lofty and precipitious, while mountains ranging from one thousand to four thousand feet in hight, rise in the immediate vicinity. Squaw, Little Squaw, the Lilly Bay mountains, Kineo, Little Kineo, the Spencer Twins most beautiful in form, Bigelow far in west and Katahdin, a grand and hoary pile forty miles eastward—some or all of these mountains and a host of minor, but by no means unworthy elevations, are continually in view. The scenery about the lake was to me a complete surprise and a perpetual delight.

The elevation of the lake is about twelve hundred feet above the sea, hence there is a long and cold winter and a short and delightfully cool summer. Ice forms in October and remains till the latter part of May or the first of June

This is the great lumber region of Maine and immense quantities of logs are every winter drawn to the border of the lake. In the spring they are surrounded by booms and towed by steamer to the outlet, and sent down the Kennebec to be sawn and distributed over the country. A dam has been thrown across the outlet, by which the level of the lake can be raised six feet, and the surplus waters of the Spring can be utilized throughout the summer in floating logs over rapids where otherwise they would be hopelessly jammed.

Though there is not an acre of accessible land far or near that has not been run over and its best timber culled, yet to the eye the country presents the appearance of an unbroken forest. Between the little village of Greenville at the foot of the lake and Kineo there are perhaps half a dozen farm houses. In the twenty miles between Kineo and the head of the lake there are but two places showing signs of life and human activity. We are in the midst of nature undisturbed. The world with its cares and confusion, its fever and fuss is behind us. The everlasting babble of human tongues has ceased and a sweet and restful silence is upon us.

This wooded and mountainous district furnishes head waters for the great rivers of Maine and New Brunswick. The lake itself is the origin of the Kennebec, which from its very birth has all the qualities of a rapid and mighty stream. The Penobscot circles about the northern extremety of the lake and touches it within two miles. A little farther on is a chain of lakes whose waters through the channel of the St. John's, by a mighty sweep to the northward, traverse the wilderness of northern Maine, Canada, and New Brunswick and finally mingle with the tides of the Bay of Fundy, five hundred miles away.

But here we are at our first camping ground. Anchor. Tent, provisions, blankets, etc., etc., packed into the row boat. On shore. Capt. knows we are hungry. He has an eye on dinner. In two minutes a fire with the tea kettle over it, In five more, potatoes are washed and simmering. In fifteen that trout is turning its orange colored sides to the fire. Meantime, Ham the merchant and Cad the singer are busy with the tent, and K. lifts up the axe against the nodding balsams, coveting their plumes for a fragrant couch. "No fear. Trees plenty. Down with them. Trim them up. Take the tips only." "Here they are, a cart load" "Now arrange them carefully; stems all one way." "Ah, isn't it fine. So thick, so soft, so sweet!"

"Dinner ready!" "Good! Hungry as a bear!" "Draw up!" "To what?" "That log. Hurry up. No dawdling in the woods. Dinner'll get cold. It is going to rain too." So, so! well, here goes, and we "pitch in." But were ever fish and potatoes so good before!

Dinner over. Capt. clears away and washes the dishes. The rest, all hands are off to the dam fishing. "Here comes the shower." "Let it come! who cares! Rubber coats and boots are a match for it."

"Heigh, ho! The first fish." "How big?" "I'll never tell. Too busy to talk." Supper at sundown. Half a dozen fine trout a piece. A big, roaring fire before the tent drying off all superfluous moisture and lighting up the woods far and near; an early "turn in," and so ends the first day.

There is probably a remnant of the savage in us all, and it is marvellous how readily even the civilized turn back to barbarism. I saw and conversed with an Indian over eighty years old, who in his youth had been a member of Dartmouth College, but he had nevertheless spent his life in the wigwam. So we also took kindly to the deprivations and and the pleasures of savage life—the tent or hut of logs, the bed of boughs, the blanket, to coarse garments worn day and night, to coarse food prepared and eaten in quantities and with an appetite unknown to civilized men, to grimy hands and bronzed faces. But there is freedom and freshness in this life, and health and buoyancy which nothing else can give It is worth not a little to wake in the morning refreshed from head to foot, your mouth innocent of all those villainous tastes you know so well at home, your lips wreathing with a nascent joke and your elbows feeling an irresistible impulse to get among your neighbors ribs. And the morning toilet, how quickly dispatched! a plunge in the lake, hair dressed with a pocket comb, no shirt fronts to examine, no collars or cuffs to bother Ready for the day, be it work or play.

Three days here is long enough! Let's be off! Where away Capt.? "Nine miles up the lake, opposite Kineo is a lumbermen's cabin. That's our place." Down tent, things packed, all aboard, away we go, taking along in our capacious boat and into our more capacious sympathy, a most plucky but ill-provided party, consisting of doctor and wife, minister and lawyer, and two dogs Anecdote, jest and song filled up the hours. We land in a roaring thunder storm, and quickly find shelter, food and fire. Be it remembered that these were dog days of the most doggish kind. Of this we were rather glad than otherwise because they were always soft,—not a cold breath for a fortnight,—and because they furnished such ever changing and grateful variety,—resplendant mornings, rapidly forming cumuli piled mountain above mountain, rounded and snowy in the sky, suddenly developed thunder and wind storms, tearing down the hill sides and sweeping over the lake, gorgeous sunsets and moonlight nights. No such cloud views have I seen for many a day.

In the evening to Kineo, a most lovely resting place on the border land of savage and civilized life. Letters so soon, and unexpected! Bless her thoughtful heart!

Four days here and then we strike for the head of the lake. On a beautiful island of half an acre, commanding a horizon of varied and surpassing loveliness, with not a fly or mosquito to disturb our repose, fanned by perpetual breezes, and soothed by the lapping of the waves upon the pebbles of the shore, for a week we found a home. One night on our return, the sixteenth and last we were in camp, was spent in the lumberman's cabin. The next the balsam boughs and blankets were exchanged for mattress and clean linen.

Of course in such a trip there is a world of pleasing incident and adventure It would be idle to attempt to reproduce it in detail, impossible to give its original zest and vividness. If there be any fun, humor or wit in a man it will get out at such a time. It is next to impossible for one to remain dry and juiceless. The exuberance of animal spirits must overflow, and the freshness of physical powers must expend itself. Hence the jest, the song, the almost ceaseless hilarity; hence also the activity with rod, oar, paddle, gun, or on the mountain climb.

How many are the hours of overflowing joy one cannot and would not forget! How shall we forget the electric tingle communicated through the yielding rod, or the fierce and wrathful lunges of the great fish as you draw them slowly towards the net; the mad dashing through the waves when the mast creaks and the gunwale is under water; the manly pull at the oars; the graceful and silent movement of the birchen canoe, sensitive to the paddle as bird to the wing—the very poetry of motion; the morning on Kineo, the lake and its emerald islands like a map before us, and every mountain from Bigelow to Katahdin in view, the fearful cliff at the eastern extremity and the dark waters underneath, the hilarious company, the lunch on the topmost rock, the sudden shower, the covering of Madam with a birchen cloak, the resplendent double rain bow over the cliff and between us and the black waters of the lake, the star spangled banner sung by a dozen lusty voices, its emphatic notes enforced, a la Gilmore, by shots from a double barrelled gun; the sacred concert on the shore of a Sunday evening; the singing in the parlor of Kineo for the delectation of the guests—for be it known that the musical ability of our party was celebrated and in demand, and justly so, for a richer, more sympathetic voice than thine, oh, Cad, few ever hear—again and again at the Northeast Carry and finally at the Lake House on our return; the moonlight serenade by a company coming by steamer to our island home; that fierce and fearful storm of wind and thunder and blinding rain which smote us in the midst of the lake, tossed us like a cockle shell, shut out sight of the world and left us alone with warring elements!

And what sweet hours were those spent, oh brother mine, with thy gentle, pious, poetic soul! That Sabbath alone, so restful and filled with peace; the sermon in the hut, the canvassing of theological and practical matters, the harmony of view and aim; that wondrous evening with its amber clouds, golden waters and violet tinted hills. Or later on our island home, those evening hours of communion, our own voices, the lapping of the waves, the half human cry of the loon the only audible sounds; the full moon climbing over Spencer and flooding the lake with softest silver—Communion on life, its hopes, its successes and failures, its pressing labors, its glorious rewards. Forget them? Nay, they will come to me many a long day hence and make me love thee more.

But all things have an end and so did our vacation on the Moosehead. "Good bye, Capt. Hope to see you again." And we take our last look at the antlers on the piazza of the Lake House.

If any are curious to know the expense of such a trip, let me say we paid the Capt. five dollars a day for outfit and services. Our entire expense sixteen days was $25.45 per man. Next year, (D. V. three weeks in a canoe on the St. John. Who will go?

H. S. K.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD,
AUG. 30th, 1875.

DEAR JOURNAL:—August 7th, 1875, found us again at this pleasant island, highly enjoying the cool sea breezes, and other recreations which it at present affords. In company with thousands of others we have availed ourselves of the many opportunities for enjoyment in the shape of boating, "bluffing," fishing, excursions, etc., which makes the Vineyard so attractive as a summer resort. This year the number of visitors is unusually large, in fact the largest that has ever visited here at one time. All the principal hotels are filled to overflowing, and still they come.

The most noted events of the past two weeks were the illuminations at Oak Bluffs, and the Regatta which took place Friday, August 20. The illumination of Clinton avenue, which took place the 14th, was the first of the season, and was a most beautiful sight. This avenue is one of the richest and handsomest, and comprises some of the largest cottages in the Grove. On the evening in question these were all thrown open, and Chinese lanterns and colored lights of every size, color and description were hung in the windows, along the piazzas, and doorways, and on the trees in front, lighting up the rich furnishings inside in a brilliant manner. The majority of these cottages had the names of the owners engraved upon the outside, and among other names we noticed that of Ex Chief Engineer J. S. Damrell, Boston, whose cottage vied with the rest in tasteful decoration and furnishing. Mottoes and inscriptions abounded, a large one at the head of the avenue reading "Clinton Avenue greets her neighbors," and another still larger, at the end, "The Vineyard is our resting place, Heaven is our Home." The second and last illumination, that of Oak Bluffs, occurred Saturday evening, the 21st, and was even more beautiful than that of Clinton avenue, covering a much larger area, and comprising within its limits Ocean avenue, which faces the sea. A procession of Antiques and Horribles, which formed one feature of the evening's entertainment, passed through several of the avenues, and at different points on their route, colored lights were burnt, showing them up to good advantage. Three bands discoursed music throughout the evening, one or the other of them playing incessantly. Two large yachts, one the property of Gen. Ben. Butler were also brilliantly illuminated. A fine display of fireworks, set off in a satisfactory manner, ended a very pleasant and enjoyable evening.

But by far the greatest excitement, and we might well say the greatest crowd prevailed on Friday, the day on which the great regratta, which had been the exciting topic for so many weeks, took place in front of the Sea View House. The races which were divided into four classes, namely, the schooner yacht, sloop yacht, cat-rigged boats, and whale boats, were advertised to start at one o'clock, P. M., and at that time an immense throng had assembled on the bluffs to witness the progress of the races. The wharf, the piazzas, and windows of the great Sea View, and all along the plank walk for the distance of three quarters of a mile were literally packed with people eager to see the races. Having a great desire to watch the regatta from the water we accordingly took a small sail boat and started from Vineyard Haven across the harbor, around the point known as East Chop, to the wharf at Oak Bluffs, a distance of about three miles. The wind which was blowing quite moderately when we started, breezed up soon after we left the harbor and it required all the skill of our captain to keep clear of the numerous schooners, yachts and sail boats which thickly dotted the expanse of waters in view of the regatta. When we arrived on the scene, the schooner yachts had started, and our boat being so small and low, our view was very much obstructed by the larger vessels around us. We saw the whale boats start, however, and that was about all, for at that time the motion of the boat began seriously to interfere with our enthusiasm in the races, and although we started for home very soon after, it was of no use, and we were obliged to give up—not the ghost, but an excellent dinner of which we had partaken before we started for the bluffs. We soon landed, however, and with feet once more on *terra firma* we turned our backs on the briny deep, and left all sea sickness behind us. In the evening a supper was given the yachtmen, judges and others at the Sea View House, where speeches were listened to, and the prizes awarded to the winners in the race. The number of yachts which took part in the races was not so large as was anticipated. A New York squadron, which was to have taken an active part in the regatta did not arrive on account of the bad weather which prevailed at that time.

In the afternoon, while the steamer "River Queen" was running up to the wharf at the Sea View, she struck the yacht "Madcap" of New Bedford, amidships, and cut her down below the water's edge, so that when she was shook off the steamers bow she sank almost immediately. There were upwards of twenty-five or thirty people on board, but boats were instantly sent to their rescue, and no lives were lost. This and a slight accident on the Katama railroad were the only ones which occurred during the day.

The Baptists held their first Camp Meeting at Highland Grove this season, commencing Monday Aug. 16th, and closing the 23d. The Methodist Camp Meeting commenced the 23d, and ended the 30th. Some of the best croquet grounds in the grove are located between the tabernacle and society tent, and it was quite amusing to see with what interest the games were played, every opportunity was improved, for at presisely four o'clock Monday morning the 23d, stakes must pulled up and every trace of croquet obliterated.

During Camp Meeting week Vineyard Haven looks quite deserted in appearance many of the people occupying tents and cottages at the Grove. There is no service in either of the churches here for three successive Sabbaths, before and during Camp Meeting, the last being what is called the "big Sunday," and also the day before the meeting breaks up, and when people from all parts of the country flock to Oak Grove to be present at the services.

From the windows of our stopping place at Vineyard Haven we have a most beautiful view of the harbor, Lagoon Pond and Lagoon Heights. A small part of Oak Grove and the roof of the Sea View are also to be seen from here, and the drive from Vineyard Haven to the Bluffs is one of the pleasantest on the island, extending as it does for some distance along what is called the beach road, which is a narrow strip of land between the harbor and Lagoon pond. At one point on this road where the water meets there has been erected a large drawbridge for the accommodation of numerous sail and other boats that are continually passing through. Lagoon Heights is a small place just coming into observation. A large and convenient hotel finished this season is open for the accommodation of visitors and for those who prefer a quiet to the bustle and excitement of the Camp Grove, makes a very nice Summer residence.

A. SOJOURNER.

☞ If it is true, as reported, that the majority of an English jury favor a verdict of manslaughter against the officers of the royal yacht Alberta, which ran down the Mistletoe, the English excursion managers will begin to think that their interests are managed better in this country. The Alberta was bearing the Queen and royal family in their summer excursion to Scotland, and of course neither she nor her retinue had any responsibility. The leading London papers, also, tender of all reputations upon which the reflected glamour of royalty falls, have elaborately undertaken to absolve the officials from all blame in the matter. The jury with presumably better facilities for knowing the bottom facts have taken a different view of the conduct of the Alberta's officers. Which is right let Englishmen decide. Perhaps the Plimsoll crusade against coffin ships has made the public a little more suspicious of careless ocean accidents of whatever nature. At any rate caution has been held in too low esteem in the past, and a public censure of the carriers of royalty may have a good effect upon those whose craft carry more humble freight.

A SAD FALL; RUM DID IT.—Michael W. Smith, a young man of twenty-nine summers, who hails from Woburn, where he practices the profession of a currier, met with an unfortunate occurance in this city yesterday. While wandering about in the rear of Haverhill street, in a state of intoxication, he fell into a vault, from which he was fished out by Officer Fish of the first Station, just as he was sinking the last time. He was rescued more dead than alive, and the hose turned on him, and by a vigorous use of Cochitnate, was got into condition to be taken to the station house, where he was provided with clothes more agreeable to the sense of smell. This morning he made his debut at the Municipal Court, where he was fined $3 and costs for drunkenness.—*News*.

☞ Swapping hats isn't always the thing, unless. you can get three dollars when you take an old "tile." One of our tonsorial artists concluded to shine out in a new stove pipe a few days ago, when a friend took the liberty to examine the new and attractive tile. It being just a fit for the admiring gentleman he placed it on his head and put his own dilapitated concern on the head of his friend. They talked and joked a while, forgetting all about the exchange of hats, and thus they parted and have not seen each other since. The worst of it is our tonsorial friend knows who did it, but can't call his name, and as he is not likely to see his face in a hurry the chances are slim for recovering the hat. That's the way to get a new hat for an old one.—*Haverhill Publisher*.

Winchester.

"Not Lost, but Gone Before."

On the evening of the 31st of August, at her old home in Winchester, ministered unto by those who were most dear to her of earthly friends, and sustained by that heavenly Friend whose "peace passeth understanding," the spirit of Miss Alicia Quimby bid farewell to these fair earthly scenes and passed on to her earthly home.

Her's was a sincere, earnest life. Truly was her common lot nobly borne and glorified. Her father and mother, both well known citizens of Winchester, died when she was almost a school girl. Cheerfully she took the burden of life upon herself. She prepared herself for school teaching and obtained a situation as teacher in the Hawkins street School, Boston, which she successfully filled with ever increasing satisfaction up to the time of her death.

Faithfully she performed her self appointed work in the world, and with the means thus obtained and the ever ready assistance of a brother, she gladly maintained a happy home for herself and two younger sisters. To them she was all that a sister could be, she filled a mother's place in the family as well as was possible.

Cheerful and happy was her little home circle till consumption laid its chilling hand upon her and bid her cease her labors of love. About eighteen months ago, she was so weakened by successive attacks of hemorrhage that her life was almost dispaired of. But contrary to the expectations of friends, she raillied, and after taking a long vacation from her school duties, she resolutely returned to them. Sustained by the strong will of her mind, and the intense desire of her heart to be useful in her day and generation, she labored on, and the spirit within her obtained a victory over her weakened body.

Not complainingly, not grudgingly did she give up her feeble strength, but cheerfully she gave all. How many would have given up in like circumstances! How few would have been as cheerful and resolute as she was!

So successfully she fought her disease that many of her friends thought she might be spared to them for a few years at least, and therefore her last brief sickness which resulted in her death was a sudden blow to their hopes.

But God knows best. In His infinite mercy and love He has taken her to Himself. The blossoming beauty of her life here on earth will find its full fruition in Heaven.

Her funeral on Thursday last, at the Congregational Church was largely attended. The alter and casket were beautifully dressed with a profusion of flowers most of them given as a last tribute of respect by her many living friends. One piece of elegant floral work was given by the Young Men's Association, among whom she was highly esteemed and respected. The exercises at the church consisted of an address and prayer by Rev. Mr Dascomb, and singing of appropriate pieces by a select quartette.

Let us hope that the good influence and lesson of her life may not be lost upon those of her associates who remain behind. May each take up their cross and bear their burden as cheerfully as she did! May each do their appropriate work as faithfully in the world. May each be as well prepared by the discipline of this life to enter into that future state of happiness which awaits all faithful servants as she was.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal, we call death.

She is not dead,—the friend of our affection;
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

☞ Mr. L. G. Cilley, formerly in business here, and residing at Lancaster, has recently been bereaved of two children, (twins) who died of Cholera Infantum, within 24 hours of each other. At the time of their death, Mr. C. was away to attend the funeral of his mother who had just died.

The trains commenced running by the new signal system on the B. & L. R. R. on Wednesday morning. Being a new thing, they gave some trouble in bringing trains in on time, but will get in good running order in a day or two.

—The Excelsior Hose Co. No. 3, which proposes to take part in the muster at Lynn, 13th inst, had another trial last Tuesday, and ran half a mile and got a stream through the pipe in 3 minutes and 7 seconds.

—The bell connected with the new electric signal bell at the depot, thought to "astonish the natives" Tuesday, and kept striking at intervals of two or three minutes all night.

—Messrs. Carter and Dunbar, of this place were with a party at Nantucket, and assisted in capturing a shark, weighing 650 lbs.

SCHOOLS.—The Winchester public schools will recommence on Monday next, after a vacation of nine weeks for the High and Grammar Schools, and eleven for all of the others. An unusual number of changes will occur among the teachers. The new ones are—

High School—Assistants, Miss Harriet J. Williams, Miss Leona C. Kyle.
Chapin Intermediate—Mary A. Emerson.
" 1st Primary—Cora Dyke.
" 2d " Carrie B. Symmes.
Rumford Interm.—Eveline Davis.
Mystic—Elizabeth H. Stevens.
Hill—Miss Saunders. **

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE'S LAST DECISION.—The last decision rendered by Chief Justice Chase, which would have an interest on this account alone, concerned an accident life insurance policy. The case came from Michigan, and was one in which the heirs of the deceased, who had come to his death by violence while walking, sued for $5000, the amount of an accident policy which he had taken out for one day on the day of his death. Payment was refused because the policy stipulated insurance against accident and death while "travelling by public or private conveyance in the United States or Dominion of Canada." The assured proceeded by steamboat, after purchasing his insurance ticket, and then walked eight miles to his residence. It was during this walk that he met his death by violence. The Michigan courts held that the death did not come within the terms of the contract, as walking was not "travelling by public or private conveyance," and Chief Justice Chase's opinion affirmed the judgment of the State Court.—*Chicago Tribune*.

AN EASY WAY OF GETTING ALONG—A Hartford, Conn., lady went out shopping early the other morning. She was in quest of some tomatoes and some lace. At the provision store she bargained for a quart of tomatoes, which came to ten cents, and as the clerk was wrapping them up, she discovered a ten cent bill on the floor. This she tendered as payment and the clerk good humoredly accepted it. Next she visited a dry goods store, and while waiting for the clerk to do up twenty-five cents' worth of lace trimming, the lady discovered a twenty five cents scrip on the floor. This, as in the former instance, paid for the purchase. The lady returned home with the goods, and had not once taken out her portemonnie. Such "luck" as she experienced is a rarity worth noting.

☞ The season of the golden rods is now with us, and hints of autumn are multiplying. The closed gentian is abundant in moist fields, and the brilliant cardinal nods to the music of the brooks. The foliage is uncommonly luxuriant and the abundant rains have clothed the mowed fields with a rich growth of aftermath. Summer and autumn seem embracing in these days, and there is no pleasanter time for sauntering in the country than for a month to come. It the daytime is occasionally sultry and hot, the cool nights give relief in most life giving slumber. The country among the hills from the ridges of Massachusetts to the mountains of northern New England are thronging with summer visitors, some stopping for a few days only, while others remain for months. Everybody can be suited to their peculiar tastes. Places of perfect quiet can be found as well as of the gayest hilarity. Where we are there is hardly an approach to disturbance. Not a solitary "tramp" even has called upon us this summer. We have no fault to find with the fraternity for neglecting us, and shall give them a very wide berth if they do come. The town is not a favorable place, indeed, for promiscuous pedestrianism, for there is plenty of work on the "poor farm," in digging rocks and ditches, which those unemployed gentlemen are politely invited to assist if they do not "move on."—*Ashburnham Letter*.

MARRIAGE MADE EASY.—Attention young bachelors, who sigh for wives! Attention young maids who yearn for husbands! Here's your chance—room for everybody; old and young may have an equal chance in the great lottery of life. We are in receipt of a late number of the *Matrimonial Bazar*, a monthly publication "devoted to the interests love, courtship and marriage," to quote from the editor. A new channel of communication between the sexes; a method by which forlorn bachelor may obtain charming wives, and home comforts, and enable disconsolate maids to secure their heart's desire—a fond husband. A lively, vigorous little paper; spicy, readable and newsy, just the thing for those in search of a companion. It affords unbounded facilities for the exchange of ideas, and for making new acquaintances. The funniest premium in the world is given to every subscriber. Sample copies will be sent to any address for 10c. Address *Matrimonial Bazar*, Chicago, Ill.

HARD OF HEARING—Polite Stranger (in a hurry, thinking he had grazed old gentleman's ankle): "Beg pardon!" Old Gentleman: "Eh?" Polite Stranger (louder): "I beg your pardon!" Old Gentleman (unconscious of any hurt): "Why?" Polite Stranger: "I'm afraid I kicked you—" "Old Gentleman: "Eh?" Polite Stranger (shouting): "I kicked you!" Old Gentleman (surprised): "What for!" Polite Stranger: "It was quite by accident." Old Gentleman: "Eh? Beg your pardon—' Polite Stranger (roaring in his ear): "Accident!" Old Gentleman: "Bless my soul! You don't say so? Where? Where? I hope nobody's killed?" Polite Stranger rushes off and loses his train.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Married.

In Woburn, Sept 1, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Mr Clarence P. Stetson, of Washington D. C. and Miss Caddie M. Kimball, daughter of G. W. Kimball, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Sept 2, by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, of East Boston, Mr. Edwin McCrillis and Miss Mary A. Chadbourne, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Aug. 26, by Rev. H. C. Townley, Mr. Charles H. Rand and Sarah M. Ashby, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, August 31, Mary W., wife of Josiah Brown, aged 49 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, Sept. 1, James Fahey, aged 54 years, 2 months.

In Winchester, Aug. 31, Miss Alicia O. Quimby, aged 26 years, 2 months.

In Reading, Aug. 24, Aaron McIntire, aged 83 years 7 months.

In Cleveland, O., 21st ult., George Oliphant, only child of George P. and Mariah H. Welch. 4 months 27 days.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and settle their accounts before September 10th, as after that date all outstanding bills will be placed in the hands of a Collector.

G. W. WOLGAMOTT, M. D.

A CARD.

The thanks of John Cummings Hose Co., No. 3 is hereby tendered to Mr. W. W. Hill, for his refreshing soda furnished on the evening of the 26th, ult.

By order of
J. W. ELLARD, Foreman,
F. F. TAYLOR, Clerk.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

The firm of F. S. Richardson & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Winchester, Sept. 1st, 1875.

FRANCIS S. RICHARDSOM,
WM. H. BAILEY,

The Saw Mill business will be continued by the undersigned with F. S. Richardson as Foreman.

Winchester, Sept. 1st, 1875.

WM. H. BAILEY.

Pensioners Notice.

Pensioners are reminded that their Bienial Examination must be had before the next payment. The subscriber will be at his house, on Church st. Winchester, to attend to such; afternoons and evenings, on and after Sept. 4th. A. CHAPIN.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son, William T. Eames, his time during the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

GEORGE T. EAMES.

Wilmington, August 25, 1875.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association will be held in the front office in Lyceum Building, on Tuesday, the seventh day of September next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., to choose officers for said Association for the ensuing year, and to transact all other business as may legally come before said meeting.

J. F. DIELAND, Secretary.

Woburn, August 27th, 1875.

Dr. FRED F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
62 Myrtle Street, - - Boston.

NEW
BLACKSMITH SHOP!

The undersigned would announce to his friends and the public that he will open his shop Sept. 6, on
BROAD STREET,
where he hopes to receive a share of the public patronage, in
Horse Shoeing, Carriage Repairs,
and General Blacksmith Work.
Special attenton given to Repairing Springs.
C. B. STEVENS.

WILLIAM SLATER,
Plain and Decorative
Sign Painter,
149 Main Street, Woburn.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
DWELLING HOUSE AND LAND IN WOBURN.

To George H. Conn the supposed owner of the equity, Samuel O. Pollard, Nigel D'Oyly mortgagees, and all other persons interested in the following described Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Conn to me dated December 11, 1872, and recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Registry of Deeds, Lib 1276, Fol 382, on account of the breach of the condition therein contained will be sold at public auction on the premises therein described, on Tuesday the fourteenth day of September, A. D., 1875, at four and one half o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed viz:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows viz:—Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Middle Street and Mount Pleasant Street, thence running Easterly on Middle Street two hundred and seventy-nine feet to East Street, thence turning and running Southerly on East Street two hundred and thirty-two feet to Fowle Street, thence turning and running Westerly on Fowle Street two hundred and sixty-two feet to Mount Pleasant Street, thence turning and running Northerly on Mount Pleasant Street two hundred and ninety-two and nine tenths feet to the point of beginning.

Being lots numbered fourteen, fifteen, twenty nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three on a plan of lands of Fowle and Rogers, surveyed by Cyrus Thompson, Aug. 1849, recorded with Middlesex So Dist., Plans, Lib. 4, Plan 89

Will be sold subject to two mortgages on which there is now due, the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars and interest thereon, being the same mortgages referred to in said mortgage deed to me.

Terms made known at time and place of sale,

GEORGE B. CLAPP, Mortgagee.

Boston, Aug. 21, 1875. 167

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons in any way interested in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James Nichols of Wakefield, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation legally established within and by the authority of said Commonwealth, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in said County, which mortgage is dated November 1st, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1189, Fol. 558, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the sums secured thereby, on Monday, the thirteenth day of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated partly in said Wakefield, and partly in Stoneham, in said County, containing three and one half acres and thirty-six poles, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Prospect street, so called, easterly by land now or formerly of Charles Bancroft and others, southerly by land formerly of Benjamin Gerry, deceased, and westerly partly by a road leading from Prospect street aforesaid, by the dwelling house late of said Gerry, deceased, to Stoneham, and partly by land formerly of said Gerry, and all the same premises conveyed to said James Nichols by Thomas Sweetser, by deed dated July 1st, 1859, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 822, Page 312, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James Nichols, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at time and place of sale,

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagees.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875. 169

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons interested in any way in the premises hereater described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by James Nichols and Caroline R. Nichols, his wife, in her own right, both of Wakefield, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Saving Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of said Commonwealth, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in said County, dated July 1st, A. D., 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1173, Folio 630, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing payment of the amount secured thereby, on Monday the thirteenth day of September next, at 3½ o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of said Wakefield, on the easterly side of Elm street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Begineing at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on said Elm street, at land of Mrs. Ephraim Swan's; thence the line runs easterly by said Swan's land, eighteen rods, to land of the Boston and Maine Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by said land last named, twelve rods and fourteen links, to land of Solomon Dodge; thence westerly by land of said Dodge, to said Elm street; thence northerly on and by said Elm street to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to Caroline R. Nichols by two deeds, viz:—One from John Lee, dated June 1st, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, July 1, 1871, and the other from Parker L. Converse, dated July 1, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James Nichols and Caroline R. Nichols their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENT SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
Real Estate!

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Daniel Coakley to Francis F. Taylor dated April 6th A. D. 1872 and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesix Lib. 1359 fol. 207 will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on the 13th day of September next, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the Easterly part of Woburn, in said County, on Wood Street, containing Thirty-five thousand square feet, more or less, and bounded Westerly on Wood Street, northerly by land of Sherman Converse, easterly by land now or formerly of P. G. Hanson, and southerly by land now or formerly of Lewis Farrell being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Daniel Coakley, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale

FRANCIS F. TAYLOR, Mortgagee.
CLEMENT P. JAYNE, Auctioneer.

Woburn, August 24th, 1875.

EAGEN'S PATENT
IMPROVED
CONCRETE
FOR PAVING
Crossings, Side Walks, Drive Ways, Cellar Bottoms, &c.
Also ASPHALTUM ROOFING
Furnished on favorable terms by
JOHN R. FURBUSH,
43 Mt. Pleasant St., Woburn.

Cheap Butter Store.
Cheapest place in Woburn to buy
Butter, Cheese, Tea and Coffee,
AT F. H. CLARRIDGE'S 27
Butter & Tea Store, 190 Main St. Woburn

RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S, Prop's, Canton, Mass.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Reject all violent purgatives. They ruin the tone of the bowels and weaken the digestion.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, is used by rational people as a means of relieving all derangements of the stomach, liver and intestines, because it removes obstructions without pain and imparts vigor to the organs which it purifies and regulates.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RIDGE'S FOOD
is extensively used in
The Mass. Infants' Asylum,
The Women & Children's Hospital,
The Chicago Founslings' Home,
And public institutions in this and other countries.
For sale by Druggists everywhere

Pleasant & Profitable Employment.

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A NEW SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK
By H. S. & W. O. PERKINS.
Price 35 cents. $30 per Hundred.

"Rest in Thee," "What Jesus may say," "Wandering Child," "What are these," "Watchman awake!" are specimens of the titles of the beautiful new hymns, to sweet new melodies.

!! THE HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR !!
By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.
Price $1.00. $9.00 per Dozen.

The HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR is similar in general design to the very popular 'HOUR OF SINGING,' which has been almost universally used in High Schools. The present work is in no way inferior to its predecessor, and is entirely fresh and new.

THE SONG MONARCH
Price 75 cents. $7.50 per dozen.
By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
Do not think of teaching a singing school without using this attractive, popular and useful book.
Specimen copies sent, post-paid, for retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 162
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
Real Estate IN WOBURN.

To George H. Conn, the supposed owner of the equity, Samuel O. Pollard, Nigel D'Oyly mortgagees and all other persons interested in the following described Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Conn, to the undersigned dated January 1, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1276, Fol. 385, on account of the breach of condition therein contained, will be sold at public auction on the lot first herein described, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of September A. D. 1875, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the first and fourth described parcels of land in said mortgage, the second and third parcels having been previously sold, under prior mortgages.

The first of said parcels is situated in said Woburn and is bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the said premises on the westerly side of East street, at land of Couillard; thence running northerly on said East street five hundred and thirty-four and seventy five hundredths feet, to land of Howland; thence turning and running westerly by said land of Howland two hundred and forty-seven and 85-100 feet to the middle of a private way, said private way being the continuation of Mount Pleasant street; thence turning and running southerly by the middle of said private way thirty-four and 91-100 feet to a corner; thence turning and running westerly by land of Lyman, land of Cullen, and land now or late of T. J. and B. T. H. Porter, five hundred and seventy-two and 62-100 feet to land of Horace Conn, known as the Forty Pound Lot; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Horace Conn; three hundred and seventy-two and 14-100 feet to land of D. Barry; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Barry three hundred and seventy-four and 75-100 feet to a corner; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Barry two hundred and forty-two and 7-10 feet to a private way known as Carter street; thence easterly by said Carter street thirty-four and 91-100 feet to land of Couillard; thence northerly by said land of Couillard one hundred and one feet to a corner; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Couillard two hundred and ten and 86-100 feet to the point of beginning, containing seven and four hundred and three thousandths acres, and being subject to a mortgage to Roxanna B. Eaton for one thousand dollars, and interest due thereon.

The fourth of said parcels is situated in said Woburn, on the westerly side of said Conn street, and is bounded and described as follows viz: Beginning at the Northeasterly corner of the premises on said Conn Street at land of Eustace Cummings thence running Westerly on said land of Cummings one hundred and seventy six and 2-10 feet to an angle, thence turning and running Southwesterly by said land of Cummings forty four and 82-100 feet to land of Horace Conn, thence turning and running Southerly by said land of Horace Conn one hundred and ninety five and 55-100 feet to land of said Conn, thence Easterly by said Conn's land and of land of Simon Holden two hundred and fifteen and 35-100 feet to said Conn Street, thence Northerly by said Conn Street one hundred and ninety one and 9-100 feet to the point of beginning. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

GEORGE B. CLAPP, Mortgagee.

Boston, Aug. 24th, 1875. 166

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons interested in any way in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by John Nelson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Frederick A. Hartwell, of said Woburn, dated May 1st, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1308, folio 144, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing payment of the amount secured thereby, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of September next, at three of the clock in the afternoon on the premises, a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on Beach street, in said Woburn, containing about one-half acre more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:

Beginning at the Southeasterly corner of the premises, on Beach street, at land now or late of Samuel Thurston, thence the line runs Westerly on and by said Beach street, ten rods to land of A. D. Carpenter;—thence Northerly by land of said Carpenter, eight rods to a stake at land of said Nelson; thence Easterly by land of said Nelson, ten rods to land now or late of said Thurston;—thence Southerly by land last named eight rods to the point of beginning, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said John Nelson, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

FREDERICK A. HARTWELL, Mortgagee.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer,

Woburn, August 26, 1875.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.
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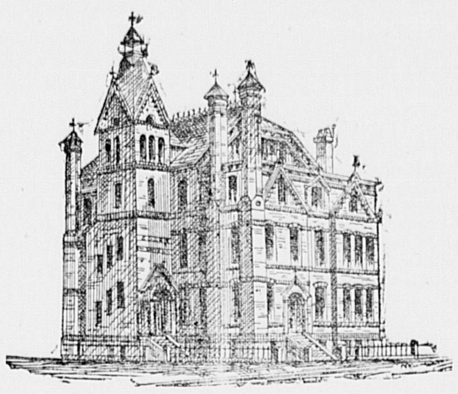
93 Main Street, Woburn.

Chauncy Hall School,
BOSTON, MASS.



259-265 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

The forty-eighth year begins Sept 13.

In the different departments of the School, all of which, at any stage, are open to pupils of both sexes, a complete education is given in preparation for College, Business, the Institute of Technology, or the position of a Teacher. Any branch of study, Mathematics, Languages, Book-keeping, Drawing, etc., can be pursued by

Special Students,

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An excellent **Gymnasium** is open to the scholars, and a Military Drill is a part of the Course. Pupils attend without inconvenience from all the neighboring towns, and their necessities in regard to travel, food etc., are always considered.

By special vote of the TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, members of the first class of Chauncy Hall School are allowed to take books from the Library.

A year's trial has shown the New School Building to be *perfectly warmed and ventilated*, and in every way commodious.

It can be inspected and the Principals consulted on Wednsdays in August, and daily on and after August 30, from 9 to 2 o'clock.

*** Catalogues may be had at A. Williams & Co.'s Washington Street; Thos. Groom & Co.'s, 82 State Street; at Bookstores in Franklin Street, or by mail.

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STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

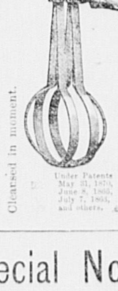
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M.
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7‡ P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.58†, 5.00, 5.47,† 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30a, 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†,* 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.* ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

Dover Egg Beater.
FAMILY SIZE.

Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
Six eggs can be made to fill a quart.
Churns Butter in a few minutes.
Cleansed in a moment.



Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other.
It never spatters.
No rivets or joints to get loose.
Buy it of your Tin Smith, Grocer, Hardware or Crockery dealer. Return it and get your money if you are not *delighted* with it.

Special Notice
—TO—
U. S. Pensioners
—IN—
WOBURN AND VICINITY.

Please present vouchers for Pension now due, on Saturday, Sept. 4th, if possible.

Invalid Pensioners will require Biennial Examination by Dr. Chapin, of Winchester.

Sparrow Horton,

Justice of the Peace for Middlesex County.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
R. MARSTON & Co.'s
DINING ROOMS
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST.,
BOSTON.
Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

TAKE NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875, all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.

H. E. STROUT
39 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I have painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye;
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,
And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

No more from the depths of the grove may be heard
The joy burdened song of its fluttering bird;
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there,
And their quivering drapery is shaken to air.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

Plead not, the days are sunny and long,
That your hues are still brightening, your fibres still strong;
To vigor and beauty, relentless am I—
There is nothing too young or too lovely to die.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

And I call on the winds that repose in the north,
To send their wild voices in unison forth;
Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strung—
There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge to be sung;
For the lingering flowers, the leaves of spray
They are doomed, they are dying—away! away!

THE FLAMINGO.

Have you ever heard
Of the creature absurd,
The ridiculous bird, the flamingo?
With neck long and slim,
And lean and trim,
And the funniest sort of a lingo.

When a fishing he goes
He thrusts in his nose—
This humorous bird, the flamingo;
Without bait or hook,
His long neck a-crook,
Aloft in the air see his wings go!

A plunge and a dive!
And a fish all alive,
This wonderful bird, the flamingo,
Brings out to the land,
And gobbles off-hand,
In a twinkle he makes the whole thing go.

Then his mate, the old woman,
As though she were human,
And not an old growling flamingo,
For lack of her share,
Sets up a great flare,
And makes everything in din go.

But a screech loud and shrill,
Comes out of the bill
Of the musical bird, the flamingo;
His eyelids both close,
And he stands on the toes
Of one leg—he's asleep, by jingo!

LIVING ABOVE ONES INCOME.—There is something almost worse than debt; something at any rate ten time more common than hopeless insolvency. It is living above one's income. There is something in English society at the present day urging thousands of men into extravagance. They are never in danger of disgraceful insolvency. They are never overwhelmed with misfortune. And, yet, from early manhood to advanced age they never know what it is to be free from pecuniary anxiety. In short they always want a few hundreds or thousands to clear them from all debt. They are always just behind. This comes to more than they expect. That bill is heavier than it ought to be. They always want time to pay their debts, and to keep up appearances they resort to mean shifts and unprincipled expedients. The wealth of England is enormous; the energy of its people marvellous; their prosperity so great that there ought to be no excuse here for this state of things. If Englishmen cannot live in comfort surely poverty of the most painful description should drive the peasantry of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy to the verge of despair. The average condition of the English undoubtedly surpasses that of any other in Europe. There are more carriages, more servants, and, unless travellers wilfully deceive us, even more fine houses in Great Britain than in all the rest of Europe put together. Yet it remains true that debt hampers thousands of Englishmen, and that extravagance goads tens of thousands to despair. What is the cause of this state of things? In the first place the whole tone of living is far too expensive and luxurious. Men are expected, no other word is sufficiently strong, to live up to a certain style, and if they do not, down they go in public opinion; their very usefulness is diminished, their influence in society declines. They are pitied because they are poor, and laughed at because they will not run into debt. There are whole streets and districts in some towns appropriated to certain classes of people. Those who cannot live in those streets fall under the ban of the class to which they belong. There are thousands of families pinching to keep up a position, painfully contriving to keep up appearances on four or six hundred a year. Yet what are they to do? If they curtail their expenses, they sink socially. Which is best—to be pitied and neglected or to have pecuniary difficulties, to live in the world or out of it. For such is the state of society that, if a family finds itself unable, by reason of its poverty, to associate with others of its class, it cannot move in another sphere. There are many grades, touching at all points, and very ill-defined, yet their members are debarred from intercourse with those of higher or lower grades. In fact, an evil custom has declared that certain things shall and shall not be done in certain grades, a certain kind of house, style of furniture, fashion of dress—and those who do not wish to forfeit their claims to public respect must attend to these matters or woe be to them. Then, in the second place, in every grade or set are persons of much larger fortune than the average. The people cannot always get into another sphere. They are bound down by the customs of society, and cannot associate on terms of equality with the members of another clique. But their wealth makes them the arbiters in all matters of expense. With five or ten thousand a year, they can, of course, do things quite out of the power of hundred of persons in the same set with one-tenth as much. But, no, it does not signify. Everything must be done in their style. Everybody must try to live as they do. They give a tone of their own to a style of living already too high. The worst thing that could happen to many little towns is to have three or four of these wealthy families settling in them. A system of extravagance commences, which never ends. In some cases the best thing that could happen to the general community would be for these large fortunes to be thrown into the sea. Let me give one instance, for the truth of which I can vouch. In one of the largest towns in this country are about two hundred medical men, several of whom are persons of great wealth, many others are very well off. The district is a large one, I admit, and the work heavy, but nearly one half of these men keep a carriage and pair, and very stylish affairs some of them are too, and not more than a dozen of the remainder are without a carriage of some sort. I think it probable that fifty of the doctors who keep carriages and pairs would find a phaeton quite sufficient for all the practice they are ever likely to have. But, no, every medical man in that town who wishes to be thought a respectable and prosperous practitioner is expected to keep a fine carriage. The fashion has been set by a few men of large fortune, and only poor men, and one or two medical practitioners whose position is too well established to expose them to contempt or suspicion, use a phaeton. The whole professional income of one or two of the men who drive about in a carriage and pair would not pay its expense. Any one could multiply similar instances of extravagance in deference to an absurd custom. In the third place, is not the immense wealth, the sinful profusion of England, at the root of much of the extravagance of the present day? Are not the temptations to buy, the facilities for having every want, every fancy supplied, the strongest inducements to launch wildly out? In some cases it is unquestionable that new wants spur men on to redoubled energy, but in others they ultimately lead to ruin.—*Leeds Times.*

"BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE."—A good story is told of the late Isaac Rich of Boston, which, we believe, says the Commercial Bulletin, has never yet found its way into print. On the night of his wedding a couple of waggish friends in the fish business came up under his window and told him that a schooner load of mackerel had just arrived at Long wharf.

"All right, thank you boys!" said Ike, closing the blinds; and the pair went off highly pleased with their unseasonable little joke, thinking they had planted a thorn in the nuptial pillow.

Next day they strolled down to Long wharf with the intention of gobbling up the fish at their leisure.

"Too late, gentlemen! too late! cries the skipper."

"Too late! Why? How so!" they asked in surprise.

"Oh! Ike Rich has been yere afore ye was out o' yer beds!"

☞ We learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

☞ Glory is well enough for a rich man, but is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.—People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for somebody to cling or to lean upon. If the prop is not there, they go down. Once down they are as helpless as a capsized turtle, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their steppingstones and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rush-lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievments, train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: Work: strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their mark on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the leap of leverage; they leaped the chasm, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that, but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it never could have been obtained.

☞ Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they fall to scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in town. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more constantly in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. The proper remedy for the habit, if formed, is to experience an endowment of that divine love shed abroad in the renewed heart by the Holy Ghost, the characteristics of which are that it "is not easily provoked," "thinketh no evil," and "beareth all things."

BEST THINGS.—The best theology—a pure and beneficent life. The best philosophy—a contented mind. The best law—the golden rule. The best education—self-knowledge. The best statesmanship—self-government. The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance. The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood. The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy way. The best war—to war against one's weakness. The best music—the laughter of an innocent child. The best journalism—printing the true and the beautiful only, on memory's table. The best telegraphing—flashing the ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart. The best biography—the life which writes characters in the largest letters. The best mathematics — that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows. The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention. The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience. The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death..

☞ A young lady in Washington County, N. Y., beautiful and well-educated, the owner of an $8000 farm in her own right, says that when she is married, the entire wedding expenses including her dresses, shall not cost over $68, and that she will make her husband happier than any city belle can who takes off four chairs full of padding at night, and cannot go to a party wearing a dress costing less than $150.

A SOFT ANSWER.—The husband was of quick temper and inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind."

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar. I covet not your wealth, you shall have it all back."

"Ah," she answered, "I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessing of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?"

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then taking her to his arms:

"No, no, my wife I cannot do that, but I will do more; I will keep them henceforth unsoiled and unpained. I cherish your blessing as my own; and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping."

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many of the bitter strifes of life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

☞ A touching incident is related with the meetings held under the direction of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, at Glasgow, Scotland. One evening, after the close of the service, a miner, in his working-clothes, who had been deeply impressed by what he had heard, still lingered, and in reply to a friend who urged him to go home, said: "No; I came here to get good, and I have na it a' in yet." After more prayers and the singing of a hymn, his heart was touched, and a new joy entered his soul. Grasping the hand of the minister who had been talking with him, he said: "I have wondered if this might be true; I now believe it. It has brought peace to my soul. I know and trust my Savior." The following day, while working in the mines, he was crushed by a falling mass of coal or rock. His injuries were fatal. "Bend down your ear," said the dying man to a companion near him, he then added, "O Andrew! I'm thankful I settled it last night."—*Missionary Visitor.*

HAD HIM THERE.—The country storekeeper said, "Here, my friend those balls of butter I bought of you last week, all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered—"Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight. How do *you* account for it?"

GROWING DEARER.—Dear Laura, when you were a flirting young miss, and I was your dutiful swain, your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss, your frowns could o'erwhelm me with pain; you were dear to me then, love, but now you're my wife, it is strange the fond tie should be nearer; for, when I am paying your bills, on my life, you seem dearer and dearer.

☞ "My spirits is crushed, Jane, crushed," sobbed Mrs. Marrowfat to Mrs. Quoggs. "That lovely bowquette — you remember—which it was I, Margery Marrowfat, as sent to Mrs. Splivins' funeral. Well, the card got lost and nowbody knowed as who it come from." And here her great anguish slopped over afresh.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

THE INVENTION OF THE WHEELBARROW.—Says a writer in *Scribner:* It takes a gentleman to do a little sometimes. Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci. And who was he? He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist and inventor, all in one. He wasn't "Jack at all trades and master at none" either. He was a real master of many arts and a practical worker besides. When did he live? Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America. And where was he born? In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy. Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the greatest pictures in the world, "The Last Supper," a picture that has been copied many times and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of our Lord and His disciples, though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is. And only think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci.

NEW STORE.
No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
W. I. GOODS,
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.
Saturday, July 24
I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
J. W. KNIGHTS.

Pianos & Organs
TO RENT.
The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand
PIANOS and ORGANS
To Let on Reasonable Terms.
O. GREEN,
No. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
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J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
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Nearly opposite the Depot, Woburn.
35

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MERCHANT
TAILORS
And Dealers in
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
171 Main Street,
59 *Woburn.*

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Main Street, Woburn.
LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.
☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 138

NEW BAKERY!
Dearborn & Estabrook
PRACTICAL BAKERS!
219 Main St. Woburn,
Keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of
Bread, Crackers, Cake, Pastry, &c
Also, Fresh Bread made from the ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL.
Beans Baked and Brown Bread furnished Sunday mornings from 5.30 to 9.30.
A Bread Cart runs from the New Bakery every day.
Orders from Picnics or Parties promptly filled.

Pasturing for Horses
Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.
137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

WANTED.
A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying. Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.
I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

A Competent Book-keeper
desires an engagement.
152 Address "X." Journal Office.

TENEMENT TO LET over Burke & Munday's Shoe Manufactory; 5 rooms; Horn Pond Water; good cellar room. Inquire of
150 JOSEPH KELLEY.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

J. O. GOODWIN
Civil Engineer
—AND—
Surveyor.
Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for
WATERWORKS, SEWERAGE & DRAINAGE,
Streets surveyed and graded.
☞ All work guaranteed to be accurate. ☜
Office,---Richardson's Block,
Winchester,
Office hours from 7 to 9 P. M., Tuesdays and Thursdays, and every day when not at work outside.
All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to. 62

The Greatest
COMBINATION
Of the Age!
Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:
Style,
Grace,
Elegance
AND A GOOD FIT,
Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at
A. GRANT'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.
P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order. 63

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151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 56
Meat and Vegetable Market.

KNAPP & ADAMS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Rooms 21, 26 and 27 Barrister's Hall,
No. 7 Court Square, Boston. 50
O. S. KNAPP, Residence, Somerville. CHAS. D. ADAMS, Residence, Woburn.
Evening Office,—172 Main Street, 7 to 9 o'clock.

Oil Carpets.
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 65
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe
112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
66 L. THOMPSON, Jr.

R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Cutler.)
Express and Job Wagon.
Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.
Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co.'s Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 67

Soles's Market.
E. O. Soles,
Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.
where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.
E. O. SOLES, 68
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St. Soles' Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn P. O., will be promptly attended to. 69

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 100

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ALL SIZES, at 60 STROUTS'

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made to order, or repaired, at
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L. THOMPSON, JR. 72

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ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
79 No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 73
Entrance from Court Square and 38 School St

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As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
WM. WOODBERRY'S,
74 Opposite Common, Woburn

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MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
STEAM ENGINES,
Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing,
and all kinds of Machine work.
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J. BUEL. 75 J. R. FLINT

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 76
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Chas. A Smith,
DRY GOODS.
77
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Uphoster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 78
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

S. W. TWOMBLY & SONS,
FLORISTS,
At the Seed Store of D. T. Curtis & Co.,
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BOSTON, - - 79 - MASS.

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Residence, Bedford St.,
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Sales of Personal and Real Estate promptly attended to. 80

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS,
45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
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WOBURN, MASS.

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B. R. HARMON, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
AND SURGEON,
PLEASANT ST., 2 doors West of Bennett St.
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☞ Particular attention paid to Surgery. 82

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(Successor to N. A. Hopkins,)
SOLE AGENT FOR THE
N. E. Felt and Gravel Roofing
Wright Street, near Maple Street,
85 STONEHAM.

HAVE YOU
HEART DISEASE?
If so, why not try
DR. GRAVES'
HEART REGULATOR
It Has Cured Thousands,
Why Not Cure You?
Enclose a one cent stamp, for a circular of testimonials of cures to the sole Agent, FRANK E. INGALS, Concord, N. H. 144
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Party Wagon.
The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.
M. ELLIS & CO.
Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. 142

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Now Ready:
CLARKE'S IMPROVED SCHOOL
FOR THE
PARLOR ORGAN.
By HUGH A. CLARKE,
(Prof. of Music in the University of Pennsylvania.)
Just Issued. Sent by Mail, Price $2.50
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The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges,
The Best Ranges in the Market, at
C M STROUTS,
Stoves Stored for the Season.
22 Tin Roofing promptly attended to.

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UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.
Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished
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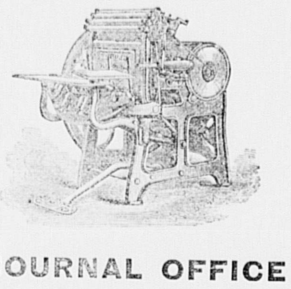
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EASTERN, WESTERN
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NORTHERN LUMBER,
—AND—
BUILDING MATERIALS
of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand and delivered promptly, at shortest notice at the *Lowest Cash Prices.*
Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.
Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.
Lumber Yard, Prospect St., opp. Railroad Freight Yard.

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Carpenter and Builder,
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Shop and House corner Mt. Pleasant and Prospect Streets. 90

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Walnut St., Woburn. Near Main Street.
☞ Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 91

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PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
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Board Furnished
By the day or week at Saloon *189 Main Street.*
Rooms connected.
Parties catered for at short notice.
Remember we sell the French Aerated Bread, fresh from the bakery every day.
159 J. H. NASON.

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WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
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July 16th, 1875.

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 97

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Will make the season for a limited number Mares at
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At all seasons of the year. 48

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WOBURN MASS. 98

Porcelains,
All sizes, at 99 STROUT'S.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875. NO 52.

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HOUSE PLANTS!
BEAUTIFUL
Hanging Baskets!
CHOICE
FERNERIES, &c.
FRESH
CUT FLOWERS!
AND ELEGANT
Floral Designs
ON HAND AND TO ORDER. 146

Dr. E. M. Harding,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE 110 MAIN ST.
(Formerly occupied by Dr. Wolgamott.)
WOBURN. 148

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
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Offices: 174 Main Street, - Woburn, 23 School Street, - Boston.
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PRIVATE SCHOOL!
MISS PARSONS, Winchester, (near the Post Office), will reopen her class in the English branches, French and Latin, Sept. 16th, 1875; and will also give private lessons if desired. 152

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER
—AND—
Real Estate Broker,
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 70

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand at his Greenhouse a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants. Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 4

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 5

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Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, & Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
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Watchmakers & Jewelers
DEALERS IN 7
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

AETNA INSURANCE Co.
Incorporated 1819. OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Cash Assets, over $6,000,000.
B. T. H. PORTER, AGENT, Woburn, Mass.
Over Savings Bank.
Office hours—8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M. 38

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 9
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

STRAW MATTINGS.
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and for sale at the lowest prices, by 10
WM. WOODBERRY.

Hiram Childs
Setter of all kinds of Granite Work
Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. 11

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Livery, Hack and Boarding
STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

C. E. COOPER,
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BOOKS, PERIODICALS,
DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, &c.
150 Main Street, - Woburn, Mass.

$5 to $20 Per Day at Home. Terms free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Poetry.

EARTH.

I love thine honest face, old earth,
Where sorrow's lines and dimpled mirth
Flow ceaselessly together!
I love thy locks of wintry gray,
That from their snowy tresses stray
Across thy cheek of heather,
Hiding its furrows 'neath a sheen
So soft and light, so pure and clean,
So silvery in its whiteness,
That I can trace the lines of care
Only along its surface fair,
Sinking in rounded lightness!

I love the peaceful joy that fills
Thy summer vales, and crowns thy hills
With wondrous, golden glory.
I love the music in thy streams;
Thy morning songs and evening dreams
Unfold a twice told story
Of hope and peace! The breezes woo
Thy brow with tender love and true,
And slowly sweet caresses.
The sunbeams with the shadows vie,
In changeful flight and bright reply,
To linger in thy tresses.

We live in thee, O Earth; in thee
The secrets of our living see
The future's strange formation.
Thou art the record of our past;
In thee the nation's lives are cast—
In thee their one foundation!

Selected.

George Lockland's Reform

In 18— I was travelling from Ithaca to Buffalo, in New York State, by stage, intending to reach my home in time to partake of the annual Thanksgiving dinner with old and loving friends at the old homestead. It was a bitter cold morning when we set out, and the roads were frozen hard, there having been considerable mud only a day or two before.

The first night we put in at Danville, and on the following morning when I awoke, I found that the earth was not only covered with snow, but that snow was falling fast. After an early breakfast, we set out again on wheels, but at the end of eight miles we were forced to take runners, the snow clogging up so that the wheels could not run. When night came we found ourselves obliged to stop at a small village only twenty miles from where we set out in the morning.

A good supper was provided at the inn, and the place had the appearance of comfort. We had just sat down to supper when the wind began to blow furiously, and we could see by the dim light without that the snow was being whirled and driven about in a furious manner. There was a fire in the small sitting room and thither we passengers, six or eight of us, adjourned. We sat there and conversed until near nine o'clock, and then I went out into the bar-room to smoke a cigar previous to retiring.

In the bar-room I found a bright wood fire burning, and some dozen people were sitting there, smoking and drinking. (This was long before the Maine laws.) Several of the company I judged to be teamsters; a rough, hardy, good-natured set, who were enjoying themselves hugely over a mug of flip. Then there were several whom I found to be villagers—men who lived near the inn—a set of politicians and newsmongers, who made the bar-room a place for social evening meeting.

I had lighted my cigar, and taken a seat near the fire, when I noticed a buffalo skin on one end of the settee opposite to where I sat, and I was confident that there was a human being beneath it. I supposed it must have been a stable hand who had been at work hard, or was expected to be up the most of the night, and was now getting a little sleep. I was looking at the buffalo skin and thus meditating, when I heard a low, deep, death-like groan come up from beneath it, and in a few moments more the robe was thrown upon the floor, and the man who had reposed beneath came down upon the top of it, and there he lay for some moments like a dead man. I had just started up when four of the villagers hastened to his assistance. They lifted him to his feet, and after considerable effort, he managed to stand up.

My God! What a thrill struck to my heart when I saw that face. It was one of noble feature; a brow high and amply developed, over which clustered a mass of dark glossy ringlets; the face beautifully proportioned, and each separate feature most exquisitely chiselled. But what an expression rested there now!

The great dark eyes had a vacant idiotic stare; the face was pale as death, and the lips looked dry and parched and much discolored. His clothes were torn and soiled, and one of his hands bloody. He was surely not more than five and thirty, and his appearance would at once indicate a man of more than common abilities. But the demon had him, and had made him now something below the brute.

"How do you feel now, George?" asked one of the men who had gone to his assistance.

But he only groaned in reply, and was soon persuaded to lie down again, being told that he would soon feel better. As soon as he was on the settee once more, and had the buffalo over him, the men returned to their seats.

"Who is the chap?" asked one of the teamsters, looking towards the villagers who had been assisting the unfortunate man.

"That's George Lockland," returned a stout, honest looking man.

"Does he belong here?"

"Yes. Didn't you never hear of him?"

The teamster replied that he had not.

"Well," resumed the fat man, "it is too bad, I declare it is. Lockland might be one of the first men in the town if he'd a mind to; but you see he will drink, and the worst of it is, he makes a fool of himself. He started here as a lawyer, and a smart one he is too. Why he can argue old Upton right off his boots. But ye see he has lost all his best customers now. They daren't trust him with business, 'cause he ain't ever sure of doing it. He's got one of the beautifulest little wives you ever saw, and one of the handsomest children. But poor things! I pity 'em. Then there's another thing; rum operates differently on him from what it does on most men. It don't show itself on the outside, as it does on almost everybody else, but it seems to eat him up inside. You see how pale he looks—well, he's always so when he's on one of these times. He don't eat nothing, and I don't suppose he'll put a bit of food into his stomach for a week to come."

"How long has he been so?" asked the teamster.

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why how long both ways? How long since he took to drink, and how long he's been drunk now?"

"Why, he's took to drink more or less ever since he came from college; but it's about a year that he's been down hard at it. You see folks began to find out how slack he was at his business, and they wouldn't give him any job of consequence to do. I s'pose that sort o' set him a going in this fashion. And as for this drunk, I should say he'd been on it a fortnight. He's got down now as low as he can get and live, and I guess he'll get sober in a day or two."

"But where does he get his liquor?" asked the questioner.

"You must ask Mike Fingal that question," was the other's answer.

All eyes were turned upon the landlord, who now stood behind the bar. He was evidently troubled at this turn, and began to move uneasily upon his high stool.

"Mike Fingal," spoke the teamster, "do you sell that man rum?"

"Yes, I do," the fellow replied with an effort. "Don't I sell the same when you call for it?"

"But I aren't a poor drunkard, and you know it. That aren't no excuse, Mike. I shouldn't think you'd do it."

"But when he wants rum, he's bound to have it, and if I didn't let him have it, then somebody else would," the host replied.

"Now that's odd," energetically pursued the teamster. "On the same ground you might take a pistol and go out and rob folks, because if you didn't somebody else would. But that isn't here or there. The thing is,—I don't see what kind of a heart you can have to do it."

The conversation was here interrupted by a sound from the street. The wind was still howling madly, and the snow was driving against the window, but above the voice of the storm, came the wailing of some one in distress. It was surely the cry of a child for help. We were all upon our feet in a moment and the lantern was quickly lighted. My hat was already on my head—or my cap rather—and I went out with the rest. All went but the landlord, and his wretched customer who occupied the settee. It was some moments before I could see at all, the snow came driving into my face so; but I soon managed to turn my head, and then went on.

The wind as it came sweeping out through the stable, had piled up a huge bank of snow across the street, and in this bank we found a female with a child in her arms. She seemed faint and frozen, but she yet clung to her child. The man who carried the lantern held it up to her face. The features were half covered with snow, but the momentary glare of the lantern was sufficient to reveal to me a face of more than ordinary beauty.

"Heavens!" uttered the man, as he lowered the lantern, and caught the woman in his arms. "Kate Lockland, is this you?"

Then without waiting for a reply, he turned to the rest of us and cried, "Here take the child, some of you, and I'll carry the mother."

The child was quickly taken, and ere many minutes we were back in the bar-room with our burden. The two were taken to the fire and the snow brushed from them.

"Who's them?" asked the host.

"Only Kate Lockland and her child," answered the fat man.

"What d'ye bring 'em in here for?" the host uttered angrily. "Why didn't ye take 'em to your own house, Jim Drake?"

"'Cause my house is too far."

The host was coming around the bar, and his eye was flashing with mingled shame and anger, but before he had got fairly out, the stout and burly teamster who had said so much, started up.

"Mike Fingal," he uttered, in tones such as only a man confident of his own physical power can command. "Don't ye put a finger on that woman—don't ye do it. If ye do, I'll crush ye as I would a pizen spider."

Fingal looked the speaker in the eye for a moment, and then muttering something about a man having a right to do as he pleased in his own house, he slunk away behind his bar again.

I now turned my attention to the woman and her child. The former was surely not thirty years of age, and she was a truly beautiful woman—only she was pale and wan and her eyes were swollen. She trembled fearfully, and I could see her bosom heave as she tried to choke the sobs that were bursting forth. The child was a girl about four years old. She clung close to her mother, and seemed frightened into a forgetfulness of her cold fingers and feet.

"Kate Lockland, what in heaven's name are you doing out this night?" asked Jim Drake.

"Oh, I was trying to find your own house, Jim Drake, for I knew you'd give me shelter. But I got lost in the snow. I wouldn't have cried out in front of this place, but my poor child did. Jim Drake, have you seen George? Oh, God have mercy on him! Poor, dear George. He don't know we are freezing, starving in our own house. No fuel—no food—no no—"

She stopped and burst into tears, and in a moment more George Lockland leaped to his feet.

"Who called me?" he cried, gazing wildly around.

Kate sprang up instinctively, but ere she reached her husband she dropped. The man saw her and for a while stood riveted to the spot. Soon he gazed around upon the scene about him, and gradually a look of intelligence relieved the utter blank of his hitherto pale and maniac face.

"No fuel—no food!" he whispered, gazing upon his wife. "Starving! God have mercy. Who was it said those words? Where am I?"

"George, George!" cried the wife, now rushing forward, and flinging her arms around her husband's neck. "Don't you know me?"

"Kate! no fire. There's fire."

"Aye, George Lockland," said Jim Drake, now starting up; "this ain't your own home. Don't you know where ye are?"

Again the poor man gazed about him, a fearful shudder convulsed his frame, and his hands involuntarily closed over his eyes. I knew that the truth had burst upon him.

"No fuel—no food!" he groaned.

"Oh, sir," whispered the wife, catching Drake convulsively by the arm, "take us away from here, sir."

"But you're cold, Kate."

"No, no. It's only a little way to your house. I shall die here."

"Will you go home with me, George?" Jim asked of the husband.

"Anywhere," gasped the poor man.

"O God, no fuel—no food! Kate—are you hurt?"

But the wife could not speak, and as soon as possible the fat old villager had the lantern in readiness, and half a dozen went to help him.

"Come," he said, "lead George, one of you. You take Kate—you are stouter than I—and I'll take the little one."

This last was spoken to the stout teamster, and he took the wife in his arms as though she had been an infant.

"It's only a few steps," said Drake, as he started to go. "I'll send your lantern back, Mike Fingal."

And with this the party left the bar-room. I went to the window and saw them wading off through the deep snow, and when they were out of sight I turned away. The host came out and began to explain matters; but I was sick enough already, and with an aching heart I left the room.

On the following day I came down to breakfast later than usual, for I slept but little through the night. About nine o'clock the driver called in and told us the stage would be ready in five minutes. I went to the bar-room for a cigar. Jim Drake had just come in to bring back the old cloak they had wrapped around the child the night before.

"What will you have this morning, Jim," I heard the landlord ask, as he set out a tumbler.

"Nothing," returned the fat man emphatically. "I'm done. Mike Fingal, I'm done with the stuff. I'll drink no more of it. I wouldn't come now, only poor Lockland was up, and his sweet little wife was hanging around his neck. They were crying so that I couldn't stand it, and had to clear out. Oh, it's dreadful Mike Fingal. You don't know what them poor things have suffered. But they shan't have my example any more."

"All ready," shouted the driver, and I was forced to leave.

The wind had all gone down; the air was sharp and bracing, and slowly we wallowed away from the village.

I reached Buffalo two days later than I expected to when I started, and having transacted my business there, I went to Mississippi, and so on down to New Orleans. Four years afterward I had occasion to travel that same road, and stopped in that same village to take dinner. The bar was still open, but Michael Fingal had gone away. I walked out after dinner, and soon came across a neatly painted office, over the door of which I read—"George Lockland, attorney and counsellor at law." In less than five minutes afterwards I saw a fat man coming towards me, whom I at once recognized as Jim. As he came up, I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I wish to know how Mr. Lockland is getting on now?"

"Squire Lockland, you mean?" he answered with a proud look. "You know him?"

"I once did," I replied.

"Then you ought to know him now. He is the first man in the county, sir. Four years ago this month coming, he was just about as low as a man can be. Did you ever know the Squire's wife?"

"I have seen her," I said. I saw Drake did not recognize me.

"But you should see her now. Ah, it was a great change for her. That's their child—that little girl coming this way. Aint that a picture for ye?"

I looked and saw a bright-eyed, sunny haired girl of eight summers, coming laughing and tripping along like a little fairy. She stopped as she came to where we stood, and put up her arms to "Uncle Drake," as she called the old man, and while he was kissing her and chatting with her, I moved on. I looked back once more on that happy, beauteous face, just to contrast it with the pale, frightened features I had seen on that night in the bar-room.

A Wife's Curiosity Gratified.—Mrs. Brown and her gossip, Mrs. White, were conversing about husbands and the secrets of Freemasonry. Mr. Brown was a Freemason; and the fact of not being able to share the secrets of the order with him made Mrs. Brown very unhappy. She was pouring out her grief to Mrs. White, and saying for the thousandth time: "I wonder what they do in the lodge room?"

"I have no doubt but its dreadful," replied Mrs. White, "But if my husband was a Mason, I'll bet I'd find out what he did."

"But how? They dare not tell."

"Ah! but I'd make him tell."

"How? oh, how?" asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"Hush! I'll tell; but don't breathe it for the world, because it is a dead secret."

"No, no; I won't."

"Well do you know that tickling a person's ear when they are asleep will make them talk?"

"No. Will it though?"

"Yes. Now you wait till Brown comes home from the lodge next time, and have a broom-straw in the bed with you. When he gets asleep you tickle his ear with it gently, and he will begin to talk about what he has been doing in the lodge, and in this way you can get the whole of the business out of him."

"Gracious me! You don't say so, Mrs. White?"

"To be sure I do. I always get my husband's secrets out of him in this way."

"I'll do it!"

"And you'll tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Certainly. But you must never say anything about it."

"Of course not. I am very close mouthed," replied Mrs. White, earnestly.

So it was agreed upon, and they separated. But unfortunately Mr. White had overheard the conspiracy, and lost no time in informing Mr. Brown, who laughed heartily over it.

A few nights afterwards Brown attended a meeting of the lodge, and his wife was all anxiety regarding it. On retiring she armed herself with a spray from the broom and wakefully waited for her lord and master to return. At last she had broken down the veil of secrecy which had troubled her so long, and her heart beat wildly when she heard him open the front door and come in.

Of course she pretended to be asleep, and did not see the comical smile on her husband's face as he turned up the gas and began disrobing for bed. But in a few minutes he was comfortably tucked in and giving out premonitory indications of approaching sleep.

Then Mrs. Brown opened her eyes cautiously, and convinced herself that he had gone to that land from which sleepy husband's never return until the next day. Cautiously she reached under the pillow, and took the broom-straw from its hiding place. Then she reached over carefully and began tickling her husband's ear, and he was all the while doing his best to keep from exploding with laughter.

Finally he began talking a little, and her ears were keenly alive to every syllable.

"Yes he must die," said he. "He betrayed our secrets to his wife. I've got to kill him—the lot fell to me."

Mrs Brown screamed and leaped from the bed, while her husband, unable to control himself, gave vent to his laughter and disturbed his neighbors for the next ten minutes. But they never came to any understanding about the strange affair. She never asked him what he was laughing at, and he never inquired what it was that made her scream and leap out of bed so quickly.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White don't speak now. She thinks Mrs. White played a joke on her, and she seems to have lost much of her anxiety regarding the secrets of Freemasonry.

Interesting to Travellers.—A trial was held in Fall River, on Friday, before Hon. Josiah C. Blaisdell, of an action for assault and battery, Walter S Bosworth of Warren, against Louis H. Barrus, conductor on the Fall River, Warren and Providence Railroad, for ejecting him from the cars for persisting in riding upon the platform.

The judge ruled that as there was no more force used in ejecting the man than was necessary to accomplish the end there was no assault and battery; furthermore, that a railroad corporation had just as much right to say a passenger should not ride upon the platform, as they had to say he should not ride upon the engine. The whole case was therefore dismissed, with judgment for the road. This is the first case tried of this question, and settles the point that railroad corporations have the right to make and enforce such wholesome rules as they deem the safety of their passengers demands.—*Providence Journal.*

Dogging the Steps of a Foreigner.—A foreigner who recently arrived in Paris, noble and rich, found himself, when strolling in the streets, followed by an individual in all his walks. The first day or two he did not mind, but on the third and fourth his steps were dogged in the same fashion. The gentleman then went to the Embassy of his country and made a complaint. One of the attaches told him he must be a "suspect," and that it was probably a spy who was put on his track. Finally the Minister of Foreign Affairs was applied to, but the Duke Decazes declared himself innocent, and, indeed, ordered the fellow, who still dogged the foreigner's steps, to be apprehended. An explanation ensued. "Sir," said he to the magistrate, "I find this gentleman in the habit of smoking the most delicious cigars I ever smelled, and that he recklessly flung each away when only half smoked. My only motive in following him was to gather up the butts."

☞ Vassar college girls propose having a washing match. It promises to be a clo'es contest.—*Lowell Journal.*

The Daily Bath.—In a paper on the Means of Preserving Health, written for the London *Sanitary Record*, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, after urging the importance of keeping the skin scrupulously clean and in a healthy condition, especially in cases where there is a predisposition to consumption, adds the following practical suggestions with regard to bathing:—

Daily bathing, then, of some kind, from childbirth to old age, should be the rule. Some direct that the cold bath should be always used. I cannot think that this is a true doctrine. With a few children, and still fewer old persons, and very many adults, a morning cold bath is the most exhilarating of operations. But with many either feeble adult, old, or too young persons, a chill remains for some time after taking the bath, and the powers of life are exhausted instead of invigorated by the stimulus. But those who suffer from cold bathing, will usually be able to take with great advantage a daily tepid bath, and without the least chill or discomfort following it. Each individual arrived at years of discretion should judge for himself which of the two to choose. At certain periods of life he may use one or the other, and be himself the judge as to the continuance of the one or the other by the effect left upon him. The parent, of course, will notice the effect upon the child and decide accordingly. But there are various kinds of baths. The *shower bath* is rarely used now. If used at all, it should be so cautiously. *Sponge bathing* is admirable, with either warm or cold water, according to circumstances of each case. But even this cannot be borne by many. A simple hand bath—i. e., where the water is borne by the hand of the bather to various parts of the body, and the same hand or a warm towel used for friction afterwards, is often infinitely refreshing when other methods fail of being so. *Surf bathing* should be very cautiously indulged in by all predisposed to pulmonary difficulties. Cough of a permanent nature has at times been started by incautious surf bathing, or any cold water, sea, or river bathing, especially if the body be immersed for a long time. One of the most striking cases of consumption I ever had was distinctly traceable to a very long and cold river bathing. Hence, we see that bathing, like every other good thing, if used immoderately, tends to cause evil rather than good.

It may be asked, If cold bathing be ever evil in its tendencies, how happens it that the "water cure" so called, proves at times so good a thing? The answer is briefly this. A man once fairly "packed in a cold wet sheet," becomes in a very few minutes, bathed in a profuse, warm perspiration. But the water-cure, used incautiously by persons who are not aware of its power or proper mode of application, becomes destructive and not restorative. One of the severest forms of inflamed lung, and which lasted for months, threatening consumption, and which probably would have proved such in an older person, I saw in the case of a little girl whose mother untertook to cure a violent fever by bathing her two or three times in one night in cold water drawn from a well in the country house at which they were stopping. The general rule is therefore, bathe daily, but choose that method which proves immediately grateful to the patient, and let all consumptively inclined patients beware of long continued surf or sea shore or river bathing.

Model Legislation.—In these days of back pay and salary grabs, it is really refreshing to record such instances of honesty on the part of gentlemen holding public offices as the following:

Mr. Enoch H. Towne, Representative from the city of Worcester, after receiving his full pay from Mr. Treasurer Adams, returned to him the sum of $50, saying that during his legislative term he had served the city as an assessor and had received that amount for so doing. He did not think that under the circumstances he was entitled to draw pay at the same time from the State, and so he returned the sum to the treasury.

Saturday morning, the Treasurer received a note from Hon. W. C. Lovering, Senator from Bristol, enclosing his check for $250, saying that on account of sickness he had been absent nearly one-third of the session and he did not wish to take pay for services not rendered. Therefore he returned that amount of the sum allotted to him on the pay roll, to be placed in the Treasury of the Commonwealth.

If all our legislators were as scrupulous about taking pay for services not rendered, the pay roll of the Legislature would be materially decreased. The action of these gentlemen is in the highest degree creditable to them and worthy of general imitation.

"A Grasshopper is a Burthen."—A grasshopper went to church last Sunday. There was no especial need of his going to church, but he probably thought there was plenty of room, and he would help fill up. It would have been much better if he had staid in the green fields, and swung to and fro on a blade of grass. Instead of taking a seat properly, he perched himself on the back of one of the best seats, and would have behaved all right, if a small boy with carroty hair had not spied him. It was when the congregation were all standing up. The boy put forth his index finger and smote the insect in his hinder parts. It was as good as a pop gun. The grasshopper described a parabolic curve through the air, and fell with a sprawl on the hymn book of a lady with a blue necktie and a nervous temperament. Half suppressing a scream, she dropped the book, grasshopper and all, into a white plug hat on the seat in front of her. The hat, being overbalanced, tumbled on to the floor. A three year old boy in the same pew, standing on a stool, turned around to see what was coming, lost his hold of the pew top, and fell backward into the white plug hat along with the hymn book and grasshopper. The fond mother stooped to rescue her darling boy, the young man with good clothes stooped to rescue his white plug hat, the cost of a week's salary. The two heads collided. Two heads are not better than one in such a case. Young lody with tow head and dollar breastpin, in the adjoining pew, tittered out loud. The grasshopper retained his presence of mind and disappeared. But it was only to burst out in another spot. He suddenly came from somewhere, and lighted violently on the bald pate of a dignified church pillar. Thinking that some one had thrown a pellet at him, the gentleman turned aad scowled at two little boys in a pew behind, but immediately feeling the insect making a tour of his pate, he swept his hand over the hairless territory so successfully as to send the grasshopper gyrating through the air directly into the loosely adjusted ruffle about a lady's neck. Before the unfortunate creature could get a good hold upon anything, it had gone half way down that lady's back. Those church goers who saw a young lady get up and go out, with an expression on her face as if she was going to have a "conniption" fit, and was anxious to find a good place to have it in, will know how that grasshopper was carried out of church. From his dusty and forlorn appearance, he is thought to have hopped all the way from "Bleeding Kansas."

☞ A good story is told of Mocker, now a grave professor at the Conservatoire, who in his youth, played a part in *Jean de Paris*, in which, to well carry out his role, he was obliged to eat a whole chicken on the stage. He was twenty years old, and had a very good appetite, so much so, that every evening the chicken's bones,—a veritable one—were well picked.

At last, his manager, concluding that this was not very profitable, and tired of receiving a bill each day of "one chicken, three francs," he had served up one evening, the classical pasteboard fowl, with some crackers on the dish, that did not suit the young tenor, who was already quite accustomed to this table d' hote. So very coolly he carves up the counterfeit, and thoroughly destroys all possibility of its being used on the morrow. Ten francs lost for the too economical director. The latter got vexed and had a second constructed; Mocker, in his turn, annihilated it like the first one. But the third evening, his knife broke against the article that was delivered to him; this time the capon was of wood, perfectly painted, well imitated, but solidly constructed, and quite capable of resisting the tin knives that are often employed on the stage. That evening he was out generalled, but the next—at the table scene, the young tenor gravely draws out a small saw from beneath his costume, and sets to work to saw up the tough chicken.

His comrades laughed to split their sides, the public also—even the director, so much so, that his economy was disarmed, and the good, tender, eatable chicken made its appearance henceforth. —*Amateur.*

Suspension of a Publishing House.—The business community and the book trade throughout the country will hear with regret that the publishing house of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and Messrs. Lee, Shepard & Dillingham of New York, has been obliged to suspend payment. The prosperity of the house received a severe check at the great fire, when their loss was nearly $100,000, which was followed soon afterward by a loss of half that amount by the fire in Sudbury street. The energy and enterprise of the members of the firm were such that they resolved to buckle down to retrieve their losses. Their efforts have been untiring, and their honorable intentions were so highly appreciated by their creditors that their credit suffered no check. But months of dull business followed, and the firm has been obliged in justice to themselves and the creditors to suspend payment.

The Reason.—"Why did the Creator make all other living things before he made man?" inquired a Sabbath school teacher of little Jonathan. Jonathan hesitated, and failed to answer at first, and so the question was given to the entire class; but the class could not answer. At last, Jonathan, who had considered the question, remarked with emphasis:—"I know, Miss Maria, why God created all living things before he created man." "Well, Jonathan, state the reason." "Cause he did'nt want a man hanging aro while he was making t'other things."

Too Much for a Drummer.—It takes a woman to repulse a traveling agent sometimes. In a neighboring village, the other day, a man called on Mr. C. at his place of business and wanted to sell him a parlor organ. Mr. C. not wishing to buy, to get rid of him, referred him to his wife. On the man's making his business known to the lady, she asked him if Mr. C. sent him to her. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "Well, sir," said Mrs. C. "you just go back and tell him that until he can furnish me with something beside mackerel to eat, I can make all the music that is necessary around this house." The agent concluded that he couldn't sell an organ there.

☞ Don't bother your head about people who are going about trying to take away your character. Very likely it will do you good. Men are very often like a pair of boots. The more they are blackened the more they shine!

☞ Speaking of a dumb woman in that State, a Missouri paper says: "Her voice is silent as the sullen roar of Niagara!"

Why She Didn't Catch It.—One of our prominent merchants was informed a day or since, when he went home to tea, that there was a mouse in the sitting-room; it had run in there during the afternoon and they had shut the door to keep it until some one could catch it. "Well, why didn't you catch it?" said the gentleman to his wife as he started for the sitting-room, banging the door pretty sharply behind him. The ladies—there were two or three callers present—waited in breathless silence and were soon startled by a yell that sent the lady of the house into a swoon and one of the callers to the rescue. Opening the door, there was the gentleman with his pants half off, both hands grasping the antipodes of the small of his back and he executing a Modoc war dance in the middle of the room. "The lady said what is it?" The gentleman said, "You clear out and send my wife!" Soon as cold water and camphor had revived her, the lady of the house went in and quiet was restored. Inquiry elicited the fact that when the gentleman went in and discovered the mouse he went for it at once and the mouse went up the leg of his pantaloons and got in such a position that he could not be shook out, and fearing he would bite as well as scratch he seized him with both hands and then found it impossible to get his pants off alone. When the mouse was finally removed his wife quietly remarked: "You see now why I didn't catch it?" The gentleman said he did.—*Faribault Democrat.*

End of the Mammoth Cow.—Passengers on the railroad have noticed the large pictured sign on Bieller's barn, near the cattle market, representing a mammoth cow, claimed to be the largest in the world, and the original of which was on exhibition in the barn at ten cents admission.

As the cow was the source of considerable income to her owner, she was the especial object of his care, and was in the habit of feeding from his hand. One day last week, Bieller's snuff box had worked its way to the bottom of his pocket, and to get at it, he first took out his pocket book containing $350, and laid it down for a moment. The cow, mistaking it for a choice tit-bit he had brought her, immediately swallowed it. The act was fatal. $350 was too large a sum to be lost, and Bieller at once determined to find out how many barrels of beef could be made out of the largest cow in the world.—*Watertown Pequossette.*

A Dutch Victory.—A crowd of young chaps about town were in one of the popular beer saloons yesterday, where they met a jolly old German, who often gets thoronghly soaked in beer and maudlin funny.

"Hello, Kaiserlicher, have you heard the news?" said one.

"Nein! vas is das?"

"The water works are busted."

"Vel, dot's bad mit dem tembrance beeples, don' did, poys?" (Laugh all round.)

"Yes, and the rolling-mill's gone up!" said another of the boys.

"Well, chust don'd got skeered aboud dat; it's so laffy dot goom down agin, eh?" (A grand peal of laughter.)

"And—and—the ice machine has exploded!" cried a third.

"Ish dot bin pozzible? Den dot's bad, midoud some mistake, and id don'd rain msdoud it pours—de vasser out—de rolling mill ub—no more ize —unt all you yung shackasses broke oud of de shtable lot! Dot makes me gry!"

And nobody thought it necessary to laugh at this point.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Down the Road.—Down the river road when a boy of five or six leaves the house his mother asks:

"Going away, Bill?"

"Yaas."

"Where?"

"Down to play on the saw logs."

"Well, young man, I want to tell you in advance that if you go down on them logs and fool round, and fall in and get drowned I'll lick the life out of you."

"Yum," answers Bill, and he wanders away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ The best tramp story as yet comes from Brookfield. A tramp stopped at Widow H.'s a few days since, and asked for food. She replied she had none. Mr. Tramp went across the road to a neighbor's and asked if they were aware the woman on the other side was starving. He then requested the loan of a fishing rod lying close by, which was granted. With it he went to a pond a short distance off, fished for several hours, catching a good string, returned to the Widow H., and made her a present of them.

☞ A colored man, employed as a deck hand on a propeller, was rushing around town yesterday, and inquiring where the polls were. "Polls? polls?" repeated the citizen, "why, there's no election going on now." "There hain't?" "No, sir." The man stood for a moment looking greatly disappointed, and turned for the river with the remark: "And now de programme is to find dat sleek young man who said dey was paying six dollars apiece for voters!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ When a whitewasher upset a pail of whitewash on a parlor carpet, doing fifty dollars' damage, he said to the grief-stricken lady of the house: I was agoin' to charge ye sixty cents for dis white washin but in view of dis dissatah, I'll put the fig-gahs down one-half.

☞ The best way to secure a man's good opinion of you is to make him think well of himself.

☞ A Boston murderer, in consequence of his poor health, wants his execution delayed.

☞ When is a soldier's ammunition box like a country road? When it is full of cart-ridges.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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WHO WILL BE GOVERNOR?

The manly, not to say noble letter of Hon. Thomas Talbot, which we print elsewhere, has elevated him in the opinion of all who have read it. In the race for the Republican nomination he lead his competitors, and his chance for winning was very good. We believe he could have secured it, and that he could have been elected. The result of last years' balloting was a surprise to every one, and the scenes of last election day will not be repeated this year. Thousands of tickets were used with Gaston's name at the head, for the purpose of inducing men to vote for some lesser candidate, the parties who prepared them, believing that Talbot was sure of it anyway, and it didn't matter if his majority was small. But all this is of no importance now. Mr. Talbot's friends had worked quietly, but earnestly, and were willing to work strenuously to secure for him the office of Governor, and at a meeting last week Thursday the subject was thoroughly canvassed. Mr, Talbot took a few days to consider the matter, and his judgment is expressed in his letter. He was known as an independent man, true to his convictions even though they crossed his interests; he is now known as a true patriot, who will sacrifice his own aspirations that the principles he considers vital may not suffer detriment through his action. He might, had he chosen to do so,continued governor so long as he desired the place, but he preferred to do what he believed to be right. So he might have been candidate this year, and he might have been governor, but the struggle would have been one that would have shaken the party, and he preferred to consolidate the army he fights with than to lead a majority of it. He stands better to day than he ever did, and there are few men in the State more highly esteemed.

His declination leaves the field to Mr. Rice and Dr. Loring. The former appears to have very small chance of winning. He is credited with the defeat of Mr. Talbot last year, through the action of his friends, which is one strong point against him. He is not extensively known throughout the State. His Boston organ tearfully grumbles "he has not been in positions to become as intimately and familiarly known as those who are candidates by profession. He has never been a member of the State Legislature, and of course, has not had the privilege of presiding in either branch. He is not a regular attendant of county and town fairs, and having charge of a large and engrossing business, when he has not been in public service, he has had no time to stand in public places and shake hands with every comer." But he has had time to go to Worcester several times, and in one of the parlors of the Bay State House shake hands with every comer, when his object in doing so was too apparent. Boston has an undue share in the government of the State, and the country towns do not rally very strong for a city candidate. It is undoubtedly very wrong to dislike a man for his aristocratic associations, but a good many people will do so, and you can't be governor against the will of a good many people. His friends are struggling manfully; they have hired the rooms vacated by the Talbot club, hoping perhaps to gain some prestige. They have a hard task before them, but it just now looks very hopeless.

Dr. Loring, who is seldom out of humor, is just now feeling remarkably well A goodly share of the Talbot following gravitates to him as easily as sparks fly upward. He is as able in every way as Mr. Rice, and a hundred times more popular. Everybody knows him, and they know his good qualities. He is not an angular man, and he will not trouble the angles of those who have them, but he has good tact and not infrequently carries his point against heavy odds, without arousing the enmity of his opponents. He is not altogether such a governor as we would like to see, but Andrews and Talbots cannot be had every year. He is the best man named for the place, and the man most likely to get it, and if nominated is sure of the election.

Governor Gaston is not quite sure of the Democratic nomination, his desires to retain his place by keeping on good terms with his Republican neighbors, not being wholly satisfactory to his partisans. His election last year was a surprise to him, and if he expects to be re-elected he will be surprised again.

Charles Francis Adams is earnestly written up by the independent press, and frantic appeals to "the people" are daily made in his behalf. The only reason we can see why this is done is that it may lift up the gentlemen who are urging. Certainly he is not so well known as Dr. Loring, and could make no better governor.

The signs indicate the nomination of Dr. Loring by the Republican convention, and such action will secure a Republican governor. But the nomination of Rice would result in a defeat, for his personal friends are not numerous enough to offset the number of those who would surely vote for some equally as good, and perhaps better man.

COUNTY CONVENTION.—The Middlesex Republican County Committee met in Boston on Wednesday and decided to call the County convention at Lowell, on Tuesday, the 12th of October, at Jackson Hall.

WITHDRAWAL OF MR. TALBOT.

Hon. Thomas Talbot has written the following letter to Major George S. Merrill, Secretary of the Republican State Committee, withdrawing his name from the list of candidates for Governor:

BILLERICA, Sept. 6, 1875

Major George S. Merrill Secretary State Republican Committee:

DEAR SIR:—As my name has been freely used in connection with the nomination of the Republican party for the office of Governor, now so soon to be made, I desire to make a frank statement through you, as the Secretary of the party organization. The importance of the approaching election, in its bearings upon the next Presidential contest, cannot be over estimated. Massachusetts should occupy no equivocal position. Regarding as I do, the success of the Republican party as necessary to the pacification of the Southern States; to the restoration of our currency to a sound basis as the only means of reviving trade and ensuring the continued prosperity of the country; and to an advancement of the standard of public virtue by furthering all the moral and religious efforts of the times, I consider it our paramount duty to make such a Gubernatorial nomination as shall best conduce to the entire harmony of the party.

Our Commonwealth has just entered upon an experiment in the treatment of the only question upon which a serious difference of opinion exists within our party. While I have seen no reason to change my often expressed views on the subject, my own judgment leads me to concur with those who believe that the best interests of temperance demand that the present law for the regulation of the liquor traffic should receive a fair, thorough and impartial trial, and though my whole influesce, and my honest efforts are pledged to secure this, yet I can but recognize the fact that my pronounced views upon this question might, were I put in nomination, create a doubt as to the sincerity of my purposes, and give rise to the suspicion that the experiment would not receive a fair trial at my hands. Should a wide spread distrust, born of such doubts and suspicions, manifest itself at the election, the cause of temperance might not only receive a severe check, but a breach might thereby be opened in the ranks of the Republican party in this State, the consequences of which would be disastrous both at home and abroad. I desire to avert this so far as it may lie in my power to do so, preferring to sacrifice my personal aspirations rather than imperil a triumph dearer to me than my own individual success.

While, therefore, I appreciate sincerely the kind support of friends who would earnestly press my name upon the party, I would announce through you, sir, that I cannot allow its use in the approaching convention, as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Governor.

Very truly, yours,

THOMAS TALBOT.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—The first gun of the season was touched off at Temperance Hall last Monday evening. A. E Thompson Esq., read the call, and was invited to preside. T. H. Hill acted as secretary. A committee of three consisting of Walter Wyman, John I. Munroe and W. B. Harris were sent out to nominate 17 delegates to the State Convention. While they were out Jacob Kendall suggested that a few remarks from Mr. Hill would be acceptable, and the Secretary good humoredly responded. The committee reported the following:—T. J. Pierce, Walter Wyman, George Flagg, James Maguire, Harris Munroe, Peter Kenney, Lincoln Emerson, A. Bancroft, F. F. Larkin, C. T Lang, J. Kendall, H. J. Allen, James McFeeley, J. K. Doherty, Wm. B. Harris, J. M. Eaton, Henry Taylor.

Major Bancroft declined serving, and when the meeting refused to excuse him declared that he should not go any way and their action was a matter of indifference to him.

The committee were then directed to make lists for the other conventions and reported accordingly:—

Senatorial.—John I. Munroe, H J Allen, J P Crane, J Maguire, Walter Wyman, S D Samson, T Salmon, W M Miller, S F Trull, C T Lang, E C Ingalls, John Ferguson, S T Cushing, W B Harris, G J Munroe, M S Seeley, C Austin Wyman.

County and Councillor.—A. E. Thompson, T H Hill, J I Munroe, J G Flagg, Jr., B McSweeney, S F Trull Geo J Munroe, Eli Cooper, Charles Breslin, J P Crane, John Bacon, Mark Allen, M S Seeley, S D Samson, H F Smith, Cyrus Munroe, Artemus Wood,

Peter Sexton was elected as one of the delegates but positively declined serving.

The caucus then adjourned.

☞ The name of Hon. Isaac S. Morse, formerly district attorney for Middlesex county, is mentioned for the attorney-generalship of the State. It would be a nomination "fit to be made."—*Wakefield Citizen.*

Not much, Fellow Citizen. Mr. Morse is a good lawyer and a very shrewd one, but the way he came out of the Middlesex county investigation was much like that of the horse thief whose guilt could not be proved. The Jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty: but he mustn't do it again."

PISTOL PRACTICE.—At a very early hour Sunday morning, Officers Richardson and Tay were going through Franklin street, when they saw a man come out of P. E. Bancroft's yard. Their suspicion being aroused, they ordered him to halt, whereupon the man took to his heels, through Franklin street. The officers fired their pistols and pursued the fugitive into Rag Rock avenue, but were unable to overhaul him.

LYCEUM HALL.—The annual meeting of Lyceum Hall Association was held Tuesday evening. The following directors were chosen:—G W M Hall, Ruel Carter, George W Allen, John Cummings, Charles G Lund, John Johnson, J Foster Deland. The Directors afterwards elected Capt Hall for President and Mr Deland for Secretary and Treasurer.

TO CONCORD.—G F Jones will run the "Commonwealth" to Concord on the days when the Cattle Show is in progress. As the round trip will cost but a dollar, he will have no difficulty in filling the barge.

SURPRISE.—Last Friday evening a large party of his friends surprised J. D. Taylor at his residence on Canal street, and assisted in the celebration of his fiftieth birthday. All engaged had a splendid time.

☞ What varieties in stationery nowadays, and new styles are being opened every week at Dodge's Drug Store 165 Main street.

BASE BALL.—A match game was played on the Wyoming grounds on Saturday last, between the Emmets of Horn Pond District, and the Independents of the Centre. Timothy O'Brien acted as umpire. The game was quite sharp, many good points being made by both nines. The following is the score by innings:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Independents,	0	0	6	0	4	2	1	1	3	—17
Emmets,	2	0	2	2	1	0	3	4	1	—15

The Emmetts of East Woburn and the Actives of North Woburn met on George Winn's field, Wednesday afternoon. Estabrook of the Actives was absent and E. E. Taylor took his place. He came in at the fifth inning, and the captain of the Emmetts consented to have him take his place but the club objecting he was ruled out, James Cunningham of the St. Charles Club of Stoneham was the umpire, deciding against the Actives every time, and creating very general disatisfaction. The Emmetts played well, and perhaps would have beaten the Actives with an impartial umpire. They were well disciplined, and the Actives had hard work to strike Faley's pitching. Berthrong caught for the Actives. Johnson at second base made some fine catches. The Actives went first to bat, and the Emmetts did not play the ninth inning. The following is the score:—

ACTIVES.	O.	R.	1st b.	EMMETTS.	O.	R.	1st b.
Bennett, p	1	2	4	O'Brien, ss	4	0	0
Platts, 3d b	4	0	1	Farrell, r f	3	2	2
Jones, c. f.	4	1	1	M.McKenna, c	3	2	2
Berthrong, c.	1	2	4	J. Duffy, 1b	1	3	4
Warland, l.f.	3	0	2	Bradley, l f	3	1	2
Shaw, 1st b	4	0	1	Jno. Duffy, 2b	2	0	3
Taylor, r f	4	1	1	P McKenna, 3b	5	0	0
Bond, s s	4	0	0	Faley, p	2	2	3
Johnson, 2d b	2	1	2	B McKenna, cf	1	2	4
	27	7	16		24	12	20

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Emmetts,	4	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	—	—12
Actives,	2	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	—7

The Emmetts appeared for the first time in their new uniform of white caps and shirts, grey knee breeches, green stockings and canvas gaiters, and not only looked well but behaved well.

Last Saturday the Union Club of the Watering Station, went to Wilmington to play a Nine in that town. The Wilmington boys disgusted their visitors, and the game closed with the Woburn nine playing four innings and the Wilmingtons five. W. H. Harris was umpire. The score was as follows:—

WILMINGTON.	O.	R.	UNION.	O.	R.
Baxter,	2	0	J. McCarthy,	2	1
M. Carter,	2	0	B. Day,	2	1
Newman,	2	0	J. Farrell,	0	2
Ed. Eames	2	0	G. Healey,	0	0
Evans,	1	0	P. McKenna,	3	0
C. Carter,	2	0	Jos. McCarthy,	1	0
Eames,	1	1	M. McKenna,	2	0
Collins,	3	0	A. McCarthy,	0	1
Weston,	1	1	O. Failey,	2	0
	15	2		12	5

	1	2	3	4	5	
Unions,	1	0	2	2	—	—5
Wilmingtons,	0	0	2	0	0	—2

The Phalanx have selected a Nine and challenged the Grand Army Nine. The game will be played on Winn's field next Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock.

This Friday afternoon the St. Charles of Stoneham play the Young Associates of Woburn, on George Winn's field, at half past two.

Last Saturday the Burlingtons defeated the Bedfords 25 to 21.

G A R PARADE.—A meeting of delegates from the Grand Army Posts of Middlesex county was held at Grand Army Hall, occupied by Warren Post No 12 of Wakefield, Wednesday afternoon, to perfect arrangements for the annual parade of the Posts of Middlesex county. The meeting was called to order by Comrade J P Maxfield, Chairman of the Executive Committee of last year, who was made permanent chairman and Comrade H C Hall of Waltham, was chosen Secretary. Eighteen Posts were represented by thirty-nine delegates, and a vote was passed recognizing the Posts of Charlestown as belonging to Middlesex county. A Committee of ten was appointed to retire and select time and place for holding the county parade, and it reported unanimously in favor of Old Cambridge, on Wednesday, Oct. 20, 1875, the report being accepted and adopted. The ballot for Division Commander for the parade resulted in the election of Gen A B Underwood of Newton, and an Executive Committee to complete the arrangements for the parade was appointed as follows:—Gen A B Underwood of Post 62 of Newton, *ex officio*; W W Webb 56, Cambridge; John M Cate, 12, Wakefield; F P Stimpson, 142, South Framingham; Geo E Priest 81, Watertown; J P Maxfield, 42, Lowell; Henry Parsons, 43, Marlboro'; Herbert E Hills, 139, Somerville. The committee was authorized to fill any vacancy which might occur. The delegates were then entertained by Warrren Post No. 12 in a hospitable manner. Much interest is manifested in the forthcoming parade by the various posts in the county, and it will undoubtedly prove a very successful one.

☞ The Woburn correspondent of the *Globe* says:—

The Channing Fraternity reopen their rooms the first of October, and the coming winter they propose to give another course of lectures similar to those given under their auspices last winter, and which proved so interesting and instructive to the attendants.

An apparently "happy family," consisting of a man, his wife, and two small children, passed through town early Tuesday morning, he drawing a nondescript sort of wagon, loaded with materials for the manufacture and repair of baskets, camp equipage, etc., upon the top of which sat two children as happy and frisky as though to the manner born.

The Mishawum Club went Tuesday night on an excursion to the Atlantic house, Nantasket Beach, where they remained overnight, returning home Wednesday morning.

POLICE COURT—Sept 6, Mary Smith, single drunk, $3 and costs. Andrew Rogers, single drunk, $3 and costs. Mark Flaherty, Susan Flaherty, Bridget Howley, Patrick Howley, and Nancy Howley, were arraigned for assault on Sarah Donahoe. They were all discharged except Nancy Howley, who was fined $1 and casta. John Ferrin, Edward Doorley, James Bustead, were each fined $3 and costs for single drunks Michael Cooney assault on his wife Crtherina, sentenced to House of Correction for 90 days. Sept 10 James Bustead simple assault, fined $1 and costs.

RUNAWAY.—Thursday morning a pair of horses driven by William Tidd of Stoneham, were frightened at a wheelbarrow on Plain street, and ran away near Charles Eames's. They broke down a fence, but were stopped without doing other damage.

TO THE BEACH.—Highland Hose No. 3 to the number of 18 went to Chelsea Beach on Wednesday. S O Pollard & Co furnished the team. The Ocean House being full they were obliged to make the Revere House their headquarters for the day. The forenoon was passed by playing base ball, most of the players trying their hand at the game for the first time. They were called the First and Second nines, and played seven inning, the game standing 44 to 36 in favor of the First nine. Dinner was served at 2 o'clock, after which some of the party chartered a yacht and went blue fishing. They had a delightful sail, but caught "nary a fish." At 7 o'clock they started for home, arriving at 10 o'clock, somewhat tired, but having passed a pleasant day.

IMPROVED.—Our friend and townsman J Henry Symonds, proprietor of the *Cabinet Maker*, has enlarged his paper to 56 pages, 9 1-2x13 with covers, making 60 pages, 39 of which are advertisements From small beginnings the *Cabinet Maker* has come to be the acknowledged organ of the trade, and well does it sustain the responsible position. The trade recognizes its value in the extensive advertising patronage bestowed upon it, and the mechanical, editorial and artistic skill displayed in the paper makes it a worthy exponent of the great interest it serves.

FIREMEN'S MUSTER.—Next Wednesday and Thursday there is to be a fireman's muster at Lynn. Woburn sends the steamer with Hose 1, and Hose 2 and 4 will go with their carriages. The prizes for steamers is $200, $100 and a $75 trumpet, to draft and play horizontal through 200 feet of hose. Hose carriages are to run half a mile, and lay 200 feet of hose, the prizes being $150, $75, and a $40 trumpet.

REMOVAL.—Dr J M Harlow, whose residence has been for so long a time adjoining the Baptist church, has removed to his new and convenient house on Pleasant street. The doctor is now in excellent quarters, the house having been built and fitted exactly to his mind, and his numerous patrons will have no difficulty in finding him, as the house is the second one west of the Town House.

STEREOSCOPE.—Strout is taking some very fine stereoscopic views about town among which are the interior and exterior of the Orthodox church, the Unitarian church, two views of Stephen Dow's estate, a view of the Timothy Winn estate, two views of the Common, and others, to which he is daily adding. Call and purchase a set.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH PARLOR.—Mr Dunshee whose advertisement appears elsewhere, has opened a photograph parlor in Soles's building, opposite the Orthodox Church. Mr Dunshee has the reputation of being a first class artist, and our readers should give him a call.

MEDICAL.—Attention is called to the card of Dr. Ricketson, who succeeds to Dr. Cutter's practice in Woburn. He will reside at corner of Pleasant and Bennett streets. Dr Ricketson is an experienced physician and surgeon, and comes highly recommended.

COLLEGIATE.—Messrs Frank W. Gilcreast and Arthur U. Dickson, and Edwin A. Russell, graduates of our High School, were admitted to Tufts College, last Thursday. Mr. Gilcreast will take a special course in Civil Engineering.

CONCRETE.—Walter Bates is concreting the Central House yard. The owner, Mr G F Jones always goes in for improvement, and this last is one that thousands will appreciate.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, a boy named Shinkwin, employed at Simonds' shop, jammed the forefinger of his left hand severely.

☞ Mr Hill the druggist makes a specialty of elastic bandages. See his announcement in another column.

CHESS.—The Chess Club have changed their base, and hereafter will meet in one of the ante rooms in Lyceum Hall.

☞ E. E. Thompson, Esq, is confined to his house by sickness brought on by over work.

BEGUN.—Work has begun on the Canal street widening and straightening.

☞ Call at Dodge's drug store and see Dr. Cutter's reclining and easy chair.

☞ Some very eligible rooms to let may be heard from at this office.

☞ The steamer was out for practice Wednesday evening.

☞ Mr. W. M. Miller arrived home from the hospital Thursday.

West Woburn.

☞ The new bell deck for the Cummings Hose House is being put up by T. R. Corbett. A new bell has been presented to the company by John Cummings, Esq., and was placed in the belfry on Wednesday evening. It weighs 200 pounds and was manufactured by Hooper & Co.

FIRE.—Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock, Mr. Asa Phillips extinguished a slight fire in the old ice house, which was supposed to have been set by children.

OUR BEST MEN FOR OFFICE.—Put good men in nomination. This should be the motto of every Republican convention. No delegate should be sent to represent the people who will not first pledge himself to support men of known virtue There are good men to be had for every office. They are not to be found hanging around the doors of the convention holding out their hats for politcal support. They keep in the back ground—neither seek nor want public office, and accept it when tendered, only as a high public duty. They must be sought out, brought to the front, and placed in nomination. Their presence on a ticket adds to its weight. They impart confidence to the people, who are always quick to recognize honesty and ability, and glad to reward them by giving them place and power. If we want good majorities this fall, we must present good men on our tickets. In order to win a victory we must first show we deserve it.—*Peabody Press.*

What the Old Meeting-House Said.

Old House

Hadst thou but reason and a tongue to tell
Thy bye gone history, this might be the tale.

In '27* devoted hearts and hands
With sacrifice magnanimous, the work began,
Of rearing for the King of kings this place
Of worship, this memorial of His grace.
I'm not so old, yet well nigh fifty years
Of storm and sunshine leave their impress here.
Of late, strange things my inner man befel;
Stript of my beauty, I'm left the merest shell.
This but exposed my noble, stalwart frame,
Reflecting credit to the †builder's name;
My tower still stands, reminder of the past,
Though all else changes, this memorial lasts;
At first my desk was on four pillars placed,
Then lowered somewhat to meet advancing taste.
No organ then gave forth soul-stirring strains;
But viol, flute and clarrionette sustain
The numerous voices, as they join to praise
‡With no mean harmony, the God of Grace.
The first device to warm the edifice
Was a brick furnace in the vestry placed;
But trial proved it not the best of ways,—
Two stoves in room above, supplied its place.
Once has my inner form been re-arranged,
New sittings added—whole interior changed;
The deep-toned bell, which notes the worship hour,
Or fireman calls to duty from his tower,
Took place of one less pleasant in its tone,—
By service shattered, and its work all done;
Stoves were removed—the furnace took their place,
And oil fixed chandeliers gave place to gas.
§Twelve pastors here in turn the message brought
Of free redemption by a Saviour wrought;
Hundreds have here in faith received the Word,
And took on vows of fealty to their Lord.
And is it asked, why all this waste,
This seeming desecration?—
'Tis fitting that this place, though
Venerated—loved—by many a pious heart,
Should pass this trying ordeal,—
'Tis but a preparation for a fitter place
To worship Him who's worthy of the best
Our hands can offer or our hearts conceive;
And as the human "form divine"
Bereft of clay, will put on beauties
New and glorious in a future day,—
So this old fane, bereft of former loveliness,
Shall come forth in more befitting form,
More suited to the wants of worshipers,
And more becoming for the King of kings.

N——L.

*Finished and dedicated May, 1828.

†Capt. Samuel Abbot is worthy of honorable and grateful remembrance as designer and superintendent of the work.

‡The choir was at first led by Dea. John Tidd Benj. Daland and others. Between 1829 and 1833 the pastor, Benj. C. Wade, had a general supervision of the choir, met with them at rehearsals, and would point out any defects in their public performances; used often to sing a set piece at the conclusion of rehearsals. He was an accomplished performer, of exquisitely pleasant voice, and in musical acquirements in advance of the community, and any who were present at these rehearsals will recall them with the most pleasing emotions.

§The pastors have respectively been S. S. Mallory, B. C. Wade, T. B. Ripley, N. Hooper, S. B. Randall, J. C. Stockbridge, J. Ricker, B. F. Bronson, J. S. Kennard, H. C. Townley, Wm. M. Young and the present one.

North Woburn.

MISCHIEF.—Some persons bent on mischief, on Monday night, tore down six of the street sign boards between Central Square and North Woburn. They were found the next morning in the yard of Mr, Felix Carr. This is the second time the signs have been taken down in this manner within a short time, and an effort should be made to find out the offenders and punish them. A night watch is very much needed.

HOSE 2.—This company has been given permission to attend the Lynn Muster, and on Wednesday entered for the running prizes for hose carriages. They will go over the road, taking the carriage with them. Engineer Tay and their namesake Jacob Webster will accompany them.

☞ In case of fire during the absence of the company to the muster, this part of the town will be provided with a hose carriage. The jumper of the hand engine will be left in the hands of a volunteer company.

TRAMP.—Last Saturday forenoon, a tramp entered the house of Mr. Charles Tay, Main street, frightening the women folks, who ran out. He was removed without any trouble by Mr. Chesman Wright.

VACATION.—And now "Vesta" the popular driver of the horse cars, has gone to New Hampshire to recuperate and grow fat,

Winchester.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The march of improvement is still onward, and we would chronicle those this week which we have noticed. A new street is being opened from Cambridge street near the Everett estate, through Bacon's land to Bacon opposite Central street. This will give a shorter route to the depot from this section of the town, and bring into the market very many eligible building lots, as well as afford a pleasant road for travel. Bacon street is being widened throughout its entire length, and a sidewalk to the railroad station built upon it. The main street between the Centre and Symmes' corner is being straightened, the hill near the Black Horse Tavern cut down, and otherwise greatly improved. Church street is about completed, and cannot fail to satisfy the wants of those who travel over or upon it. Not many houses are in process of erection at the present time. Mr. Hamlin's house promises to be an object of attraction to the passers by, as well as commodious and elegant in all its appointments to the occupants. John T. Wilson's house is nearly completed, and will be occupied by himself and family.

LECTURES.—A Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Society has issued a programme for a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall for the purpose of raising funds to erect a suitable place of worship on the land recently purchased by the Society of Dr. Winsor. The lecturers announced are Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, 19th wife of Brigham Young. Subject—"My Life in Bondage." Rev Wm S Studley, subject, "Yankee Character Poems." Matthew Hale Smith, subject—"Our Centennial; One Hundred years ago and now." Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D D, subject—"The Beautiful Woman." Stuart Rogers, the actor of the platform, in his novel and refined Lyceum entertainment. Rev D C Knowles, subject—"The Hills." Wm A Hovey, editor of the Boston *Transcript*; subject—"Gas." Bishop Gilbert Haven, subject—"The Silver Land." The lectures will commence Monday, Sept. 20, and close November 29th. The tickets are from $1 50 to $2.50 according to location.

FAC SIMILE.—At the Missionary Concert in the Congregational Church last Sunday evening, a fac simile, printed from the stone itself, of the famous Nestorian Tablet was exhibited, and explained in a letter sent by their missionary in China, Rev. Chester Holcomb. The copy is very valuable, and its translation proves beyond a doubt, that the religion of China was at that time Protestant.

SIGNS.—The Railroad Corporation have taken down the "Crossing Sign" over the Church street crossing, and erected in its place two very neat signs one each side of the street, making a great improvement in the appearance of that part of the "square."

GOOD RUN.—Excelsior Hose Co. No 3, ran half a mile last Saturday evening, laid 200 feet of hose, and showed water through the pipe in three minutes and six seconds, At Lynn they will not have to turn on the water, and they will probably make much better time.

G. A. R.—The Grand Army have withdrawn the idea of a course of lectures the coming winter, in favor of the Methodist course. They will give three entertainments however, the opening one being by Wendell Phillips, Esq.

ASSAULT.—Mr. John Hanson was arraigned before the Trial Justice at Medford last Monday, for assault, and was bound over until the 18th inst., as the party was injured so badly as to be unable to appear and testify.

QUERY.—Have we an agent of the M S P C A in town? If so, he is requested to give a little attention to the cruelty to animals being practiced here and hereabouts.

VENTRILOQUIST.—Prof. Harrington, the Ventriloquist, with Dixon E. Watson, Vocalist, gave an entertainment at Lyceum Hall last Tuesday evening.

PERSONAL.—W. F. Foster Esq. and wife have gone on a vacation to New Hampshire.

Arlington.

SMASHUP OF A MILK TRAIN.—The milk train from Concord on the Middlesex Central Railroad was thrown from the track at Arlington Saturday morning, and the engine, milk, baggage and express cars badly damaged. The four passenger cars were not thrown off, and only one man, Mr. J. D. Brown, who was in the milk car, slightly injured. It seems that the engine was thrown off by reason of too great a play of the switch, and it went down an embankment, crushing the coal shed of J. W. Pierce, and badly smashing the engine. The engineer and fireman remained at their posts until the machine stopped, although the cab was torn from over their heads, and then walked away unharmed. The main body of the engine was separated from the tender, which tore up a rail that entered it lengthwise, doing considerable damage. Next came the milk car, containing 500 cans, which J. D. Brown was taking into Boston. This struck the tender and was thrown forty feet into an orchard upon the opposite side of the track from the engine. The car was smashed endwise, and the cans were mostly destroyed. Mr Brown remained in the car until it stopped, and was then pulled out of a window, being but slightly injured. An express car followed, and this was thrown across the tracks, losing its trucks and being upset. The baggage car which came next in order, had a pair of trucks torn off and one end smashed. The track was badly torn up, and a wrecking train was sent out from Boston. The slow rate of speed undoubtedly prevented a more serious accident.

Reading.

FIRE PARADE.—The annual parade of the Fire Department will take place on the 15th. The programme is as follows: At 10 A. M., the column will form, then parade through the streets. The question, Are the engines going to play? is left to a committee to decide. After parading, the fire laddies will enjoy a picnic in Parker's Grove, Salem street. There the following races will take place for prizes of $5 each: A foot race, sack race, hurdle race, greased pig race and greased pole race. It was intended to march to Lyceum Hall after the picnic, and wind up with a promenade concert ball, but owing to circumstances beyond the control of the Department, this portion of the programme may be omitted.

New Publications.

A DOUBLE WEDDING, or How she was won. A new work by Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Co.

In one large duodecimo volume bound in morocco, cloth gilt back and side This work from the well known house of T. B. Peterson and Bros. fully sustains the reputation of the firm, in the superior style of printing and binding. As to the volume itself we should take some exceptions. The too frequent French quotations in the first part, will not suit the common reader, while the pair of duels which form a prominent part of the varied chain of events, will not be acceptable to all. However, on the whole, it may suit the taste of the habitual novel reader, and in displaying the author's ability to reach the loftiest flight of imagination, it will compare favorably with most works of its kind, and doubtless be widely read.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR. By L. O. Emerson and W. S. Tilden. Price $1.00 or $9.00 per dozen. Boston, O. Ditson & Co.

Some years since Mr. Emerson and Mr. Tilden brought out "The Hour of Singing," a music book intended especially for High Schools, and more especially for those in which vocal music is systematically taught. It was quite a success, and has come into general use. The best of books, however, like smoke-jacks, "wear out in time," and the young ladies and gentlemen are ready for "fresh songs and solleggios new," albeit they may not differ in merit from those already so widely known.

"The High School Choir" is, according to the title page, divided into nine divisions, and doubtless there are nine varieties of lessons; but the half titles only indicate four or five.

At the commencement we find 50 pages devoted to the usual "singing school" course, but not intended for beginners This part seems to be well arranged. The rest of the book may be best described as 200 pages filled with a very well prepared collection of secular and sacred music in three or four parts for practice. There is a fair proportion of pieces suitable for opening and closing, and quite a number of new glees.

☞ We are in receipt of a copy of the regular semi annual extra edition of the "American Grocer," a 32 page trade journal, published weekly at 141 Chambers street, New York, for $4 00 a year. The "American Grocer" has won a deservedly high place among commercial papers by the fulness and accuracy of its market reports and prices current, embracing all kinds of merchandise and country produce, as well as for its bold and successful advocacy of trade reforms in the interest of honesty and fair dealing among merchants. It is proving an invaluable assistant to dealers throughout the country in giving them information concerning qualities and prices of goods.

☞ Of the novels of the season the New York *Tribune's* literary correspondent says there isn't enough vitality to nourish a self respecting grasshopper; and of the majority of German novels for the past ten years that have been translated for our benefit, they are no credit to the country of their creation, being muddles of emotion, without beauty of style or any intellectual value, and in general suggestive of half baked food.

☞ Civility costs little and pays in the long run. A story at the expense of a Lawrence man who had a small party under escort from this city to a seaside resort is the newest illustration. Arrived at the railroad terminus, there was only one hack. The Lawrence man wanted the exclusive use of it for himself and three persons whom he considered himself honored by escorting. An elderly lady, very plain in appearance, desired a seat inside, and that the Lawrence man should accommodate her by riding upon the box with the driver. He was firm in the purpose of monopolizing the hack, and the hack-driver, with an eye to business, auctioned off the use of the vehicle, finally making a bargain with the Lawrence man for $6. The hack rolled away with the Lawrence man triumphantly in possession, leaving the old lady standing on the depot platform to make her way as best she could. In the evening, the Lawrence man was relating to a company of acquaintances his experience with "a troublesome, fussy old Irishwoman at the depot." A gentleman who was standing by, well-known as quite prominent in business affairs in a New Hampshire city, remarked that the Lawrence man's experience was, indeed, singular, and that there was, too, a strange coincidence. "My mother," he said, "an elderly lady, upwards of eighty five, came down from home this afternoon, and she was telling us at tea that she had a great row about getting a hack at the depot, with a drunken, insolent, red headed Irishman. There seems to be a good deal of trouble about hacks, this afternoon." The Lawrence man "took" and so did the by-standers. The story got back to Lawrence, and if you ask him now about that "fussy old Irishwoman from Nashua," the Lawrence man will probably ask you how your family are and if you aren't glad that there has been such a pleasant change in the weather *Lawrence American.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Nobody in this part of the country probably wishes to hear Jefferson Davis's opinion upon any subject whatever. He is not asked to speak because he is an eloquent man, nor because of his popularity, nor of the general love and respect for him as a public character, nor on account of his intellectual ability or special authority, but simply because he was the representative rebel in the rebellion. The object is to gratify a morbid curiosity, and put money in the purses of speculators, or to make some kind of political capital. But to see any political significance in his coming is absurd. Any man, however famous as a rebel, may come and go through these States at his pleasure. The Louisville *Courier Journal* says that Mr Lamar was treated like a dog in New Hampshire last spring. Is that the reason he has gone to Minnesota this summer? Nothing could be more absurdly untrue. And if Davis went into New England or to the West, he would be as personally unharmed as Aaron Burr was forty years ago in the city of Alexander Hamilton. His presence here would neither help nor hinder what is called "good feeling." He certainly has done nothing which deserves recognition or gratitude, and it is not necessary to have him stand upon a Northern platform in order to show that there is no vindictive feeling toward the Southern States.

His old confederates in that part of the country can see in this proposition to honor him only another illustration of that meanness of spirit which they have always attributed to large numbers of people "at the North." It is the thing of which dough faces were made in other days. We believe that honorable men in the Southern States, who honestly supported the rebellion, will justly despise the want of a true self respect that prompt these overtures for the gratification of a miserable curiosity, which makes itself more contemptible by affecting to have a patriotic purpose.—*Harper's Weekly.*

BOHEMIANISM.—The term "Bohemian" is one frequenty applied to certain writers for the press. It by no means applies to all of the fraternity, but to that class of trust-to-luck scribblers, who are a compound of the Harold Skimpole and Micawber orders of men. A Bohemian is not merely one who writes for a living. He is one who holds no salaried position He is also one who, not having achieved reputation, yet writes well enough to get paid a certain sum, generally the lowest price, for his contributions to papers or magazines. He is thus poor. If he is possessed of ordinary diligence, he can make enough in this way to make both ends meet by strictest economy. Generally however, he is neither diligent nor economical. As soon as he succeeds in "making a raise" of a few dollars, he starts out to have a good time, spending his money freely down to the very last cent. When that is gone—and it is very soon in a state of goneness—he subsides to his crust and his garret with a wonderful degree of equanimity. Some of them are college graduates, and from that fact, are inclined to try their hand at literature. Others are waiting for an opening on some newspaper, while still others are imbued with a desire to attain literary celebrity.

The Bohemian, in one sense, leads a free and easy life. He is bound by no master to regulate his hours of labor. He can get up and down when he chooses. When an article is finished, he takes it to a magazine or newspaper office, and if it is accepted he is paid without further ado. If not accepted, he throws it aside and writes another. There are no grumblings or criticisms for his ears. Once in a while a genius makes fame and is rewarded. But such cases are exceptions and there always will be Bohemians. Most of them hire lodgings and board around—in other words, take meals wherever and whenever they choose. A garret apartment lodges them in independent poverty. A singular life, and yet rather fascinating to a multitude of men.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—The appearance of a new edition of Mr. Bartlett's admirable volume of "Familiar Quotations" affords fresh occasion for wonderment over the strange and unsuspected origin of many of the sayings so common in daily life. It seems almost impossible for a modern to say a good or bright thing that cannot be traced back to a respectable antiquity. The Bible has given us scores of apt and striking bits of wit and wisdom which have been in use so long and generally that it is a surprise to hear where they came from. And on the other hand, it is no less surprising to learn that numerous choice passages of morality and religion which we were accustomed to credit to the Scriptures were really first uttered by heathen philosophers, or written by the poets and playwrights of remote centuries, It is curious, too, that a great many of our so called vulgarisms have the stamp of high authority—as "To run a muck," for which Pope is responsible; and "Too thin," which was applied by King Hal to the flatteries of Bishop Gardiner, according to Mr. William Shakespeare, a gentleman who also used the word "bully" in exactly the sense we now hear it employed by godless urchins in our back alleys.

Of course we are indebted to the works of Shakespeare—conceding that they were written by him, and not by Lord Bacon—for a large proportion of our most popular and serviceable quotations. It is Shakespeare that says, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" "he hath eaten me out of house and home;" "thy wish was father to that thought;" "familiar in their mouths as household words;" "all that glisters [not glitters] is not gold;" etc, etc. But Shakespeare did not originate all of the shrewd sayings which sound as if he might have made them. It is Milton who speaks of "Linked sweetness long drawn out," and furnishes the much worn remark about "fresh woods [not fields] and pastures new." That elegant apothegm, "To err is human, to forgive divine," comes from Pope, who also wrote the homely truth, so often cited "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and that other excellent bit of irony, "An honest man's the noblest work of God" Johnson taught us to say, "Hell is paved with good intentions;" and Goldsmith gives us the conquering motto of "Measures, not men" The phrase of equivocal virtue, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," is supplied by Gray; and the favorite heading for speeches on the currency "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," is to be found in the same quarter. "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," was written by Garrick. "The trail of the serpent is over them all," by Moore; "Of two evils, the least is always to be chosen," by Thomas a Kimpis; "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," by Prior; "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" by Morton, in the play of "Speed the Plow;" "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," by Keats; "Coming events cast their shadows before," by Campbell; and "God helps them that help themselves," by our own Doctor Franklin.—*St Louis Globe Democrat.*

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—The Georgetown *Advocate* says: "Two fashionably dressd young ladies from this town went to Haverhill on a shopping expidition on Thursday. While perambulating the streets and looking at the rich display of new goods in the shop windows, one inadvertantly stepped upon a piece of German Fly Paper, that was laying upon the sidewalk, 'butter side up'. Of course it 'stuck;' she endeavored to step on it with the other foot and thus dislodge it, but it adhered to that foot also. Repeated waltzings failed to move the plaster, and progress in any direction was much retarded. After many vexatious, repeated trials the service of her friend was asked, and with difficulty the sticker removed.

Haverhill has tried many expedients to draw trade and catch custom, but the German Fly Paper dodge is the lateat and most successful."

☞ A correspondent of the Newport, R I News is justly severe upon the cruelty of pigeon shooting. He says:—"There are some few countries in which bull fighting still prevails, but it is looked upon by the more civilized as cruel and demoralizing, and utterly unworthy of any true gentleman. But surely it is no worse than pigeon shooting, except that the bull is a larger animal. And then in its elements of courage and danger, it does have some higher qualities which the killing of little birds does not."

☞ He was smoking a cigar on a car where there were ladies. Of course he was a gentleman (?). A lady took out her purse, got ten cents and handed it to the smoker. "What is this for?" said he "It's to buy you a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies." He threw the cigar out of the window, the scrip in the lady's lap, jerked the strap and jumped out.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

☞ Mr. Charles D. Stanford, an operator in the Western Union office in this city, sent eighty-seven messages to Portland, recently, in one hour, beating the best time yet made. The messages had to be translated instantly from the telegraphic alphabet, and written out in full at the rate of forty two words per minute.

☞ Time works wonders and so does *Hunt's Remedy* Sufferers from dropsy, Bright's disease, kidney, bladder and glandular complaints, retention and incontinence of urine, gravel, diabetes, female irregularities, pain in the back and loins, general prostration of the nerve structure, and afflictions of the urino genital organs will disappear after a few doses of this valuable and strictly vegetable compound, and health will be firmly reastablished.

☞ Barnum balloonist gets $200 a day,

The Campaign.—The *Hearth & Home* gives the following amusing campaign sketch written by "M. Quad," who is supposed to be the Detroit humorist. Detroit isn't very much different from other places on politics:—

I think the campaign has opened. I am no politician myself, but I think so because a drunken man ran against me last night, and yelled:

"'Rah for Thompson!"

And he had scarcely staggered out of sight when another intoxicated individual came running around the corner and hoarsely inquired:

"Where's the reptile that called our candidate a horse-thief?"

Later in the evening several men halted in front of my house and thus addressed me as I slumbered:

"Come down here, you old gray-headed heathen, and give us money to buy powder!"

I didn't go down, and they unhinged my gate and broke down two shade-trees.

As I said at the start, I don't keep myself posted on politics, but I am convinced that the campaign has opened; this is the way, if I remember rightly, that all campaigns have been opened for the last fifteen years.

This morning while I was selecting a roast at the butcher's a man with red eyes and wicked face came up, slapped me on the back, and as he twisted around so as to give me the full force of his tanyard breath he remarked:

"Gimme yer hand—less holler for Johnson!"

He seized my hand and shook me around and continued:

"I kin lick any human being who says a word agin Johnson!"

"Who's Johnson?" I asked, for I really did not remember of ever hearing or reading of him.

"Who's Johnson?" he echoed, gazing at me in astonishment and indignation, "why he's lived in your own ward for ten years!"

"I never met him."

"Never did? Why, he keeps the biggest and best saloon in the ward!"

"Ah?"

He looked at me for a moment in a puzzled way, not understanding what "ah!" meant, and then he pulled off his coat and exclaimed:

"See here, maybe you are going to cut Johnson and vote for Spicer!"

"Maybe I am."

"You are, eh?" he yelled. "You are going to cut Johnson off the reg'lar ticket and vote for that long-haired Spicer?"

A policeman took the man away just as he was preparing to demonstrate the freedom of the American ballot-box, and I got my roast and went into the grocery. Old Mr. Lovejoy and old Mr. Arnold happened in at the same time. I knew that they differed in politics, but also new that both were good men, and had been friends for twenty years.

"Going to be a hot campaign, I guess," remarked Mr. Arnold, as he hunted for a match to light his pipe.

"Oh, I dunno," replied Mr. Lovejoy. "I think we'll scoop you high and dry without much effort."

"You will, eh? I'll wager that you are the sickest-looking man in the county before snow flies."

"Guess not," said Mr. Lovejoy in a nettled tone; "the people are tired of being robbed and plundered and burdened and roasted at the stake, as it were, and they are rising in their might to hurl the villanous party from power."

"What party do you refer to, sir?" demanded Mr. Arnold.

"Yours, sir," replied Mr. Lovejoy.

"Then, sir, you are dotard and a liar!" shouted Mr. Arnold.

"And I'll knock you down!" cried Mr. Lovejoy; and they struck and kicked and fell over a barrel, and were separated only to vow eternal enmity.

From now until the campaign is over I shall see such things every day. As I come up home men will demand money of me to drink the health of this or that candidate; men will seize me and rush me into a saloon, and oblige me to swallow some villanous drink to show that I favor their candidate; men will throw brick-bats at me if I come up a back street to avoid them. If I ride on a street car I shall hear men abuse and malign every candidate on my party ticket; if I ride in the omnibus I shall hear men relate villanous lies about every candidate on the other ticket.

The chances are that my butcher and grocer and tailor will fall out with me because I refuse to hurrah for their candidates, or because I can't see that Saunders is a liar, hypocrite, horse-thief, burglar, and jail-breaker, while Morton has to wear an overcoat to hide his angelic wings.

During the day I shall hear all these things down town, and when I come home to rest, and just as I am enjoying my first nap, some one will ring my bell and want to know if I am on this or that ward or city committee. In less than half an hour some one voting the other ticket will heave a rock against the door from across the street to remind me of the error of my ways. At midnight parties will come along and hurrah for some one, and at daylight the man who has been "laying wires" all night will wink at me as he goes along home. If I take any part in this campaign I must fold tickets and lay plans on Sundays, remain up the most of every night, drink with every man who asks me, treat every loafer encountered, lie about men whose characters are above reproach, and praise men who are not fit to associate with heathens.

I sometimes think I won't have anything to do with politics.

——In the corrected version of "Rip Van Winkle," Schneider, the dog, is chained to a bush when the hero lies down to sleep his twenty years; and when Rip wakes up, to his great surprise he finds poor Schneider's skeleton up a tree, still chained.

☞ Bananas grow as readily in their native climate as willows do on marshy land. All that is necessary in order to cultivate them is to stick a slip into the ground, and in twelve or thirteen months it will bear fruit.

☞ An Indiana infant coughed up a brass padlock the other day. The rest of the tools are still in its chest.

☞ Richmond is getting rich. The penalties for profane swearing are a source of big revenue.

☞ An Indianapolis man had his brains beaten out with a wrench the other day. He must have suffered ex-screw-ciatingly.

——A. H. Stephens is getting fat. He weighs ninety six now.

Military.—A writer in the Boston *Globe*, criticising the present militia system of Massachusetts, says: "What needs to be done, in my judgment, is to abolish the division organization, disband two of three brigades, and make of our 6000 militiamen one good strong brigade—say five infantry regiments, one artillery and one cavalry battalion, and one batalion Chasseurs d'Afrique, then put at the head of the brigade a general of experience and creditable fame in the late war, of military taste and acquirements, and of enthusiastic pride in the service. Such a man would be a good disciplinarian."

Human Nature.—A Detroit commercial traveller walked down the aisle of a passenger coach the other day, having on an outlandish linen duster and an old straw hat; and seven women, who had seats by themselves, piled their baggage on the spare half and looked out of the window to avoid seeing him. While he was sitting on the wood box and chewing the bitter cud of reflection, a man with a brass watch-chain, and a three dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, six of the women lifted their satchels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right, but they will always be.

Economical New Food.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of James Pyle. None genuine without.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Winchester, Sept. 5, John H., son of Thomas and Bridget Lynch, aged 10 years, 11 months.

In Winchester, Sept. 5, Julia, daughter of Daniel and Joanna Sullivan, aged 11 months.

In Woburn, Sept. 7, Mary Ellen, daughter of James Little, aged 18 years, 14 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 9, David, son of David and Mary Clancy, aged 9 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 9, Mary, wife of John Sheehan, aged 28 years.

Special Notices.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

The firm of F. S. Richardson & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Winchester, Sept. 1st, 1875.

FRANCIS S. RICHARDSOM,
WM. H. BAILEY.

The Saw Mill business will be continued by the undersigned with F. S. Richardson as Foreman.

Winchester, Sept. 1st, 1875.

WM. H. BAILEY.

Pensioners Notice.

Pensioners are reminded that their Bienial Examination must be had before the next payment. The subscriber will be at his house, on Church st. Winchester, to attend to such; afternoons and evenings, on and after Sept. 4th. A. CHAPIN.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son, William T. Eames, his time during the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

GEORGE T. EAMES.

Wilmington, August 25, 1875.

To Let with Board,

A pleasant front room, in a small family in centre of town. Address Box 1064, Woburn P. O. 188

To Concord Cattle Show.

THE NEW BARGE

"Commonwealth"

Will be run between Woburn and Concord to the Cattle Show, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th, leaving Woburn each day at 8 A. M.

ROUND TRIP $1.00.

187 G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

NEW
Photograph Gallery,

139 1-2 Main Street, Woburn,

Opposite the Congregational Church.

Best card Pictures from $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per dozen. Best cabinet cards $4.00 per dozen. Also large Photos to frame $2.00 to $5.00 for first picture. Special attention given to copying and enlarging old Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes and Photographs.

N. B.—Club Pictures. Eleven Tickets for $10, to families living near neighbors can make a saving by calling at my Gallery, 139½ Main street, Woburn. Please call and examine specimens.

H. S. DUNSHEE, Artist.

N. B.—Mrs. Dunshee, artist in Ladies Hair Dressing, in constant attendance. Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. 195

Dining Saloon.

The undersigned would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will open a Dining Saloon at

150 Main Street,

On Wednesday, Sept. 15th.

Meals served at all hours in a first-class manner.

Call and see our "Bill of Fare."

198 J. C. CHURCHILL.

The attention of the public is invited to our

Elastic Bandage Department,

consisting of a complete assortment of Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps, Anklets, Belts, &c., for the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak Joints, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs, Abdominal Weakness or Tumors.

Our Elastic Fabrics

are made from the best material by skilled workmen. In special cases complete measurements will be taken and suitable Bandages will be manufactured promptly to order.

Hill's Drug Store.

SEDGEWICK INSTITUTE,

For young boys, beautifully situated in Southern Berkshire, it combines unusual advantages for mental and physical culture with the home influences of a Christian family. JAMES BIRD, A. M., Principal, Great Barrington, Mass. 197

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin Fiske, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Parker L. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor herein named;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September inst., at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

194 J. H. TYLER, Register.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME OF THE
WOBURN JOURNAL
COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 18th, 1875.
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS. SEPTEMBER 2d, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the ninth day of October next at four o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in law or equity that Joseph B. Kelley of Cambridge, in said County, had on the 21st day of July last, when the same was seized and taken on this execution, in and to the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Cambridge, being lot No. 14 on a plan of building lots in Cambridge, formerly owned by Hon. Wm. Winthrop, by W. A. Washburn & Co., surveyors, dated April, 1858, and recorded in the Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, and bounded Northeasterly by Mt. Auburn street, forty feet; Northwesterly by a street laid down on said plan forty feet wide, now called Athens street, there measuring 120 feet; Southwesterly by lot No. 19 on said plan, 40 feet; Southeasterly by lot No. 15 on said plan, 120 feet, containing 4860 square feet, being the same premises conveyed to Joseph B. Kelley by Betsey Pratt, by deed dated October 16th, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1184, Fol. 237.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

NEW
BLACKSMITH SHOP!

The undersigned would announce to his friends and the public that he will open his shop Sept. 6, on

BROAD STREET,

where he hopes to receive a share of the public patronage, in

Horse Shoeing, Carriage Repairs, and General Blacksmith Work.

Special attenton given to **Repairing Springs.**

C. B. STEVENS.

WILLIAM SLATER,
Plain and Decorative
Sign Painter,
149 Main Street, Woburn.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter,
13 Temple St., Boston.

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, 9 A. M., 12 M. Residence 10 Roseland Street, Cambridge Mass.

N. B.—Dr. A. Ricketson, occupying my late residence in Woburn is recommended as my successor. E. C.

Sept. 7, 1875. 185

Arthur Ricketson, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOBURN.

Residence at Dr. Cutter's house, cor. Pleasant and Bennett streets, office hours 8 to 9 A. M., 1½ to 2½ and 7 to 8 P. M. 192

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
DWELLING HOUSE AND LAND IN WOBURN.

To George H. Conn the supposed owner of the equity, Samuel O. Pollard, Nigel D'Oyly mortgagees, and all other persons interested in the following described Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Conn to me dated December 11, 1872, and recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Registry of Deeds, Lib 1276, Fol 382, on account of the breach of the condition therein contained will be sold at public auction on the premises therein described, on Tuesday the fourteenth day of September, A. D., 1875, at four and one half o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed viz:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows viz:—Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Middle Street and Mount Pleasant Street, thence running Easterly on Middle Street two hundred and seventy-nine feet to East Street, thence turning and running Southerly on East Street two hundred and thirty-two feet to Fowle Street, thence turning and running Westerly on Fowle Street two hundred and sixty-two feet to Mount Pleasant Street, thence turning and running Northerly on Mount Pleasant Street two hundred and ninety-two and nine tenths feet to the point of beginning.

Being lots numbered fourteen, fifteen, twenty nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three on a plan of lands of Fowle and Rogers, surveyed by Cyrus Thompson, Aug. 1849, recorded with Middlesex So Dist., Plans, Lib. 4, Plan 89.

Will be sold subject to two mortgages on which there is now due, the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars and interest thereon, being the same mortgages referred to in said mortgage deed to me.

Terms made known at time and place of sale,

GEORGE B. CLAPP, Mortgagee.

Boston, Aug. 24, 1875. 167

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons interested in any way in the premises hereafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by James Nichols and Caroline R. Nichols, his wife, in her own right, both of Wakefield, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Saving Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of said Commonwealth, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in said County, dated July 1st, A. D., 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1173, Folio 630, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing payment of the amount secured thereby, on Monday the thirteenth day of September next, at 3½ o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of said Wakefield, on the easterly side of Elm street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on said Elm street, at land of Mrs Ephraim Swan's; thence the line runs easterly by said Swan's land, eighteen rods, to land of the Boston and Maine Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by said land last named, twelve rods and fourteen links, to land of Solomon Dodge; thence westerly by land of said Dodge, to said Elm street; thence northerly on and by said Elm street to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to Caroline R. Nichols by two deeds, viz:—One from John Lee, dated June 1st, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, July 1, 1871, and the other from Parker L. Converse, dated July 1, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James Nichols and Caroline R. Nichols, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENT SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS,

To the Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Lucius C. Chase of Boston, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of Sept., instant, at 9 o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at said Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this 8th day of Sept., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

191 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Moses F. Winn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charles Nichols, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September inst. at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

193 J. H. TYLER, Register.

RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled
MORSE BRO'S, Prop's, Canton, Mass.

NEW BAKERY!

Dearborn & Estabrook
PRACTICAL BAKERS!
219 Main St. Woburn,

Keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of

Bread, Crackers, Cake, Pastry, &c

Also, Fresh Bread made from the ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL.

Beans Baked and Brown Bread furnished Sunday mornings from 5.30 to 9.30.

A Bread Cart runs from the New Bakery every day.

Orders from Picnics or Parties promptly filled.

Pasturing for Horses

Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.

137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.

Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

Woburn Fish Market.

No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.

I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.

31 **J. L. SHAY.**

TAKE NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,

all sitters for photographs at the Woburn Photograph Gallery, are required to pay ONE DOLLAR in advance, which is the charge for making negative.

H. E. STROUT

59 COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS'

JUST PUBLISHED.

!! THE SHINING RIVER !!

A NEW SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK

By H. S. & W. O. PERKINS.

Price 35 cents. $30 per Hundred.

"Rest in Thee," "What Jesus may say," "Wandering Child," "What are these," "Watchman awake!" are specimens of the titles of the beautiful new hymns, to sweet new melodies.

!! THE HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR !!

By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.

Price $1.00. $9.00 per Dozen.

The HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR is similar in general design to the very popular 'HOUR OF SINGING,' which has been almost universally used in High Schools. The present work is in no way inferior to its predecessor, and is entirely fresh and new.

THE SONG MONARCH

Price 75 cents. $7.50 per dozen.

By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.

Do not think of teaching a singing school without using this attractive, popular and useful book.

Specimen copies sent, post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 162

C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
Real Estate
IN WOBURN.

To George H. Conn, the supposed owner of the equity, Samuel O. Pollard, Nigel D'Oyly mortgagees and all other persons interested in the following described Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George H. Conn, to the undersigned dated January 1, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1276, Fol. 385, on account of the breach of condition therein contained, will be sold at public auction on the lot first herein described, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of September A. D. 1875, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the first and fourth described parcels of land in said mortgage, the second and third parcels having been previously sold, under prior mortgages.

The first of said parcels is situated in said Woburn and is bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the said premises on the westerly side of East street, at land of Couillard; thence running northerly on said East street five hundred and thirty-four and seventy five hundredths feet, to land of Howland; thence turning and running westerly by said land of Howland two hundred and forty-seven and 85-100 feet to the middle of a private way, said private way being the continuation of Mount Pleasant street; thence turning and running southerly by the middle of said private way thirty-four and 91-100 feet to a corner; thence turning and running westerly by land of Lyman, land of Cullen, and land now or late of T. J. and B. T. H. Porter, five hundred and seventy-two and 62-100 feet to land of Horace Conn, known as the Forty Pound Lot; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Horace Conn; three hundred and seventy-two and 14-100 feet to land of D. Barry; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Barry three hundred and seventy-four and 75-100 feet to a corner; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Barry two hundred and forty-two and 7-10 feet to a private way known as Carter street; thence easterly by said Carter street thirty-four and 91-100 feet to land of Couillard; thence northerly by said land of Couillard one hundred and one feet to a corner; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Couillard two hundred and ten and 86-100 feet to the point of beginning, containing seven and four hundred and three thousandths acres, and being subject to a mortgage to Roxanna B. Eaton for one thousand dollars, and interest due thereon.

The fourth of said parcels is situated in said Woburn, on the westerly side of Conn street, and is bounded and described as follows viz: Beginning at the Northeasterly corner of the premises on said Conn Street at land of Eustace Cummings thence running Westerly on said land of Cummings one hundred and seventy six and 2-10 feet to an angle, thence turning and running Southwesterly by said land of Cummings forty four and 82 100 feet to land of Horace Conn, thence turning and running Southerly by said land of Horace Conn one hundred and ninety five and 55-100 feet to land of said Conn, thence Easterly by said Conn's land of land Simon Holden two hundred and fifteen and 35-100 feet to said Conn Street, thence Northerly by said Conn Street one hundred and ninety one and 9-10 feet to the point of beginning. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

GEORGE B. CLAPP, Mortgagee.

Boston, Aug. 24th, 1875. 166

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons interested in any way in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by John Nelson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Frederick A. Hartwell, of said Woburn, dated May 1st, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1308, folio 144, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing payment of the amount secured thereby, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon on the premises, a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on Beach street, in said Woburn, containing about one-half acre more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:

Beginning at the Southeasterly corner of the premises, on Beach street, at land now or late of Samuel Thurston, thence the line runs Westerly on and by said Beach street, ten rods to land of A. D. Carpenter;—thence Northerly by land of said Carpenter, eight rods to a stake at land of said Nelson; thence Easterly by land of said Nelson, ten rods to land now or late of said Thurston;—thence Southerly by land last named eight rods to the point of beginning, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said John Nelson, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

FREDERICK A. HARTWELL, Mortgagee.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, August 26, 1875.

Dr. FRED F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
62 Myrtle Street, - - Boston.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD.
DEALER IN
Hard and Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

Also a large Assortment of all kinds of

Steam Coal constantly on hand.

WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M.. 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7‖ P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.58†, 5.00, 5.47, † 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†,* 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.

* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 **WM. M. PARKER, Supt.**

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
☞ OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH. ☜
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.

24

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To any and all persons in any way interested in the premises hereinafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James Nichols of Wakefield, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation legally established within and by the authority of said Commonwealth, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in said County, which mortgage is dated November 1st, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1189, Fol. 558, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the sums secured thereby on Monday, the thirteenth day of September next at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon situated partly in said Wakefield, and partly in Stoneham, in said County, containing three and one half acres and thirty-six poles, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Prospect street, so called, easterly by land now or formerly of Charles Bancroft and others, southerly by land formerly of Benjamin Gerry, deceased, and westerly partly by a road leading from Prospect street aforesaid, by the dwelling house late of said Gerry, deceased, to Stoneham, and partly by land formerly of said Gerry, and all the same premises conveyed to said James Nichols by Thomas Sweetser, by deed dated July 1st, 1859, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 822, Page 312, and being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James Nichols, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at time and place of sale,

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagees.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer

Woburn, Aug. 26, 1875. 169

Cheap Butter Store.

Cheapest place in Woburn to buy

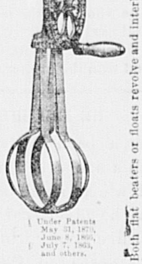
Butter, Cheese, Tea and Coffee,

AT F. H. CLARRIDGE'S 27

Butter & Tea Store, 190 Main St. Woburn

Dover Egg Beater.

FAMILY SIZE.



Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
Six eggs can be made to fill a quart.
Churns Butter in a few minutes.
Cleansed in moment.

Under Patents May 31, 1870, June 8, 1869, July 7, 1863, and others.

Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other.
It never spatters.
No rivets or joints to get loose.
Buy it of your Tin Smith, Grocer, Hardware or Crockery dealer. Return it and get your mobey if you are not *delighted* with it.

Special Notice
—TO—
U. S. Pensioners
—IN—
WOBURN AND VICINITY.

Please present vouchers for Pension now due, on Saturday, Sept. 4th, if possible.

Invalid Pensioners will require Biennial Examination by Dr. Chapin, of Winchester.

Sparrow Horton,

Justice of the Peace for Middlesex County.

EAGEN'S PATENT
IMPROVED
CONCRETE
FOR PAVING

Crossings, Side Walks, Drive Ways, Cellar Bottoms, &c.

Also ASPHALTUM ROOFING

Furnished on favorable terms by
JOHN R. FURBUSH,
43 Mt. Pleasant St., Woburn.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL!

259-265 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

The forty-eighth year begins Sept 13.

In the different departments of the School, all of which, at any stage, are open to pupils of both sexes, a complete education is given in preparation for College, Business, the Institute of Technology, or the position of a Teacher. Any branch of study, Mathematics, Languages, Book-keeping, Drawing, etc., can be pursued by

Special Students,

without taking the whole course of the School.

An excellent **Gymnasium** is open to the scholars, and a Military Drill is a part of the Course. Pupils attend without inconvenience from all the neighboring towns, and their necessities in regard to travel, food etc., are always considered.

By special vote of the TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, members of the first class of Chauncy Hall School are allowed to take books from the Library.

A year's trial has shown the New School Building to be *perfectly warmed and ventilated*, and in every way commodious.

It can be inspected and the Principals consulted on Wednesdays in August, and daily on and after August 30, from 9 to 2 o'clock.

, Catalogues may be had at A. Williams & Co.'s Washington Street; Thos. Groom & Co.'s, 82 State Street; at Bookstores in Franklin Street, or by mail.

151 CUSHINGS & LADD,

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
Real Estate!

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Daniel Coakley to Francis F. Taylor dated April 6th A. D. 1872 and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex Lib. 1359 fol. 207 will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on the 13th day of September next, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the Easterly part of Woburn, in said County, on Wood Street, containing Thirty-five thousand square feet, more or less, and bounded Westerly on Wood Street, northerly by land of Sherman Converse, easterly by land now or formerly of P. G. Hanson, and southerly by land now or formerly of Lewis Farrell being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Daniel Coakley, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale

FRANCIS F. TAYLOR, Mortgagee.
CLEMENT P. JAYNE, Auctioneer.

Woburn, August 24th, 1875.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the light of my delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent.
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
At interest four-fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And my word for it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying of cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse!

I knew two men, as much alike
As e're you saw two stumps;
And no phrenolygist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and,
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him—"very good."

Had he been reading of the news
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow from his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the paper,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer, too.

HE AND SHE.

It was a bachelor who kept a house in a fine street in a fine city, both of which shall be nameless. One day he advertised for a cook. Twenty-five young women and ten old ones answered the advertisement. All of them had references in their pockets, per requirement. Amongst the twenty-five young women, was a slim creature in the shabbiest shawl and bonnet there, with exactly enough flesh on her bones to hold them together, but a lady every inch of her.

"References," he said to her, as she sat before him.

She took off a mended glove, and showed him a forefinger rough as a nutmeg with much sewing.

"There's the only proof I have that I've been trying to earn an honest living," she said.

"An odd reference for a cook," said he.

"That's for character," said she. "I'll show you how I can cook. I'll give practical proof of that."

"You are not a servant," said he.

"Not yet. I mean to be. I've been sewing for a living, and am sick of it," says she.

He looked at her from top to toe.

"Family? Myself only," said he.

She nodded.

"Dinner at six?"

She nodded again.

"Soup every day?"

She nodded once more.

"For the rest, variety."

"All right," said she.

He named the wages, and took her down into the kitchen, where the young person who was general assistant received her with a bewildered stare.

After that he did not see her for four weeks, but his meals were delicious. At the end of the time he went down stairs to pay her wages. It was late in the evening. A plump lady with pink cheeks, sat before the fire, stoning raisins. He did not know her at first, but as the knowledge dawned on him, he realized how nearly she had been to starvation on the day when he hired her.

All he said was,

"I like my steak broiled less."

After that he saw her once in four weeks regularly. She never said anything to him but "Thank you, sir." He always found fault with something, his eyes fixed on vacancy the while. He was a trim and big bachelor of forty, with handsome black side whiskers. She was thirty, and a warm tinted blonde—not red haired, though the kitchen girl thought so. Her hair was Titian's pet color. Inward she called her master "that bear." Secretly she thought him very handsome.

One day the dinner came down untasted.

"What fault has been found with it now?" she asked.

"None," said the girl, "he's sick."

At breakfast time no one came to the table. Then the cook ascended the stairs, and finding a pair of boots outside one door, she knocked at it.

"Come in," said a faint voice.

She went in, and the result of her investigation was a telegram to the doctor. Her master, who had always been proud of not being vaccinated, had caught the small pox.

"You'd better go. You'll catch it," said he to her.

"I'm not afraid," said she. "Somebody must stay, you know."

She staid. As he got better he rewarded her as convalescent men always do reward their nurses, by scolding her, and finding fault with everything. She had helped the doctor save his life, and done all that mortal could do, but he snapped and snarled at her.

One day, however, he being well, though still in quarantine, had some vile decoction brought him for his dinner.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It's the best I could do," said Bridget, who, having been a victim to the disorder in her childhood, had no fear of it. "Cook has gone off."

"Where has she gone?" asked the master.

"To the hospital," answered Bridget. "She did be getting the small pox, and she went."

"It wasn't for one just out of a sick bed to use the language the master did after that," Bridget said afterward, in relating the incident.

But he was yet an invalid, and did not know his cook's name.

She had never told it to him. And he tried in vain to discover her whereabouts, but Bridget showed some sagacity. "The wages were owing and the trunk in the bed room. Cook would come back."

So the master waited. A month passed; then another week; then another; then one evening some one rang the bell.

"Cook is back, and wants to see you," said Bridget.

The master went into the parlor. There sat the long absent woman. Her hair had been cut short and curled up about her temples; but her complexion was not spoiled, thaugh she was thin and worn again.

"I've come to see whether you wanted me to cook for you again," she said.

"No," he answered.

"Very well," said she.

"You had no business to go off that way," said he.

"Who'd have taken care of me?" she asked.

"It was my duty to see to that after all you'd done for me," said he.

"Not at all," said she. "And the wages? I don't want to hurry you, but I need the money."

"O, you do?" said he.

Then he sat down near her.

"What a bear I was to you," he said.

"Yes, indeed," said she.

"Fretted and found fault with you."

"So unreasonable, too," said she.

"And yet you'd cook for me again," said he.

"If I suit you," said she.

"You do," said he.

"You might have said so before," said she.

"Not as a cook," said he.

"Oh!" said she.

"The kitchen is no place for you," said he.

"It's better than sewing," said she.

"But if I make you another offer?" said he. "Will you marry me? I like you better than any woman I ever knew."

"But it's a matter of mutual liking," said she. "Not of yours alone.

"Answer my question," said he.

"It's too unexpected," said she.

"Don't believe it," said he. "Yes or no."

"Oh!" said she. "Well, no."

"Now you are angry," said he.

"You are in a temper," said she; "not I."

"I'll ask you a second time," he said. "Will you have me?"

"Second thoughts are best," said she. "Yes."

And they were married; and as they never were divorced, it is proper to presume that they were happy.

* * *

☞ A jailer in a Western State had received strict orders not to keep his prisoners in solitary confinement. Once when he had two in charge one escaped, and he was obliged to kick the other out of the door to comply with the regulation.

* * *

☞ The dear public is informed by an enterprising correspondent that Jenny Lind's husband's head is "bald and shiny as a white bean." It is said he lost his hair by hard study, but the inference is that Jenny Lind herself did the studying.

CASTOR OIL.—She had made up her mind for two or three days that the boy needed some castor oil, but she knew that she must approach him gently. She placed the bottle where he could see it, and when he turned up his nose, she said—

"It's just like honey, my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued—

"If you'll take some I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful, just one spoonful," she replied as she uncorked the bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then he asked—

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite—no ile," he said, as he drew back.

"Well, I'll buy you the kite," she replied, filling the spoon clear up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to, and I know he will. Come swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right—no dog, no ile."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will." he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket, and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor ile down my throat!"

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the dead-fall he set for her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

A DOMESTIC BLESSING.— The present age is fruitful in benefactions—in methods of producing results which lighten the burden of labor and afford time for rest and recreation. And in no sphere of life is this more noticeable than in the household. People may sneer at "modern conveniences," if they please, but there is no denying they are conveniences, and that they are solid contributions to life's comfort. At all events, few of us would care to go back to the "old pod augur days," however charming they may appear in the hazy distance of years.

There is an inestimable domestic convenience folded up in tissue paper, in the shape of a dress pattern. Just think of it. A lady away out of town, wants a new dress. She can make it, but she can't cut it. She sends her measure to the nearest store where paper patterns are to be had, and for a few cents receives an envelope containing pieces of tissue paper cut and folded in various shapes and sizes. This is her pattern; and if she has a particle of ingenuity, she can make for herself not only a dress, but a dress in the extreme of fashion. She could not have had even her cloth cut by a dressmaker for less, perhaps, than five dollars, but now, for twenty-five or thirty cents, she has the job done perfectly.

It is no wonder then that this trade in tissue paper patterns is so enormous. Five thousand reams of paper and two millions of envelopes were recently ordered by one house to meet the demands of customers. This paper is made mostly in Connecticut. It comes in two sizes, 60 by 100 and 80 by 120, and is worth from $6 to $8 a ream. There are twenty-five sheets in a quire and twenty quires, or five hundred sheets in a ream.

This is the process by which paper patterns are made: The fashion plates or designs come originally from Berlin and Paris. A skillful artist, or modiste, shapes a pattern of stiff paper from one of these designs. It is then fitted to an individual of good proportion, after which the tissue paper, fifty sheets together, is cut by this model pattern. A smart cutter can make from 700 to 1000 patterns a day. Of course some patterns are more complicated and contain more pieces than others, and consequently take more time. They are next passed to the paster, who joins the parts that are to be united; and finally they go to the folder, who places them in the labelled envelopes, when they are ready for the trade. The patterns are so perfect that dresses for costume parties are easily made, and are fast becoming popular. These patterns are a real boon to the mother of a family living far from any village or settlement. Every garment worn by men, women or children, can be made from them; they are notched at the places to join them, the number of yards for each garment and its trimming is faithfully given, ingenuity is fostered, comfort is promoted, and indeed, paper patterns may be ranked among the great inventions of the century.

* * *

☞ The peach peddler had just measured out four quarts for a customer, and was about to mount his wagon, when he observed a man coming toward him, and gazing intently at the fruit.

"Peaches, sir? three quarts for a quarter."

"Are those your peaches?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are selling them to people?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, sir, what do you think of yourself for doing such a thing?"

"For a doin' of what," asked the bewildered dealer.

"Selling peaches to be put into the human stomach," cried the stranger, with a frown. "Don't you know that they are antagonistic to the human stomach?"

The dealer stared.

"I don't suppose you ever think of the matter at all. You drive along in your wagon, and howl your jargon, and all the while some poor fellow-being is hooping himself double in pain, because of your injudicious wares."

"But I've got to make a living," plead the dealer.

"Is there no other way to make it than by dealing out woe to humanity? Is your conscience so seared by greed that you cannot give one thought to others?"

"Three for a quarter ain't heavy I'm sure," protested the dealer. "Just look, sir—"

"Don't argue with me," interrupted the stranger, waving his hand in dismissal of the proposition. "I know what you do, and you know it. Your victims sleep beneath many a mossy mound, and the fatal procession is still moving on. You have got children of your own I dare say. Think of them, O, think of them. And when you take up that two-quart measure to fill it with deadly missles, imagine a big man with a hand like an anvil and a voice like a steam-whistle, dealing out misery to your children. Picture them in the dread hour before dawn, rolling upon their little couches, in the throes of cholera morbus, with your agonized self and your distracted wife galloping madly evrywhere for relief."

The stranger paused to wipe his face, and the dealer moved uneasily from one leg to the other.

"You go to church of a Sunday, and don gay apparel, and look meek and righteous, and the very next day you are prancing through these streets, yelling like a lunatic and bringing misery to hundreds of happy homes. And where does this gay apparel come from? From distorted stomachs. I tell you, there's a pang and a whoop and a howl for every stitch in the coat on your back. Yes, sir; and if you don't abandon your criminal undertaking, the day will come when a green peach will creep into your family, and scatter your dear ones to the four winds of heaven. Mark my words."

And with this impressive injunction, the stranger stalked gravely away, while the subdued peddler got on to his wagon, and drove up the street, looking around every little while unti the stranger receded from sight. Then he mildly observed:

"Peaches, peaches; hyar they go. Three quarts for a quarter.—*Danbury News.*

* * *

☞ A Cairo lawyer agreed to go out and duel a Cairo doctor, but when six o'clock in the morning came, they met each other at the depot, each having a satchel, and each intent on getting to St. Louis by the air-line route.

* * *

☞ The times are hard, but the Southern papers are nobly retaining their independence. Says the Savannah News: "A twenty-five cent melon and a dollar notice. We can't see it."

* * *

☞ Grasshoppers have appeared in Africa in great numbers, and the natives are making dried beef of them for winter use.

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And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.
Saturday, July 24
I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
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WOBURN JOURNAL.

206

VOL. XXV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875. NO. 1.

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BEAUTIFUL
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CHOICE
FERNERIES, &c.
FRESH
CUT FLOWERS!
AND ELEGANT
Floral Designs
ON HAND AND TO ORDER. 146

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FLORISTS,
At the Seed Store of D. T. Curtis & Co.,
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BOSTON, - - 79 - MASS.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 4

Professional Cards.

Dr. E. M. Harding,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE: 110 MAIN ST.
(Formerly occupied by Dr. Wolgamott.)
WOBURN. 148

Dr. Ephraim Cutter,
13 Temple St., Boston.
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, 9 A. M., 12 M.
Residence 10 Roseland Street, Cambridge Mass.
N. B.—Dr. A. Ricketson, occupying my late residence in Woburn is recommended as my successor. E. C.
Sept. 7, 1875. 185

Arthur Ricketson, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOBURN.
Residence at Dr. Cutter's house, cor. Pleasant and Bennett streets, office hours 8 to 9 A. M., 1½ to 2½ and 7 to 8 P. M. 192

REMOVAL.
B. R. HARMON, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
AND SURGEON,
PLEASANT ST., 2 doors West of Bennett St.
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
☞ Particular attention paid to Surgery. 82

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

Dr. FRED F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
62 Myrtle Street, - - Boston.

KNAPP & ADAMS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Rooms 21, 26 and 27 Barrister's Hall,
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O. S. KNAPP, CHAS. D. ADAMS.
Residence, Somerville. Residence, Woburn.
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Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St

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(Successor to Warren Cutler.)
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Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co.'s Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 67

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER
Walnut St., Woburn, { Near Main Street.
☞ Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 91

Poetry.

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

She was watching at the window
As I hurried down the street,
In the simple brown merino
That I fancy looks so neat.
And her smile I thought portentous,
It was so exceeding sweet.

Then she met me at the threshold
With a very loving kiss,
That recalled the early stages
Of our matrimonial bliss—
And I at once felt a tremor—
Was there anything amiss?

No. The children were all quiet,
And the hearth was very bright,
And my pet—our roguish Charlie—
Was quite festal in his white;
Yet I braced myself for something,
Be that something what it might.

My chair was near the fire,
And my slippers by its side;
My pipe was very handy,
And my papers open wide—
And she wore the pretty breastpin
That I gave her when a bride.

The dinner was perfection—
It was lavish without waste,
The soup was vermecelli
And exactly to my taste;
While the dessert was a triumph
Of artistic skill in paste.

And when the meal was over,
And the inner man at rest,
She drew her chair beside me,
With the baby on her breast;
I felt and so I told her,
I was one among the blest.

Oh! the smile of tender radiance
That illumined all her face,
As I clasped her to my bosom
In a lover's fond embrace.
It was then she softly whispered,
"Won't you let me have that lace?"

Selected.

Wild Rose of Cape Cod.

Nearly all the roses in Massachusetts are born in June, but Wild, the little daughter of Capt. John Rose, was born in December and on Cape Cod, too.

Ah, what a struggle it is to live at all on Cape Cod in December. You have only a narrow strip of land to cling to, and the Atlantic Ocean (even when it is not in a great rage) clutches away with one single wave of its watery hand an acre or two of sand, while the cold waters of Cape Cod Bay sweep right in on the other side, within sight too; the arm of sand is so thin and worn and wasted away. Look on your map at the State of Massachusetts, and see if we are not right about it.

Well, on Cape Cod, as I said, Wild Rose was born; but that was twelve years ago, and so, this last December, was celebrated her twelfth birthday. It wasn't much of a celebration to be sure, for there weren't many persons to celebrate it—for there were only Mrs. Rose and Johnny and Wild herself, for Captain Rose was gone on a fishing trip.

At tea that night there was upon the table a big loaf of ginger cake—frosted, too—and around about it—not on it, mind you—twelve small tallow candles. "Twelve dips," Johnny said, "that made as much light as the Highland itself." And Johnny ought to know, for the keeper of Cape Cod light is a great friend of Johnny's, and often in summer lets the lad go up with him to see him "light up."

This Highland light stands out on the bleak cape, and is oftentimes the first light that greets the sight of the seamen when approaching the coast of New England from over the Atlantic ocean. Even in the summer the wind blows so hard at the Highland that it blows the wings of the young turkeys over their heads, and in winter it blows nobody knows how hard.

I am quite certain you have never seen a home like Wild Rose's home. It is hidden away in the very bottom of a big hollow in the sand, and is protected on all sides by a high fence to keep the sand from covering it up. In the first place, the house had been built upon piles driven into the sand, but the fence was afterwards added, and outside of the fence was a barricade of seaweed. Over the stilts, fence, seaweed, and all was the fisherman's cottage, as snug and warm and comfortable as anything on Cape Cod could be. Not far away on the Atlantic coast was a charity-house—not a poor house where poor folks could go and live when they hadn't anywhere else to live, but a rude room, inclosed by a rude outside, into which a poor, shipwrecked mariner might crawl and possibly keep himself from freezing until help should arrive. Wood and matches and straw are supposed to be kept in every charity house along the coast.

Johnny Rose was two years younger than his only sister Wild, but a ten year old lad on Cape Cod knows more of the sea and ships and fishing than the wisest grown up man in the world who lives inland.

The Little Katie was Captain Rose's fishing schooner, and the Little Katie was frozen fast in the ice more than six weeks ago, right in sight from the land, up the bank above the cabin. Two weeks passed by, and still the ice held the fishing boats and would not let them go. Stout little steam tugs went rasping away, with firm bows and good intent, at the ice day after day, in order to break it up and tow the boats out of danger, but the cold came down stronger than ever, and knit the ice cakes firmer and firmer. Every day, Jonny, bundled up until he looked like I don't know what, made the toilsome journey over to the Highland to look through the "glass" at his father's schooner, and every night for two weeks returned with the good news "No signal up yet."

"No signal up yet" meant that there was still something left to eat, and wood to burn on board the Little Katie, and hope also of getting free of the ice without sinking.

Now and then a neighbor came down into the hollow and walked right in without knocking at the cabin door, to inquire how Mrs. Rose was getting along, and to say yet again:—

"Cape Cod has seen harder times than this, Mrs. Rose. Keep up a stout heart, and we'll have the fleet safe into Provincetown harbor before many days."

And then Mrs. Rose would put on a bright look and say in a cheery voice:—"Oh, I hope so," but in her heart she feared all things, for did she not know that every dwelling on Cape Cod had its widow sooner or later.

At last there came a day when Mrs. Rose said that Wild might go to the light with Johnny to learn the news.

The two children set off in high glee. The sky was clear and the wind was blowing from the west. The Highland light house was not more than a mile away, and what could happen to the children? Nevertheless, Mrs. Rose gave them many commands. They were to return soon as they found out the news from the Little Katie, if it should snow, they were to go back or forward, whichever way should be the nearer, and if near the coast, they were to go to the charity house on the bank, and wait there for rescue.

The wind helped them on their way, and to write the exact truth, it blew so hard and so fast that it came very near blowing them past the light house over the high bank into the ocean.

"It's a tough day, a tough day, even for the cape," said the light keeper when they reached the light house, "and the boats have drifted Johnny. For the life of me, I can't make out the Little Katie." but Johnny made her out without the slightest difficulty. Of course he did. Does not every Cape Cod boy know his father's boat? More than all, there hung the signal of distress. The lightkeeper saw it, and Wild looked at it, and Johnnie looked again and declared that "come what would, he'd get out there and find out what the matter was."

Then the glass was put away, and they all went down, and the children, thoroughly warmed, started for home.

A little cloud over Cape Cod Bay grew and came nearer, and spread out more and more, and at last began to drop like white snow on the sand.

"Come, pitch into as fast as you can while we can see," said Johnnie, seizing Wild's hand and blowing to the windward. "We are three-quarters home, and we'll make it in no time."

It was not dark and Johnnie knew the landmark well. Here is a bunch of poverty grass, and there a forlorn little clump of bayberry, whose outline he knew, just as he knew the outlines of the boats and sails, serving to guide him when the air was thick with snow.

"We're lost!" said Wild, pulling back and trying to stop Johnnie; but the sturdy little fellow declared they weren't lost at all—didn't he know all about it? Hadn't he "fogged" it many a time to the light and back? Why there, right ahead was a pole that he knew. Of course it was, right on top of home; and there was mother calling this minute not fifty feet away.

All of which statements were quite true, and in five minutes they were safe in the cabin and had told their news from the ice bound boats.

"Nothing to eat maybe, and cold perhaps; not sick, I hope," said Mrs. Rose, and then in rather a dismal way she set forth the little table for their evening meal.

"I should think you'd feel gladder about our getting home safe, mother," said Wild, "for just see how it snows."

"I am," said Mrs. Rose, "but I was thinking about some way to help your father."

"Do you think there is a way?" asked Wild. "You know that boats can't get there, and the ice isn't safe."

"If I was God," said Johnny, "I'd fetch a big wind along that 'ud crack that ice up as small as fish scales in no time."

"Yes, and sink every boat in no time," suggested Wild with scorn.

"Oh, dear," said Johnnie, "I guess I was in too much of a hurry; but something's got to be done."

The wind had been blowing two hours after dark, and the snow and sand were whirling about in a long round dance, after the fashion of Cape Cod sand and snow, when Wild called out of the darkness to Johnnie:

"Are you asleep?"

Johnnie guessed he wasn't asleep, although he had been fast asleep when Wild's voice reached him, and wanted to know what was the matter.

"I've thought of a way, I guess we can reach the Little Katie, Johnnie."

"How?"

Johnnie was up in bed, leaning on his hands, interested in a moment.

"You know that big hank of net twine of father's?"

"What of it?" with disappointment.

"Don't you believe 'twould reach?"

"Who's goin' to reach it, I should like to know?"

"When the wind blows right—"

"What then, Wild Rose? Are you talking in your sleep?"

"Send a kite over," suggested Wild, not heeding the interruption.

"Whew!" exclaimed Johnnie, sinking into his warm bed again.

He didn't speak again, and poor Wild thought he held her scheme in extreme derision. Nevertheless, Johnnie was thinking, even after his sister was sleeping.

The next day it snowed all day, and there was no chance to hear one word from the fishing fleet. Johnnie declared that he must go to the nearest neighbor's house. He knew the way well enough; but it was after nine o'clock before he set forth.

Presently he returned with his friend, Peter Petit, and the two lads spent the morning with barred door, in Captain Rose's net room.

Wild peeped into the place when the boys were out of it eating their dinner, and beheld, to her amazement, the skeleton of a huge kite.

"Oh Johnnie, are you going to try it?" she cried, running out to meet him.

At first Johnnie was vexed that she had found out, but in a minute or two he was all over his pet, and was in high glee when Wild and her mother also joined in the work. An hour before the sun went down across the bay, the kite was done, and the snow had ceased to fall. It was too late to go to the Highland light to see the signal on the Little Katie; it was too late to do anything with the kite, even had the wind been right. The next morning the wind blew just right, and almost at the break of day the boys set forth, accompanied by five or six men, for idlers are always to be found on Cape Cod in winter.

The kite was made of good stout paper, and it was covered with messages to the captain of the Little Katie, or any other captain over whose boat it might chance to fall or get entangled The wind was off shore, and away went the kite, the men paying out the seine twine, but alas! the kite went high above the boats and did not reach them. It was cold work flying a kite on the awful ice bound shore, but the novelty of it brought a crowd of men to the spot. To their own surprise, they entered into the work with spirit, but every attempt that morning failed. The kite fell short, or flew too high, or went off in the wrong direction.

"Run home, laddies, and get your dinners, and get warm clear through your bones," said one of the men to Johnnie and Peter about eleven o'clock, "and we'll see what can be done with the kite this afternoon."

When Johnnie reached home he declared that he wasn't cold the least atom nor hungry the least mite, but he sat in front of a blazing draft wood fire, and ate like a giant, and got up to go to the coast again. Wild didn't see why she couldn't go to; it was her father just as much as Johnnie's, and she guessed she cared as much about the Little Katie as any of them did. And so Wild, bundled up until all resemblance to a twelve year old girl was lost, set forth, toiling through the sand and snow to the coast. A short distance in the rear, Mrs. Rose followed on. It seemed to her, as she drew near the shore, that half of the inhabitants of the next village were gathered to see the flying of a kite.

It was just ready to start upon its over ice journey when Wild appeared upon the scene.

"Don't you see, there won't be anything to catch hold of?" she said to Johnnie.

"Catch hold of?" repeated Johnnie, who felt that he could not in justice, despise Wild's suggestions any more.

"I'll show you," she said, "if you'll hold on a minute. Tie some long strings now and then near the kite, that will hang down."

The strings were tied on, half a dozen of them at intervals, and away went the kite with more "string to it" than any other kite that ever flew.

"It won't reach! It flies too high! It's no go! Let out there! Give it string! Hurrah!" as the kite, seeming to meet wind in another current, began to turn, and did actually fall upon the ice within reaching distance of the Little Katie's crew.

Then such a shout as went up from Cape Cod shore, for was there not a line fast from one of the ice-bound boats to the firm, old mainland, and did it not mean that bread at least, could be drawn across the frozen sea to the famishing?

The men on the Little Katie were pulling in the kite, which looked a good deal worn, but still they gathered round it, and read in Johnnie's boy hand the words: "If you get the kite, don't pull in the string, for we'll put something to eat on it if you are hungry, and you can pull it over. Everybody's well over here. Wild and Johnnie."

Captain Rose read the words and then he and his crew tried to shout back, but the wind carried their voices across the bay.

Within the next twenty-four hours the cord had been doubled, and food in small packages went along the novel roadway from hour to hour until miles of seine twine lay on the deck of the Little Katie, and many loaves of bread with small packages of salt meat, sugar, tea and coffee, had been secured from the sea.

The next morning the wind blew again on Cape Cod. The inhabitants were on the watch for the kite, and lo! it was seen rising in the air. On, on it came. It sailed over the heads of the group on the shore; it went right across the "wrist" of Cape Cod. It would have gone out upon the ocean but for the Island lighthouse which caught and held the great fluttering bird of man.

Wild and Johnnie were the first to reach the light and cry out "What news?" to the keeper, who had just succeeded in recovering the poor battered kite.

"Come here and see with your young eyes."

Wild and Johnnie found the words:—

"We had had nothing to eat for two days. Now we'll weather the ice, and God willing, get in all right. We've supplied the Mary from our stores."

And there, right at the door, the first comers who had followed the kite, were Mrs. Rose and the friends of the men of the Mary.

"Whose idee was the kite?" asked an old fisherman.

"Wild's!" shouted Johnnie.

"Johnnie made it, though. I couldn't make a kite," said Wild; but not a soul save Johnnie heard her, for the wild air about the light was ringing with the shout of "long live Wild Rose of Cape Cod."—*Christian Union.*

TRICKS OF SPEECH.—Nothing is easier to acquire, nothing more difficult to lose than a trick of speech or manner; and nothing is more universal. If we look round among our friends and acquaintances we shall find scarcely one who has not his favorite word, his perpetual formula, his automatic action, his unmeaning gesture—all tricks caught probably when young, and, by not being corrected then, next to impossible to abolish now. Who does not remember the familiar "I say," as the preface to every remark?—and the still more familiar "you know" as the middle term of every sentence. Who too, in these latter days has not suffered from the infliction of "awful" and "jolly"—milestones in the path of speech, interspersed with even uglier and more obtrusive signs of folly and corrupt diction—milestones that are forever turning up, showing the successive distances to which good taste and true refinement have receded in this hideous race after slang to which our youth is given. Then there are the people who perpetuate ejaculations; who say "Goodness!" as a mark of surprise, and "Good gracious!" when surprise is a little mixed with reprobation. Lower in the scale it is "My word!" "Patience!" "Did you ever!" and indifferently to all stations—"You don't say so!" or in a voice of depreciation, "No!" and "Surely not." To judge by voice and word, these ejaculatory people are always in a state of surprise. They go through the world in endless astonishment; and their appeals to their goodness and that indeterminate quantity called good gracious, are incessant. In the generation that died with the fourth George the favorite ejaculations were "By Jove," and "By George," with excursions into the region of "gad," and "By Jingo." Before then we had the bluff and lusty squires who rejoiced in "Odsbodikins," and "Swounds," with other strange and uncouth oaths, that were not meant to offend the hearers, but were simply tricks of speech caught by the speakers. So indeed is the habit of swearing and using bad words generally. It is emphatically a trick of speech; meaning for the most part no more than the "goodness," and "patience" of the milder folly.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A PAIR OF DETERMINED THIEVES.—There's a pair of tame crows at Eastern Point that are natural born thieves, and they have a particular penchant for stealing anything made of iron. They fasten on to wedges, nails, knives, and anything else which they can manage to carry, and away they fly and drop their booty into the pond. One day last week, these crows excited considerable merriment as they undertook the job of stealing an iron staple which was driven into a door-post. They worked long and earnestly, but could not get it, and after getting tired of trying, they abandoned the job for a time, only to renew it with greater vigor. At last accounts they had not succeeded.—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

THE METHODS OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.—It is interesting to know what method our most distinguished authors employed in the composition of their works. David Hume, for instance, wrote rapidly, but corrected slowly and laboriously. His pages are full of erasures. In the writings of Gibbon, the erasures are few, for he made all his corrections in his mind, and never wrote a sentence until he had balanced and amended it to his entire satisfaction, either seated in his arm chair, or walking in his balcony at Lausanne, with the Lake of Geneva below him.

Dr. Adam Smith walked slowly up and down his room, while dictating to his clerk. Hence it has been alleged that his sentences are nearly all of the same length, each containing as much as the clerk could take down while the doctor took a single turn. Dr. Smith acknowledged that in lecturing he was more dependent than the generality of professors on the sympathy of his class. "During a whole session," he said, "a certain student, with a plain, but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar. I had him constantly in my eye. If he leaned forward to listen, all was right, and I knew that I had the ear of my class; but if he leaned back in an attitude of listlessness, I felt at once that all was wrong, and that I must either change the subject or the style of my address."

Adam Smith disliked nothing more than that moral apathy—that obtuseness of moral perception which prevents a man from not only seeing clearly, but feeling strongly, the broad distinctions between virtue and vice, and which, under the pretext of liberality, is all indulgent even to the blackest crimes. At a party at Dalkeith Palace, where Mr.—— in his mawkish way, was finding palliations for some villainous transaction, the doctor waited in patient silence till he was gone, and then exclaimed, "Now I can breathe more freely, I cannot bear that man; he has no *indignation* in him."

"THE OLD MAN."—Just as the plank was about to be drawn in on a New Bedford steamer, one day last week, he arrived. Having heard somebody shout "all aboard," he hastened towards the boat, and with the aid of an umbrella for a staff, stepped on deck at the moment of the steamer's departure. He was one of the good old stock that cannot long survive, and his countenance beamed with gladness, while years of sturdy toil had left their furrowed marks on his features. When we saw him he was happy; it seemed to be a heyday in his old age, and all was sunshine around him as he basked in the enjoyment of leisure. No one on the steamer appeared to know him intimately, and yet his numerous inquiries were answered kindly, if not correctly. We watched him as he moved above and below, viewing the strange sights with satisfaction and wonder. The old blue faded umbrella was carefully and conspicuously held, and it seemed as valuable to him as a life preserver to a passenger on board a sinking steamer. On the aft part of the boat two solemn individuals were loudly arguing religious matters incident to the camp meeting, and our odd looking old gentleman hovered near them. He listened attentively for awhile, and then casting a vague look indicating perfect indifference to their conclusion, he changed the position of his umbrella, and thrust his right arm into the depths of a long pocket, which was extended from a left coat tail, and meekly brought forth—a peach, which, with child like demeanor he devoured. What cared he about the quotations from St. Paul, by which one of the disputants was endeavoring to reconcile his remarks for the edification of the other? The old man's Bible and spectacles were doubtless at home; he was now journeying for recreation, and had laid aside all that might prove wearisome. When the boat arrived at the wharf we cast a lingering look of respect at our eccentric fellow-passenger, and supposed we never should see his face again; but late in the afternoon while passing a fruit stand, his familiar form appeared before us, bounded on one side by the unmistakeable blue faded umbrella, and on the other by a huge watermelon.—*Peabody Press.*

BRINGING MURRAY TO TASK—A gentleman of high social and official position, who has not asked us to withhold his name, sends us the following lines; "The Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Murray has been at Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence county, hounding deer since the middle of July. He has with him a large party, and it is to be regretted that he is permitted annually to enter this state for the purpose of breaking the laws. It is said, even, that he has never killed a deer in season, and his course deserves reproof at least. This reverend gentleman is an old and unscrupulous offender, who snaps his fingers at laws and the opinions of men. We have exposed his derelictions and delinquencies before, in common with several of our contemporaries, but he seems to grow great on the censure and happy under the reproach.—*Forest and Stream.*

A THRILLING AFFAIR.—Last Saturday about sundown, four miles east of this place, on Biloxi Bay, occurred a scene calculated to send a thrill through every heart, and to make the boldest tremble with fear. Two little girls, the daughters of Mr. Elam B. Blackwell, living on the back of the bay of Biloxi, while bathing in the bay immediately in front of his dwelling, were attacked by an enormous alligator. The eldest, a girl of about seven years of age, was holding the youngest, an infant of about two years, in her arms, and was quietly enjoying her bath, when suddenly her little sister was snatched from her and borne swiftly from the shore. Terrified beyond measure, and unable to render any assistance to her unfortunate sister, the elder girl uttered a scream which was quickly caught by the ear of the father, who happened accidentally to be passing within forty yards of the spot where his daughters were bathing. Realizing instantly, from the tone of the voice, that his children were in some peril, unable to conjecture its nature, Mr. Blackwell, who is an active and athletic man, rushed rapidly to their assistance, and arrived at the spot just in season to discover his little daughter being borne out into the bay by an alligator.

Comprehending the scene at once, and nerved to almost superhuman effort by the desperate condition of his child, the agonized father leaped madly into the water, in pursuit of the would be destroyer of his daughter, which was then some twenty-five or thirty yards from the shore. The water for a distance of forty or fifty yards out into the bay from the point where the children were bathing, ranges in depth, and then suddenly attains a depth of forty or fifty feet, and both the animal (which by this time had discovered pursuit) and the father seemed to realize that the deep water in front of them once reached, pursuit and recovery would be alike impossible; both, therefore, redoubled their efforts, the one to reach the point, the other to prevent it. In this struggle, although sinking to the waist in the soft mud at the bottom at each bound, the father was successful. He succeeded in grasping the child by the arm about ten feet from deep water. The alligator, which all the time held the child's foot in its mouth, perceiving itself overtaken, and alarmed and confused by the boldness of the assault, released its hold and made its way rapidly into the deep water, and perceiving that the child still lived, the father by desperate effort, succeeded in regaining the shore and depositing the child safely in the arms of its mother. The little girl is unhurt with the exception of a couple of bruises on its foot, made by the teeth of the monster.—*Handsboro* (Miss.) *Democrat.*

UNDRESSED BY MACHINERY.—Says the Jackson (Mich.) *Patriot*:—On Monday night, Mr. A. D. Cornell, a miller employed at the Ætna mills, met with a severe accident. At about midnight some gearing in the extreme peak of the mill began to creak, and Mr. Cornell went up to oil it. It was in a low part of the room, well under the eaves, and in applying the oil he was obliged to reach over the shaft. While he was stooping, a key on the shaft caught in the breast of his shirt, and by the time he had finished his work, had taken up all the slack and held him down and was drawing him still tighter. He was thrown over the shaft, his light went out, and then in the dark he coolly braced himself, and let the shaft slowly tear off his clothing by strips. The undressing operation was not delicately performed. It would not do for him to struggle much, as on both sides was gearing within a few inches of him that seemed waiting to draw him into its embrace. Gradually his clothes parted company with him, and at last he felt that he was no longer in the toils. Slowly he drew himself back and started to grope his way down the stairs, for he knew that cries for help would not be heard below. On hands and knees he made his way along until he reached the head of the stairs, and then he staggered to his feet and got down to the ground floor, and appeared to his fellow workmen pale and trembling, clad in only a shirt collar and the waistband of his pantaloons.

☞ One day last week, a bright little fellow, hardly two years old was called to his mother's bedside, and shown a new comer who had recently found his way into this land of sunshine and shadow, and asked, "what shall we call little brother?" "Call 'im out door to pay Co-kay wi' me, mamma," was answered. —*Coos Republican.*

☞ A lady asked her little boy, "Have you called your grandmother to tea?" "Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her cheek and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said pretty loud, "Grandma, tea is ready." And she never knew what woke her up."

☞ Statisticians say that there are now over two million "Williams" in the United States, without counting the little bills.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription $2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1875.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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REDUCTION OF RAILROAD FARES.

Doubtless many of our citizens will be surprised to learn that the price of season tickets on the B. & L. R. R. between Boston and Stoneham is only $15.00 a quarter, and that package or commutation tickets may be had at the rate of five rides for ninety cents, or 18 cents per ride. Stone- is 12 miles from Boston, and Woburn is 10, while season tickets between Woburn and Boston cost $16.00, and ten fares are the least you can buy at reduced rates, and they cost two dollars, or 20 cents a ride. To Woburn the cost is 1.60 per mile by the quarter and to Stoneham it is $1.25; to Woburn it is 2 cents a mile by the package, and to Stoneham it is 1 1-2 cents. Why is this difference? Is it because there is more travel to Stoneham over the B. & L. R. R. than to Woburn? or is it because there is a competing road to Stoneham? It is well known that the most of the Stoneham travel goes over the B. & M. R. R. which is connected by horse cars with Stoneham center. It is more than likely that if we had a competing road to Woburn, our fares on the Branch might be reduced to one and a half cents per mile, and $12.50 per quarter. The road is demonstrating that it can afford to do it, by the tariff which it has established for Stoneham, and why not do the same thing for Woburn? We have been told that the new management is disposed to grant all reasonable accommodations and privileges, and certainly Woburn with its large population and heavy travel should not be neglected when smaller towns are enjoying the favors we have referred to. The talk of a new rail road has been heard for the past year, at times loud and determined, and again almost silenced, but the discrimination to which we allude is a strong argument for the projectors of a new road which they will not be slow to use.

We can see no reason why the B. & L. can not afford to treat Woburn as well as it does any of its customers, and nothing would be more appreciated than a reduction of fares.

* * *

39TH RE-UNION.—It gives us great pleasure to announce that Gen. G. K. Warren, the favorite commander of the 5th Army Corps, will surely attend the re-union on the 6th of October. Last Monday Col. Grammer, Capt. Conn, A. P. Barrett, and George E. Fowle, visited Newport, R. I., and had an interview with Gen. Warren. As the result of their visit, they brought the welcome intelligence that the General had consented to visit Woburn. They report him somewhat changed in appearance, but still alive to the fraternal feelings which bind the general and the soldier with a common tie.

* * *

THE REASON.—Some people wonder why children steal fruit so persistently, but the reason often is that parents encourage it. A few days ago a woman was observed outside an orchard with a basket, and several children were in the garden gathering the fruit, which they handed through the fence to the woman. The penalty in case of the woman would have been considerable, and the chance of escape in case of detection, not very good, but she could send her young thieves in, and they would be likely to get away with the fruit, and if caught would not be so severely punished.

* * *

☞ Last Saturday our postmaster received by mail, for a gentleman in this town, a *live horned frog* from Texas. To all appearances it was, notwithstanding its long trip, in good condition.—*Peabody Press.*

Nothing strange about that, Brother Howard. Mr. C. H. Bowers of this town received a similar "letter" the other day, and the critter can be seen at Smith's Tea store, where the best of——&c, &c.

* * *

SELECTMEN.—At the meeting Thursday all but Cummings and Richardson were present. John I. Munroe in the chair. The lease of Lyceum Hall for five years was taken. Several applications for outside relief were referred to the Overseers of the Poor. A statement of the Town accounts for the past six months was made by the Clerk. The fencing of the engine house land at East Woburn was referred to the Chief Engineer.

* * *

ACCIDENTS.—Chas Fisher, employed as engineer at Simonds' shop, jammed two fingers of his left hand quite severely while oiling the engine last Saturday.

Last Tuesday, a little girl, two years old, daughter of Mr. E. S. Wardwell, on Green street, lost a thumb in a hay cutter.

GOLD MINE IN WOBURN.

Woburn has at last got the gold fever. Hearing that a mine was being opened on the farm of Mr. M. C. Small in the "Button End" district, a reporter was sent over to see the place and learn the particulars of the digging. The farm on which the opening is being made, is familiarly known as the "Symonds Place," and at the present time is owned by M. C. Small of East Boston. It is situated about two miles from the centre, on the corner of Mill and Salem streets, near the Stoneham line. The house on the farm is occupied by Mr. Alpheus F. Hardy.

We found Mr. Small who is a man about 45 years of age and as good natured a man as one would wish to meet. Some time last Spring specimens of the rock on the place were examined and traces of minerals found, and so strong has been the belief that there was some "unearthed treasure" there that several attempts have been made since then to see if anything valuable was hidden. The attempts to dig very deep have been unsuccessful, owing to the doubts about anything being found. Last week Friday, the owner having become more convinced than ever that it would pay to dig, an opening was made on the Mill street side, about fifteen feet from the street. A large growth of shrubbery shields it from the passers by.

We found four men at work with a windlass, hauling up stone and gravel in buckets, and eagerly examining each load as it was dumped out on the pile, a few feet off. The opening so far made is about eight feet wide and twenty feet deep. Considerable water runs in during the night, there being about two and one-half feet Tuesday morning.

What is known as the whalebone chemical test has been applied to various parts of the farm, and good indications of lead, copper, silver and gold is the result. The locality of the hole is supposed to be the junction of several veins as indicated by the test. The rock which has been taken out so far is streaked with red and white quartz, and the presence of copper and silver is very evident. The rock is continually growing harder, several large blasts having been made, and there is plenty of "putty" as miners call it, between the layers. Both of the above signs are considered good by those who are experts in such matters. None of the specimens taken as yet have been placed in the assayer's hands, but will be before many days. Mr. S. is very sanguine of finding something, but what troubles him the most is to find out how far he has got to dig in order to strike the right thing. He says that if he had the means he would dig the whole place over, and see whether any of these minerals do really exist. Should he be successful in his undertaking the value of his land will be raised, and also that of his neighbors. We hope he may be rewarded for the trouble he is taking and strike something, if nothing more than an "oil well."

An examination of the ground on the estates of Mr. Kinsman and Capt. Homer, adjoining that of Mr. Small's, by an expert from Newburyport, show that minerals exist on those estates

* * *

LUCKY.—Mrs. John B. Tay was among the lucky ones at the mammoth book sale in Boston, on Friday last. She drew a gold watch worth about $25.

* * *

SENTENCED.—James McCool, well known in Woburn, has been sentenced to the House of Correction for six months, for brutally assaulting his wife.

* * *

CONCRETE.—The walks at the Cummings Schoolhouse yard have been concreted.

* * *

RUNAWAY.—One of Hart & Co's express horses thought he would go home alone last Friday afternoon. He started from the depot on the run, and kept it up through Winn, Middlesex, Chestnut, and Main to the barn in Central Square. Fortunately no damage of any consequence was done.

* * *

HOSE 1.—The L. W. Perham Hose Co., entered Steamer 1 at the Lynn Muster on Wednesday. They started over the road with four horses, at four o'clock Wednesday morning, and arrived at the Park in good condition, S. E. Furlong run the engine at the trial. The company had their namesake with them and during the day extended hospitable courtesies to Woburn friends. We regret that they did not succeed in capturing a prize.

* * *

☞Mr. J C Plummer will occupy the new building on Union street, owned by Mr. William Kimball, about the first of October, for the manufacture of beer.

* * *

☞ The Gilcreast Hook and Ladder truck was weighed last Saturday on Littlefield's scales. The difference in length was overcome by stringers laid on the platform, on which the truck was run. The truck was found to weigh 2620 pounds.

* * *

EXCURSION.—The Railroad Engineers go on an excursion to the White Mountains to-morrow, dining at the Crawford House.

* * *

☞Rev. George L. Chaney, of Boston will preach in the Unitarian Church next Sunday A. M,

* * *

☞ The Democratic convention meets at Worcester next Wednesday. The *Post* thinks it will be the finest and most enthusiastic gathering that has assembled in the Heart of the Commonwealth for many a year.

* * *

DEPARTURE.—Rev. A. A. Newhall, Jr., left for his future field of labor on Wednesday last.

* * *

☞ Oh, my back! How often we hear these words. That pain in your back nine times out of ten, arises from kidney disease. *Hunt's Remedy* used as directed, will cure all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs. Try it.

THE SENATORIAL CANVAS.

The political canvas has opened with some warmth although as yet confined to State nominations. Although interested in that, the voters of this vicinity pay more attention to local offices, and who shall represent us in the two branches of the Legislature is deemed of greater importance than who shall be governor. Until last year it was an accepted custom to give a Senator the endorsement of a second term, but the nominating convention repudiated it, and Mr. Britton and his friends insisted that the one term principle was the best. We have not heard that Senator Britton regards the matter any differently. Among the candidates for the Republican nomination this year, we have heard the name of S. W. Twombly, Esq., of Winchester. Mr. Twombly has been in the Legislature, and has held various town offices, always to the acceptance of his fellow citizens. Two years ago he was the second choice of the delegates at the convention, and his name would have been presented last year but for the understanding that Senator Batcheller would again be the nominee. He is well acquainted in the district, and has the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens, and would run well at the polls.

John Cummings, Esq., of Woburn, has also been mentioned in this connection, and probably other candidates will be brought forward during the canvas.

The Woburn correspondent of the *Herald* (H. J. Allen) says:—

The probable nominee of the Democrats in the sixth senatorial district will be Mr. A. E. Thompson, who contested the seat with Richard Britton of Wakefield last year. Mr. Thompson is well known in the district and is personally very popular. Last year he obtained a majority of about 300 in Woburn, and had it not been for Wakefield and the vote of the two Readings, where Britton is best known, he would have received a majority in the district.

Mr. Thompson had majorities in Burlington, Lexington, Winchester and Woburn. Britton's majorities in nine towns foot up 763, and Mr. Thompson's in four towns 398. giving Britton a majority of 365 in the district. Mr. Thompson will undoubtedly be a very strong candidate, and the friends of the Republican nominee, whoever he may be cannot afford to be inactive.

* * *

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Saturday, as Mr. Nathan Marion of Burlington, accompanied by Mr. Jonathan Tidd of North Woburn, was driving by Hartwell's market, the horse became frightened at some boys playing in the street, and run towards the common. He attempted to go between the fence and one of the trees, but there was not room enough for anything but the horse. Both gentlemen were thrown out, Mr. Marion sustaining some bad bruises about the face and head, but Mr. Tidd was not injured. The horse kept on, turned in Railroad street, and was secured near Mr. J. D. Gilman's, It was a narrow escape from serious injury for both gentlemen,

* * *

BASE BALL.—A nine from Simonds shop and a nine from J. Skinner & Co's shops, played a match game on George Winn's field. last Saturday afternoon. Eight innings were played by the Simonds nine and nine by the other. Dr. M. H. Allen acted as umpire. The following is the score by innings:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Simonds,	3	4	2	8	5	7	13	0	—	42
Skinner	5	3	0	3	4	2	4	0	5	26

A nine from John Cummings' shop played a nine from J. P. Crane's shop last Saturday afternoon, on a field near the latter shop. James Carr was umpire. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cummings,	2	0	8	2	0	7	5	1	2	27
Crane,	1	3	1	3	0	0	4	2	8	22

The game between the Young Associates of this town, and the St. Charles club of Stoneham, which was to have taken place last Friday afternoon, was postponed on account of the rain.

The Stoneham Picked Nine is composed of A H Holden, F Merrill, Wm Cochrane, W Burke, W Nash, C Tay, of the Stoneham Club, W Eaton, of the Kearsage, Jrs, F Wyman of the Actives, and H F Hill of the old Kearsage. The Woburn Picked Nine is not yet announced. The Stoneham boys want to play next Saturday.

The Grand Army match, third game, will probably come off next Wednesday, at East Woburn. George Young will play with the Post 75 Nine, and John Warren Johnson, Esq, of Woburn, has consented to act as umpire.

The Grand Army and Phalanx Nines went out to Winn's field Thursday afternoon, but the rain prevented their playing.

* * *

DENTISTRY AT REDUCED PRICES.—Dr. B. T. Prescott, 17 Tremont street Boston, guarrantees first class work at greatly reduced prices. Give him a call.

* * *

POLICE COURT.—For week ending Sept 17. Franklin Bennett of Winchester, for assault on Cornelius Moynihan, fined one cent and costs, satisfaction being acknowledged. Patrick Moriarty, Hugh Rooney, Francis Donnelly, and James Sheran were each fined $3 and costs for single drunks. Edward Crosby, assault on Hugh Rooney, not guilty; discharged. Thomas Bishop, a juvenile, was fined $10 and costs for larceny of fruit from the garden of Sparrow Horton. Patrick H Murphy for assault, fined $5 and costs, and recognized in the sum of $100 to keep the peace for six months.

* * *

EQUINE DEATH.—Last Tuesday morning Mr. E. O. Soles found on going to his stable that his grey mare "Angie" was dead. By the appearance of the animal, it is supposed she was taken with colic.

THE FIREMEN AT LYNN.

Last Wednesday the interest of the firemen of New England was centered in Lynn, where a muster of firemen and apparatus took place. As this locality was largely represented, the *Journal* was also on hand. Wyoma Park, the scene of the muster, is several miles from the City Hall, and after a ride to the City of Waxed Ends, over the narrow guage railroad, we embarked in a barge, and in due time were set down at the Park. It is situated on level ground, but is surrounded with hills which swarmed with people, and for every hundred in the park there were two hundred outside observers.

The first trial was for steamers. A tank had been constructed within the enclosure, into which from Sluice Pond, the P. M. Neil of Lynn played to supply the steamers. A lane was fenced off twenty feet wide and 300 feet long, in which a board covered with paper was arranged to receive and record the playing. The engines played through 200 feet of hose, and were allowed fifteen minutes at the tank, a pistol being fired for entrance and exit. The pipes were made fast at the entrance of the lane. No restrictions as to nozzles, but no steamer was to carry more than 100 lbs. steam. There were fifteen entries and thirteen presented. Col. Gould of Stoneham drew the first place, and went in for 182 feet. A strong wind blew all the time of the trial directly across the stream, greatly to the annoyance of the firemen, who were thus forced to be content with small records. Woburn was the tenth to play, and was only able to take the seventh place. The wind at this time was very high, and the result was a disappointment to the boys. The steamer has and can make much better play. The engine of which the most was expected made the worst show. The judges were J B Osborne of Salem; Benjamin Parrott of Hollis, N H; F A Barney, Nashua, N H; B F Abbott Wakefield; J B Stevens, Peabody. The following table gives the names and locations of the steamers, and their play in feet and inches:

William Chase, 1, Salem, A	212.8
Niagara, 2 Nashua, A	205.1
Gen. Butler, 4, Lynn, A	203.2½
Union, 2, Cambridgeport, A	199.4½
Marblehead, 2, Marblehead	195.6
Gen. Sutton, 1, Peabody, B	105.3½
Woburn, 1, Woburn, A	191.11
Quequechan, 1, Fall River, S	190.0
Gen. Grant, 3, Lynn, A	183.4½
P. M. Neal, 1, Lynn, J	182.1
Col. Gould, 1, Stoneham, H	182.0
Empire, 5, Lynn, A	175.3
Fire King, 2, Chelsea, A	174.4

The steamer playing lasted an hour longer than was expected, and it was half past four when the hose carriages were ready to start. They were to run half a mile and lay 200 feet of hose. There were seventeen entries, and all appeared. Excelsior Hose, of Winchester was the first to run. Several of their friends ran down the stretch to encourage them, and the judges thought they took hold of the rope. Explanations were made, however, and the time was announced as 2:38 1-2. Torrent of Lowell was the next to run, and they made the half mile in 2:37 3-4, the best time in the race. The third was Gen Taylor of Everett, the slowest company on the track, for although the weather and track was favorable, they could not get round sooner than 3:20 1-2. Gloucester, Lynn, Wakefield, Worcester and Malden followed with nothing less than 44. Then came Woburn's turn, and the Charles Porter Hose No. 4 started. All went well until entering the home stretch, when the leader dropped off, and the one to take his place tripped. Instantly recovering, they dashed down the home at a gallant pace, and made the 200 feet stretch in 2:25, the quickest time to that point. Here they began to lay out the hose, but the reel turned faster than the hose paid out, and the slack jumped over the reel, and became entangled in the axle, bringing them to a dead stop. Notwithstanding this, they freed the axle, and laid the hose, and were given a record of 2:58 1-2. The couplings as they came off, smashed the stern box cover and the gong. The accident was universally regretted, as the company was second choice among good judges, and as they came home it seemed to all that they would surely take the first place. Waltham and Salem followed, the former smashing its lanterns with the hose couplings. Highland Hose 2, of Arlington, went to the first quarter in 1:19 and finished in 2:41 1-2, taking the third prize. Rain, which had been threatening, began to fall at this point, and soon increased to a heavy thunder shower, during which Melrose, Wakefield, North Woburn, Manchester, N H, and Parks Hose of Waltham run their heats. The last company splashed through several inches of water as they came down to the wire. Jacob Webster Hose had their carriage somewhat injured, and owing to the rain, some of their volunteers deserted, so that they ran short handed. Below we give the name, location and time of the contesting hose companies.

Torrent, Lowell, R, F. Button	2.37¾
Excelsior, Winchester, T. H. Haley	2.38½
Highland, Arlington, M. Rowe	2.41½
City Hose, Worcester, H. E. Robbins	2.44
Tiger, Lynn, H. Burrill	2.44¾
Wakefield, Wakefield, F. B. Hoyt	2.46
Independent, Waltham, C. I. Arnold	2.51
Daniel Webster, Malden, N. F. Magher	2.51¼
Hose No. 1, Wakefield, A. Flanders	2.54
Lafayette, Salem, T. H. Gilmore	2.57
Moses Rust, Gloucester, C. H. Pierce	2.58½
Charles Porter, Woburn, T. H. Lord	2.58¾
Russell, Melrose, H. Barron	3.01
Jacob Webster, Woburn, C. C. Burnham	3.07
General Taylor, Ever tt, C. Carey	3.20¼
Massabesic, Manchester, N. H., A. W. Fisher	3.26
Park, Waltham, F. C. Green	3.55

The rain continued until dark, driving the people off the Park, so that judges and reporters were the only spectators of the last four races. The best of order prevailed throughout the day, and we saw no disturbances and very little drunkenness. The firemen had a good wetting on their way home, but a little water more or less is not minded by the knights of the red shirt.

We noticed Chief Engineer Brown and assistants Porter and Tay on the Park. Also ex-Chiefs Webster and Perham, and many others, including representatives from every company in the department.

On Thursday, hand engines competed for the honors, and from the daily papers we copy the following summary.

Torrent, Peabody, 50 men,	184-7
W. H. Hovey, Warren, Me., 65 men,	178-7½
Melville, Southbridge, 58 men,	175-2½
M A. Pickett, Marblehead, 86 men,	173-9½
Native, Amesbury, 40 men,	170
Volunteer, Salisbury, 40 men,	163-9½
Warren, Ipswich, 50 men,	159-7½
Defiance, Gloucester, 42 men,	156-3
Gen. Worth, Stoneham, 40 men,	155-5
C. Wakefield, Wakefield, 40 men,	155-3
Neptune, Newburyport, 40 men,	153-7
Yale, Wakefield, 65 men,	152-9
Gen. Glover, Marblehead, 70 men,	148-3
Dexter, Nahant, 50 men,	128-9

New Publications.

The American Artisan and Illustrated Journal of Popular Science, for September, published by Brown & Allen, 258 Broadway, New York, contains a variety of interesting matter which, combined with its magnificent illustrations, has probably never been surpassed if equalled in any American technical periodical. We sufficiently commend this sterling number of a sterling publication by an enumeration of a few of the attractions set forth in this intellectual feast. "Baking, Boiling, and Belles-Lettres," at Soho, England, is a humorous description of a cooking school. "The Winning Cornell Crew" gives further particulars of the persons and antecedents of "the boys." "West's Six-Cylinder Engine" is an illustrated description of a new steam-engine of most unique construction just patented in England and America. "The Familistery of Guise" is an account by Prof. C. Osborne Ward of a social palace of industry in France, the success of which has been very remarkable, and which seems to be a sort of workman's paradise. An amateur's foot-lathe made by the Cornell Crew for the editor of the American Artisan, and designed by Prof. John E. Sweet, is illustrated and described, presenting many interesting novelties and important improvements. "Celebrated Lighthouses" is the title of a long, profusely and beautifully illustrated article describing the most remarkable lights on various rocks, shoals, and coasts. The department of Engineering and of Applied Chemistry are unusually attractive, and the editorial columns are filled with choice matter.

Harper's Magazine for October is an unusually attractive number. It opens with a beautiful idyll of country life, contributed by Jean Ingelow. A richly illustrated article, entitled "The Land of Lakes," describes Minnesota. Junius Henri Browne gives some graphic pictures of prominent Parisian Journalists—including De Giradin, De Cassagnac, About' and Veuillot, whose portraits illustrate the article. Mr. Conway contributes a second paper on the art treasures of the South Kensington Museum, profusely illustrated. The most important paper in the number is President Woolsey's contribution to the "First Century" series, entitled "The Experiment of the Union with its preparations." Of a lighter character though by no means trivial, is the Hon. S. S. Cox's paper on "Legislative Humors," full of racy sketches and anecdotes. Another of Castelar's philosophic papers is given in this number. The field is already ripe in this country for the suggestions and eloquent appeal of Ellis Gray's paper on "The Mission of Music." Julian Hawthorne's thoroughly healthful and yet almost ideally romantic novel, "Garth," is continued. Of short stories this number has an unusual variety. Charles D. Deshler recounts a characteristic story of Southern life. William Mackey in "The popular Idol," tells a downright humorous story of his romantic adventures in Ireland. Mrs. Frank M'Carthy contributes "A pair of Scales;" and Louise Chandler Moulton, "Bertha's Experiment." Besides Jean Ingelow's poem, there are also poetical contributions by J. W. De Forest, A. H. Louis, F. W. Bourdillon, Nelly M. Hutchinson, L. W. Backus, and A. F. For sale by Horton.

North Woburn.

HOSE 2.—This company went to the Lynn muster on Wednesday in the barge "Dauntless" of Reading. When their turn came to run, it was raining hard, making it very hard work for them to keep on their feet. Their hose also got caught on the reel guard, bending it out of all shape. The couplings struck the stern box, splitting it, and a new one will be put on. The company arrived home about 10 1-2 o'clock. Their time—3 07, was good, considering these drawbacks.

East Woburn.

BASE BALL.—The Emmets will play a game with the Actives of Stoneham on the Kearsarge grounds, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

GIPSIES.—A band of gipsies are encamped near the bridge on Railroad street.

HOSE 4.—J. B. Davis took this company to the muster last Wednesday in the "General Sherman." The breaking of their carriage undoubtedly caused them to lose a prize, as they were making the best time of any when the accident occurred. The damage to the carriage consists of a broken lantern, gong, and the stern box will need a new cover. Thirty dollars will cover the damage. The company arrived home about eleven o'clock.

West Woburn.

SAD.—On Monday of this week Mr. W. A. Colegate received a telegram from a gentleman in Chicago named D. W. Swaney, stating that his son B. Frank Colegate had been killed, and asking what he should do with the body. Mr. C. immediately sent word to have the body sent home, and asking particulars. Nothing more was heard from him until Wednesday, when a dispatch arrived saying the body had been forwarded. Young Colegate was about twenty-one years of age, a carpenter by trade, and had been at work in a cabinet shop in Cambridge previous to last April, when he started, with a fellow workman, for California. They had a little money with them, but intended to work their way there, They obtained work in several places on the way, and arrived in Chicago only about ten days ago. Work was obtained of Mr. Swaney, and a letter from him last week Monday brought the news to his parents that he was well, and had got a job which would last some little time. His death has been a sad blow to his parents, who have the sympathy of their friends and neighbors in this sad affliction.

The body arrived Thursday night, and with it the verdict of the coroner's jury, which states that he met his death from an accidental fall from the Insane Asylum Building, in Jefferson, Cook County. A letter was received Friday morning from his employer, Mr, Swaney, stating that he fell about 70 feet, from the roof, and struck on his head and shoulder. He was sensible to the last, and lived about two hours after falling. No bones were broken his injuries being internal. He received all the care that he could possibly have, both from his associates and the physician of the place. He had been in his employ about two weeks, and he speaks in high terms of him, His funeral will occur this Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, from the house, and friends and relatives are invited.

Winchester.

CAUCUS.—A meeting of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans was held last Saturday evening in Richardson's Block, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State, County, Councillor and Senatorial conventions, to be held shortly. The meeting was not a very large one, and was called to order by D. N. Skillings Esq, and further organized by the choice of Josiah Locke as chairman, and P. W. Swan as secretary. A committee of three, consisting of D. N. Skillings, D. W. Locke and Charles H. Dupee were nominated a committee to bring in a list of names to be balloted for as delegates. The committee retired, and in a short time reported the following list:

State,—James A Dupee. Substitutes, Francis Johnson, Charles H Dupee, G W Spurr.

Councillor and County,—S T Sanborn, D W Locke, John McNeil. Substitutes, Patrick Shea, P W Swan, S G Peirce.

Senatorial,—Asa Locke, John T Manny, Francis Johnson. Substitutes,—Thomas S Spurr, K W Baker, Joseph Stone.

The following gentlemen were elected a Town Committee for the ensuing year: Josiah Locke, S T Sanborn, Charles H Dupee, Patrick Shea, P W Swan, Thomas S Spurr, Michael Lyons. The delegates or substitutes were empowered to fill vacancies and the secretary was instructed to notify them of such action. After listening to a few interesting remarks from F O Prince Esq, the meeting adjourned.

A CHASE.—The usual quiet of last Sabbath was broken up, by an occurrence which afforded considerable amusement, to the spectators, if not to the principal actor. A young bull which has been at pasture all summer, was taken home, and placed in the barn, and sighing again for his liberty, broke loose, started on a rampage, passed by his owner, who was fortunate enough to secure one end of the rope, but could not induce his lordship to go back with him, until after a long deliberation, and when he did decide to go, he seemed oblivious to the fact that Henry wanted to go too, but struck "a bee line" through mud; mire and water, much to the chagrin of his owner, who was however glad to get him home in any shape.

NOT SATISFIED.—The Excelsior Hose Co. who went to the Lynn muster, and were awarded the 2d. prize of $75 are not well pleased, as they feel that the 1st. prize was in reality won by them, and that they were cheated out of it, through the interference of outsiders.

TO THE HEIGHTS.—A party of young ladies and gentlemen, chartered the "Queen of Winchester" Tuesday evening, and Denny took them over to Arlington Heights Hotel, where after a supper the rest of the evening was pleasantly passed in dancing.

NEW SHOP.—Mr F K Grose, whose blacksmith shop was recently burned, has commenced a new building on the "Button Shop" site, near Whitney's Machine Shop.

☞Our fellow townsman, Mr. C. H. Mosely, auctioned off a part of his household goods last Saturday, and intends starting for California in a week or so.

FOR SALE.—The old Passenger Depot is to be sold by auction next week. "Who wants to buy."

QUEER PLACES TO LIVE IN.—*Mr Editor:*—The following list is taken from the Post Office directory. Strange as the titles are, they are the names of places large enough to support post offices, and some of them doubtless, apply to villages of a tolerably large population. The number might be increased, but these are enough to create a few moments' amusement:—Tumble, Squaukum, Hopatcoug, Parsippanny, Allamuchy, Horseheads, Pitcher, Little Rest, Stissing, Constable, Sou Yea, Taberg, Houppauge, Quogue, Shin Creek, Rows, Pugh, Blue Ball, Scroog's Field, Cable, Mingo, Bantam, Teegardin, Broken Sword, Sweet Wine, Paint, Jimes, New Way, Jolly, Whetstone, Yellow Bud, Moonshine, Oblong, Tolerance, Half Day, Marrowbone, Fish Hook, Time, Snachivine, Art, Coffee, Slash, Toto, Waltz, Busti, Last Chance, Broken Kettle, Line, Farms, Rural, St. Bridget, Lulu, Pop Corn, Batchler's Rest, Cob Moo Sa, Speaker, Cumber.

X. Y. Z.

Stoneham.

CONVENTION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.—The North Baptist Association held its annual convention in the Methodist church Wednesday, by kind invitation of that society, the Baptist Chapel being too small. Thirty-four churches were represented by a large number of delegates. The West Somerville and West Newton (colored) churches were added to the association, and received the right hand of fellowship. Dr. Lorimer of Tremont Temple, Boston, called the meeting to order, at nine o'clock, and the Rev. William S. Aspey of North Cambridge was elected President, H. Hinkley, of Cambridge, clerk, and J. R. Taylor, treasurer. Letters from the churches were read, The Rev. H. A. Cook of the Bethel Church of Boston, preached the morning sermon, taking for his subject, "Christ is all and in all." A doctrinal sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. H. K. Pervear of Cambridgeport, the subject being the divinity of Christ. Dr. Murdoch of Boston, presented the cause of the American Baptist Union. Dr. Pollard of Boston spoke in reference to the Baptist publication Society, and Dr. Lorimer addressed the convention on church extension. The Rev. Mr. Wines of New York preached in the evening from the text, "He hath loved us with an everlasting love."

There was a good attendance Thursday, at the second day's session, which was preceded by a prayer meeting led by Rev Dr Johnson. The business session was opened at 10 o'clock with prayer by Rev N M Wood of Boston. The Rev W W Boyd of Charlestown presented the annual circular letter prepared by Rev W M Young, which was approved. The Rev W S Apsey was chosen preacher of the next annual sermon, and Rev C Y Swan, the alternate. Rev W W Boyd was chosen to prepare the circular letter, and Rev C M Smith of Somerville the alternate. Rev L G Barrett presented the report on Obituaries. Rev A Harris, Rev Henry A Cooke and Deacon N Brown were appointed delegates to the State Convention, which will meet next month, and the Rev W C Barrows of Waltham was appointed to prepare the report for this association. A most excellent sermon was preached by Rev C Y Swan of Boston from John 3:8, on "The Known and Unknown in Regeneration." A resolution was adopted fixing on the first Monday in the New Year for a day of fasting and prayer in the Association. Mr J R Taylor of East Cambridge, Treasurer of the Association, presented his annual report, showing the total receipts to have been $536, of which $338 had gone to the Baptist Charitable Society, $54 to the Conference of Baptist Ministers (both charitable organizations) and $143 for printing the minutes. The summary of the annual reports showed 36 churches in the association, 28 pastors, 25 students for the ministry, 458 baptisms in the year, 322 received by letter, 43 by experience, and 15 restored, a total addition in the year of 839 members. There were dismissed by letter 252 members, 93 were erased, 37 excluded, and 123 died, a total decrease of 505. This leaves a net gain of 334 members, and a total membership of 10,367. The total amount of moneys raised by the churches in the year was $133,235. The largest number of baptisms were in the First Charlestown church, 84; Tremont Temple, 75; Twelfth Boston Church (colored) 49; Perkins Street, Somerville, 45; Bowdoin Square, 28; Cambridge First church, 21; Broadway Church, Cambridge, 22; and in other churches of the association less than 20. The afternoon session was occupied by a discussion of the best method of securing the aid of the Holy Spirit in the work of the churches, and at three o'clock the association adjourned to meet again in Charlestown on the third Wednesday of September, 1876.

Billerica.

CONCERT.—Wednesday evening, Sept. 8th., Berry's Band of Lowell, gave a concert on the common, which was very acceptable to a great number of people; as many as eight hundred or more, being assembled from this and adjoining towns.

The evening was passing lovely, and the occasion a most enjoyable one.

Reading.

FIREMEN'S PARADE.—The annual parade of the Fire Department of Reading took place Wednesday, under Chief Engineer C. H. Lang, and Assistants E. C. Nichols, D. Crowell and C. H. Danforth. The department formed a procession on the Common at nine o'clock, consist- of Eagle Engine Company No 4, Captain W. L. Crowe, Sumner Hook and Ladder, Captain George H. Parker, and Hancock Engine Company No. 2 Captain S. T. Sweetser, together with an old hand engine that was in use in 1815, and manned by a volunteer company under Captain John Clifford. The engines and ladder carriage were gaily decorated with flags and flowers.

With invited guests the procession moved to Weston square, and then went through Washington, Main, Green, Village, Parker, Pleasant, Middle and Union streets to the Common, where the engines worked an hour, but with no measurements being made of the play. By way of Salem, Pierce, Orange and Pearl streets to Parker's Grove, Here the families and friends of the firemen had gathered, and a committee of ladies, Mrs. Henry Damon, Chairman, had spread a fine collation at several long tables. To the music of the Medford Band all took their seats at the tables, to the number of several hundred, Among those at the tables were members of the Board of Selectmen, J. Brooks Leathe, Chairman; the School Committee, Col. Carroll D Wright, Chairman, and other leading gentlemen of the town, with a quartette led by Mr. H. M. Brown. The company was very largely composed of ladies and young people, and their presence greatly enlivened the occasion. Chief Engineer Lang presided with grace and ability, and invited Rev. A. S. Gardner, the Presbyterian clergyman, to invoke the blessing. The dinner was really an excellent one, and did credit to the cookery of the fair housewives of Reading. At the dinner table speeches were made by several gentlemen present, and after dinner there were various humorous sports, and many of the citizens came to witness them. The occasion was a very pleasant one.

QUERY.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* asks the following pertinent questions:—

Would it not be as well to remember domestic affairs as well as those concerning the election of a new President, when we undertake to choose a Governor and a Legislature for Massachusetts? Would it not be as well to vote for a Legislature who, instead of spending months over private bills, will expunge from our statutes laws which are dead letters, and replace them with such as can be enforced? Who is there to-day who does not believe that law, with its penalties, is far from justice? that the worst crimes are the least likely to be punished? and that the prevention of crime is not the result looked for when sentence is passed?

Capital punishment the mass of the people may shrink from inflicting. Is that any reason why murder should not be prevented if possible? Would it not be well to substitute for hanging a punishment which is to be certain? One great reason why juries hesitate to convict, when the evidence of murder is positive, is because there are and will and must be those who think that evidence, though positive, may be mistaken. The feeling is a just one, and it is not possible to overcome it. One great reason why Governors hesitate to sign death warrants is a perfectly natural feeling that the result of the trial may be wrong, and that time may show their doubts to be correct. But these are not reasons for leaving the convicted unpunished, nor for giving the slightest chance of escape to him, whether his crime has been the stealing of a dime, or the commission of murder or treason.

Being sick and in prison is no reason for pardoning the condemned, for recovery and a new course of crime is very likely to follow it. Good behavior in prison is no reason for granting pardon, for the worst man can behave well as a means of getting free. Thanksgiving day is no reason for granting pardon, nor is any other day. One who commits a crime should understand that the law will graduate the penalty by the offence, and that it is the behavior before trial, and not the behavior after conviction which is to settle the length and the severity of the punishment. He should also understand that, sentence of death having been passed upon him, there is no power in Governor or Council which can diminish it. He should know that he does not go to prison to chew tobacco, to kick football, nor to enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

But suppose that the convict is innocent—what then? Why pardon him to be sure, and as far as possible, make amends for his detention. If his punishment has been by fine, restore it. If it has been by imprisonment, pardon him out, and make amends to him pecuniarily as far as possible. But the power of pardon should be removed from Governor and Council and placed in the hands of the Legislature, where it is impossible that the discussion of the proposal shall be in any degree private.

These few matters it would be well not to keep out of sight until crimes become so abundant and unbearable that citizens will feel justified in taking the law into their own hands; and that time will surely come unless some means be taken to enforce laws, or to so amend them that they can be enforced. It matters not whether it be Rice, or Gaston, or Loring, or Adams, or any one else for Governor, if law is not to be made and enforced for the prevention of crime. Law, not enforced in every instance, is like an element in pecuniary speculation. The criminal, for he is a criminal who contemplates crime, is likely to calculate his chances for escape just as the dealer in this or that stock calculates for a rise or fall. The position of Pomeroy to-day keeps murder stock at a good market average. If he were to be hanged to-morrow, it would make some think twice before they ventured upon the same crime. If the law provided that he should be imprisoned for life, and that neither good behavior, nor sickness of mind or body, nor old age, nor anything else except proof to the people that he is innocent, would diminish his imprisonment for one hour, the crime of murder would become less frequent. The same course should be pursued in the punishment of other crimes however great or small, whether crimes against person or property. To be of service, punishment must be certain. Would it not be as well to get the views of the candidates upon these matters, as well as upon the value of paper and gold?

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Married.

In Lynnfield, Sept. 8, by Rev. E. C. Spinney, Mr Willis J. Buckman, of Woburn, and Miss Hattie Wiley, of Lynnfield.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Sept. 12, Catharine, daughter of Patrick and Rosanna Smith, aged 4 years, 7 months 28 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 12, James Caholan, aged 76 years.

In Woburn, Sept. 15, John Conway, aged 39 yrs.

In Woburn, Sept. 14, M. Eliza, wife of Edward Fountain, aged 28 years, 6 months.

In Winchester, Sept. 13, Stella M., daughter of A. H. Willoughby, aged 1 year, 7 months.

In Wilmington, Sept. 14, Ada Walker McDonald, aged 2 years, 6 months, 28 days.

In Jefferson, Ill., Sept. 11, B. Frank Colegate, aged 21 years, 8 months, 11 days.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son, Herbert E. Penney, his time during the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

EPHRAIM B. PENNEY.
Woburn, Sept. 15, 1875. 208

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

The firm of F. S. Richardson & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Winchester, Sept. 1st, 1875.

FRANCIS S. RICHARDSOM,
WM. H. BAILEY,

The Saw Mill business will be continued by the undersigned with F. S. Richardson as Foreman.

Winchester, Sept. 1st, 1875.

WM. H. BAILEY.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS. SEPTEMBER 15th, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Wednesday, the twentieth day of October next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that David Leahey of Winchester, in said County, had on the thirty-first day of July last, the time when the same was attached on *mesne process* to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in said Winchester, viz:—Two certain lots of land being lots numbered 17 and 18 on a plan belonging to Joseph Stone, and drawn by Josiah Hovey, in July A. D. 1869, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Commencing on the northwesterly corner of the premises at the corner of two new streets called Cedar street and East Cedar street, the line runs southerly by said East Cedar street one hundred and fifty feet to a stake; thence easterly by lot No. 19 on said plan, one hundred and forty one feet more or less to land of Boston & Lowell Railroad corporation; thence northerly by land of said Corporation one hundred and fifty feet to a stake; thence westerly by lot numbered 16 on said plan, and by said Cedar street, one hundred and thirty-nine feet more or less to the point of beginning, and containing about twenty thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine square feet, being the same premises described and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1097, Page 92.

HORACE COLLAMORE.
Deputy Sheriff.

THE
Channing Fraternity

Respectfully announces that its second course of popular lectures will be given during the coming season, in the Unitarian vestry, as follows:—

Oct. 12. PROF. E. S. MORSE, of Salem.
Subject—Curiosities of Insect Life.

Oct. 26. AZEL AMES, JR., M. D., of Wakefield.
Subject—Sanitary Rambles through Europe.

Nov. 9. P. L. CONVERSE, Esq., of Woburn.
Subject—The Honey-Bee.

Nov. 23. G. M. CHAMPNEY, of Woburn.
Subject—Shakespeare.

Dec. 7. HON. C. D. WRIGHT, of Reading.
Subject—Daniel Webster.

Dec. 21. JOHN CUMMINGS, Esq., of Woburn.
Subject—(By special request) Leather.

Jan. 4, 1876. PROF. L. S. BURBANK, of Woburn.
Subject—The Mammoth Cave.

Jan. 18. REV. W. S. BARNES, of Woburn.
Subject—William Pitt; Father and Son.

Feb. 1. PROF. W. H. NILES, of Cambridge.
Subject—Holland and its People.

Feb. 15. CONCERT. 203

Season Tickets, One Dollar.

Tickets for sale at the usual places.

THE WOBURN
Photograph
GALLERY,
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets
204 (Over Dodge's Jewelry Store.)

Is the old established Gallery in Woburn, where *first-class* work is made as reasonable as at any other establishment in this country. Call and examine prices and specimens and "know how 't's yourself." Don't forget the place. Over Dodge's Jewelry store, corner Main and Railroad streets, Woburn Centre.

H. E. STROUT.

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 156
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

TENEMENT TO LET over Burke & Munday's Shoe Manufactory; 5 rooms; Horn Pond Water; good cellar room. Inquire of
150 JOSEPH KELLEY.

WANTED!

By one of the largest Life Insurance Companies in the country, a few energetic men to act as Agents in New England. Only those desired who will personally solicit business and not depend upon the efforts of sub-agents for satisfactory results. To such parties liberal inducements will be offered. Address Post Office Box 2655, New York City.

$3 SAMPLE FREE and big pay to male and female everywhere Address THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

Trifling with Biliousness Wont Do. In this way chronic disease is brought on. A disordered liver is the consequence of a foul stomach and obstructed bowels, and the very best preparation in existence to put them in perfect order and keep them so, is

Tarrant's Effervescent Aperient,
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SHUN DRUG POISONS.
MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS!
Volta's Electro Belts and Bands are indorsed by the most eminent physicians in the world for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, kidney disease, aches, pains, nervous disorders, fits, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and other chronic diseases of the chest, head, liver, stomach, kidneys and blood. Book with full particulars free by **Volta Belt Co., Cincinnati, O.**

TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to Robert Wells, 43 Vesey st., N. Y., P.O. Box 1287

TO INVENTORS No Charges for obtaining Patents unless successful. Pamphlet *free*. C. A. SHAW, 110 Tremont Street, Boston.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

TRAMPS. TRAMPS.

Gentlemen, do not leave your wives and children unprotected, when you can procure a servant that is the burglars' terror. You can always buy a good **DOG at G. Walton's**, the oldest and largest Dog Repository in the United States. Mange Cure $1 per bottle. Flea Soap 50 cts., per cake; sure cure and no bad smell. Sure cure for Worms in Dog, 50 cts. and $1. Fancy Pigeons bought and sold. Send by Express for Soap or Mange Cure, or send 3-cent stamp for information.
G. WALTON, 121 Haverhill St., Boston.

$510,000. ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. Distributed every fifteen days.
1 prize....$100,000 | 1 prize....$50,000
2 prizes....$25,000 each....50,000
854 prizes, amounting to....[illegible]
Whole tickets, $20; quarters, $5; twentieth [illegible],000
Circulars of information free. Prizes [illegible], $1.
A. DONAU & CO., Bankers.
Post-office Box 2089. 21 Park Row [illegible], New York.
Royal Saxon and Brunswick Government Lotteries constantly on hand.

Dentistry.
PRICES REDUCED!

Owing to the dull season, all operations in Dentistry will be performed at one-third of the former price, so as to suit the times. Teeth filled, cleansed and extracted. Artificial teeth inserted from one to entire set.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. 212

Dr. B. T. Prescott,
17 Tremont St., opp. the Museum.

ECONOMICAL NEW FOOD.—25 cents will buy a package of Sea Moss Farine, made from pure Irish Moss, which will make 50 kinds of dishes, such as cakes, pies, puddings, etc., or 16 quarts of custards, jellies, creams, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. 21

WINCHESTER, Sept. 6th, 1875.

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of Middlesex County.

GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned, the Selectmen of the Town of Winchester respectfully represent that the southerly end of Bacon street at the junction of Grove street is narrow and crooked, and needs widening to correspond to the width of the street as laid out, 49½ feet.

And we do petition your honorable board to widen and straighten the same from the bridge over the stream to the junction of Grove street.

SAM'L S. HOLTON, ALBERT AYER, J. F. STONE,	Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Selectmen's Room, in Winchester, on Friday, the 22d day of October next, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the Woburn *Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and Order thereon. Attest,
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

A true copy. Attest,
210 E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Cynthia H. Richards, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Daniel H. Richards, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

207 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS,

To the Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Lucius C. Chase of Boston, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of Sept. instant, at 9 o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at said Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this 8th day of Sept., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

191 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Moses F. Winn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charles Nichols, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September inst., at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

193 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS,

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Mary W. Brown, late of Woburn, in said county deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nathan Wyman, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of October next at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed in Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin Fiske, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Parker L. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September inst., at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

194 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS. SEPTEMBER 2d, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the ninth day of October next at four o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in law or equity that Joseph B. Kelley of Cambridge, in said County, had on the 21st day of July last, when the same was seized and taken on this execution, in and to the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Cambridge, being lot No. 14 on a plan of building lots in Cambridge, formerly owned by Hon. Wm. Winthrop, by W. A. Washburn & Co., surveyors, dated April, 1858, and recorded in the Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, and bounded Northeasterly by Mt. Auburn street, forty feet; Northwesterly by a street laid down on said plan forty feet wide, now called Athens street, there measuring 120 feet; Southwesterly by lot No. 19 on said plan, 40 feet; Southeasterly by lot No. 15 on said plan, 120 feet, containing 4800 square feet, being the same premises conveyed to Joseph B. Kelley by Betsey Pratt, by deed dated October 16th, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1184, Fol. 237.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled. MORSE BRO'S, Prop's, Canton, Mass.

NEW
Photograph Gallery,
139 1-2 Main Street, Woburn,
Opposite the Congregational Church.

Best card Pictures from $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per dozen. Best cabinet cards $4.00 per dozen. Also large Photos to frame $2.00 to $5.00 for first picture. Special attention given to copying and enlarging old Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes and Photographs.

N. B.—Club Pictures, Eleven Tickets for $10, to families living near neighbors can make a saving by calling at my Gallery, 139½ Main street, Woburn. Please call and examine specimens.

H. S. DUNSHEE, Artist.

N. B.—Mrs. Dunshee, artist in Ladies Hair Dressing, in constant attendance. Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. 195

NEW BAKERY!
Dearborn & Estabrook
PRACTICAL BAKERS!
219 Main St. Woburn,
Keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of
Bread, Crackers, Cake, Pastry, &c

Also, Fresh Bread made from the ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL.

Beans Baked and Brown Bread furnished Sunday mornings from 5.30 to 9.30.

A Bread Cart runs from the New Bakery every day.

Orders from Picnics or Parties promptly filled.

NEW
BLACKSMITH SHOP!

The undersigned would announce to his friends and the public that he will open his shop Sept. 6, on
BROAD STREET,
where he hopes to receive a share of the public patronage, in
Horse Shoeing, Carriage Repairs,
and General Blacksmith Work.
Special attenton given to **Repairing Springs.**
C. B. STEVENS.

To Concord Cattle Show.

THE NEW BARGE
"Commonwealth"

Will be run between Woburn and Concord to the Cattle Show, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th, leaving Woburn each day at 8 A. M.

ROUND TRIP $1.00.

187 G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

William M. Killion,

Having purchased the business of William Connor, is prepared to do.

Carriage and Sign
PAINTING

In the best manner, promptly and on reasonable terms. A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

Shop on Everett Street,
Over Pollard's Blacksmith Shop. 211

"PAPETERIES."

All the New and Nice Styles, and Assorted Tints, 24 sheets of Paper, and 24 Envelopes in a

Pretty Box

For twenty cents and upwards.

With a full line of

Books, Stationery,
Newspapers, Periodicals, &c
—AT—
Horton's Bookstore,
195 Main St., Woburn.
Next door to Post Office.

Everybody Surprised

and inquiring how can such a fine Imported Cigar be sold for
Five Cents, or Six for a Quarter.
The demand doubles itself every day and is still supplied at 201
BRACKETT'S,
199 Main Street, 3rd door above P. O.

For Sale.

One nice second hand Chamber Sett, for sale *Cheap*, also, Carpets, Bedding, &c., at
205 POLLOCK'S, 220 Main St., Woburn.

BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

PROSPECTUS
—OF THE—
Woburn Journal.

For twenty-four years the *Journal* has been a welcome visitor to the Homes of Woburn. Each year has added to the number of its readers, and it now enjoys the

Largest Circulation

ever achieved by any paper in the Town. It has done this by giving to the locality for which it is named the pre-eminence in all matters, and being ever on the alert for what interested the

People of Woburn.

They have responded in a hearty manner, and testify their appreciation of the *Journal* by a

Liberal Patronage.

In the future as in the past, it will be the purpose of the Management to make the *Journal* peculiarly

A WOBURN JOURNAL.

Events occurring in the town will have the attention given them their importance deserves, and events transpiring elsewhere in which any of our people are interested, will receive a due share of attention. A great feature of the *Journal* has been and will be its

Full and Impartial
REPORTS.

No other paper has, nor will it in the future, give fuller or more graphic accounts of local happenings than will be found in these columns.

In observing the times, all parts of the town will be considered, and the villages of

North Woburn,
East Woburn,
and Cummingsville,

will not be neglected. A reporter visits these localities weekly, and is assisted in his search for knowledge by parties residing in the localities named, so that in the *Journal* each week the reader is sure to find the present

History of the Town.

The neighboring towns have always had a fair share of attention, and the same policy will be continued. Correspondents in

WINCHESTER,
BURLINGTON,
and WILMINGTON,

will keep us informed of all events of an interesting nature.

Current topics will be discussed as heretofore in a spirit of

INDEPENDENCE

and correspondents are invited to express their views on all matters of interest. Believing that most questions have

Two Sides,

and it is possible in a discussion for both contestants to be partly right, and neither wholly wrong, the utmost latitude is encouraged, and any opinion if courteously expressed, may find utterance in the columns of the *Journal*. The newspaper is the public forum where all should have a voice, and to this end all its columns are and have been

PEOPLE'S COLUMNS,

where those who choose could be heard.

In the discussion of politics the coming year, we shall favor an early resumption of specie payments, a perfect union of the States, and an honest government. Whoever and whatever best embodies these points we believe should be endorsed by every lover of his country.

But above all we shall be "Always on hand for Woburn News," and our readers may be assured that the 25th volume will not be the worst or the poorest of its fellows.

Subsription Price $2.00

Single copies 5 cents.

JOHN L. PARKER
Editor and Publisher.
204 Main Street, Woburn.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard and Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
Also a large Assortment of all kinds of
Steam Coal constantly on hand.
WOOD SAWING BY STEAM.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A.M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M.. 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7‖ P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 A.M., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Stops at East Cambridge when signalled to take passengers for Lowell.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.58†, 5.00, 5.47† 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30α, 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†,* 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
¶Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 8.04, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.46, 8.40‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
α Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40

WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,
Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.
WOOD SAWED.
OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.
Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.
24

The attention of the public is invited to our
Elastic Bandage Department,
consisting of a complete assortment of Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps, Anklets, Belts, &c., for the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak Joints, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs, Abdominal Weakness or Tumors.

Our Elastic Fabrics
are made from the best material by skilled workmen. In special cases complete measurements will be taken and suitable Bandages will be manufactured promptly to order.
Hill's Drug Store.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
R. MARSTON & Co.'s
DINING ROOMS
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
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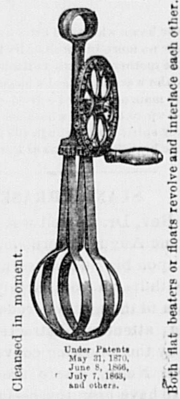
BOSTON.
Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

Dover Egg Beater.
FAMILY SIZE.



Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
Six eggs can be made to fill a quart.
Churns Butter in a few minutes.
Cleansed in moment.

Under Patents May 31, 1870, June 8, 1866, July 7, 1863, and others.

Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other.
It never spatters.
No rivets or joints to get loose.
Buy it of your Tin Smith, Grocer, Hardware or Crockery dealer. Return it and get your money if you are not *delighted* with it.

EAGEN'S PATENT
IMPROVED
CONCRETE
FOR PAVING
Crossings, Side Walks, Drive Ways, Cellar Bottoms, &c.
Also ASPHALTUM ROOFING
Furnished on favorable terms by
JOHN R. FURBUSH,
43 Mt. Pleasant St., Woburn.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying. Apply to
J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

JUST PUBLISHED.
!! THE SHINING RIVER !!
A NEW SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK
By H. S. & W. O. PERKINS.
Price 35 cents, $30 per Hundred.

"Rest in Thee," "What Jesus may say," "Wandering Child," "What are these," "Watchman awake!" are specimens of the titles of the beautiful new hymns, to sweet new melodies.

!! THE HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR !!
By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.
Price $1.00. $9.00 per Dozen.

The HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR is similar in general design to the very popular 'HOUR OF SINGING,' which has been almost universally used in High Schools. The present work is in no way inferior to its predecessor, and is entirely fresh and new.

THE SONG MONARCH
Price 75 cents. $7.50 per dozen.
By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
Do not think of teaching a singing school without using this attractive, popular and useful book.
Specimen copies sent, post-paid, for retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 162
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Cheap Butter Store.
Cheapest place in Woburn to buy
Butter, Cheese, Tea and Coffee,
AT F. H. CLARRIDGE'S 27
Butter & Tea Store, 190 Main St. Woburn

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 140 Main Street, Woburn.
I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

Pasturing for Horses
Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at to well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.
137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

Dining Saloon.
The undersigned would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will open a Dining Saloon at
150 Main Street,
On Wednesday, Sept. 15th.
Meals served at all hours in a first-class manner.
Call and see our "Bill of Fare."
198 J. C. CHURCHILL.

To Let with Board,
A pleasant front room, in a small family in centre of town. Address Box 1064, Woburn P. O. 188

FOR every variety of JOB PRINTING don't fail to call at the Woburn Journal Office.

THE CHILD AND THE REAPER.

I.

A sweeter spot was never seen,
Its carpet of the greenest moss
By the slant of sunbeam's golden sheen
And leafy shadow wave across;
Dotted with daisies and daffodils
All the way to the dark oak wood
From whose leafy branches, the robin fills
The air with his choral plenitude.
Never was seen a sweeter face
Than that of her, who, prattling stands
In the midst of the daisy-dotted sward,
Plucking the flowers with her tiny hands.
Hair dishevelled, and loosely flung
Over her brow, and the dark brown eyes
Which laugh and sparkle and laugh again
And upward turn with a glad surprise,
As some new flow'ret or rarer grass
Meets her bright glances, or tempts her hand,
As might the gaudy colored shell
On the luminous reach of the ocean sand.
Little cares she what it's name,
So it be pretty and bright and gay;
Daisy and red grass'all the same,
In her litt'e basket are hid away.
No bird in the forest more blithe than she,
With her merry, prattle and loose flung hair,
And the sun in its journeying looks not down
On a heart more glad and a face more fair.

II.

Bright the picture of yesterday
With it's little fairy and flower decked sward;
To-day o'er a little mound newly made,
The tearful daisies keep watch and ward;
When all about seemed most blest and fair,
The reaper came with his sickle bright,
Seeking the fairest flow'ret there
For his garden in the land of light.
No rustle betrayed his stealthy step—
No trace of his presence he left behind—
The flowers still blossom—the grasses wave
In the gentle breath of the western wind.
The daisies won from the early dew
The tears they shed on the little grave,
The robin, perched on the tall oak tree,
To the zephyr a note of sorrow gave;
But,the sunshine came, and dried the tear
On the cheek of the daisy mourning there,
And the breath of the morning changed the wail
Of the robin's song to the voice of prayer;
And the daisy looked up to the tender blue
Of the arch which hung the earth above,
And the little bird, as if his prayer
Were answered, sung the song of love.

III.

So in the home where the little feet
Patter no more in porch or hall,]
And the mother weepeth as Rachel wept,
May the warmth of God's blessed sunshine fall
Till the mourner's tear be dried—and she
Look up to the land where her treasure lies,
And her spirit soar through the pearly gates,
To the beautiful gardens of Paradise.

SLANG PHRASES.

The Rev. Dr. Lowell was sitting in his study one August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares, when his train of thought was rudely interrupted, and attention distracted from his theme by the following conversation:

"Oh, Nelly, where are you—you'd ought to have been there—just the stunningest fellow!"

Then a sound of running feet, and pretty soon he heard his daughter exclaim:

"That you Maggie?"

"Yes, come down quick; I have something to tell you'"

"I'll be there in half a jiffy."

Then the door opened and shut, and in a few minutes,

"What do you think, as I was coming over here, there was just the stunningest fellow right in front of me. Just as I got opposite the new church,' my music roll slipped, and every paper in it fell out on the sidewalk."

"Gracious! I should have been dumbfounded."

"And so I was, but it was so ridiculous that I almost died laughing."

"Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me pick them up. I was all hunky dory then. He walked as far as here with me, and I thanked him, of course, etc., etc. You know how it is yourself."

The good doctor scratched his head. Could that be his Nellie, whom he thought so lady-like? He opened the door softly, a little crack, thinking no doubt, that he had right to play the part of a listener to so strangely mixed a conversation, and in his own house. Very soon it was continued, this time his daughter commencing the conversation.

"There, how is that for high!"

"Oh, isn't that sweet, how much was it?"

"Only five dollars; cheap enough."

"Yes, indeed; but then you said you were going to have pink, this is blue."

"Never mind, it's all the same in Dutch."

The doctor peeped to see what they were talking about. Miss Nelly was exhibiting her new bonnet to the admiring gaze of her friend.

"It's all raging hot here."

"Well, I don't know as I can make it any cooler," said Nellie, looking around. "I s'pose father would kill me if I opened a door." Her father had requested her the day before to keep the doors closed.

"I guess it's about time for me to absquatulate," said Maggie. rising.

"Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

"Yes, I had a staving old time last Tuesday night!"

"George Saunders said he should go home with you to-night."

"Did he? He'd better spell able first."

"That's so. If there is anything I hate it is boys bothering round; they ought to be put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole till they are old enough to behave."

"I must bid you a fond adieu, now; I have thousands of errands to do."

"Well, good-bye."

"Oh, the dickens, I have left my parasol."

"Here it is."

"Now, good-bye, and be sure and come to-night."

"Yes, good-bye."

Then the door closed and Nellie went up stairs.

The doctor gently shut the door with a sly twinkle in his eye. He sat buried in thought some little time. Now and then a good humored smile broke over his face, and once he shook with silent laughter. Then again his face lengthened and his brow grew dark, until, at last, with a profound shake of the head, he sat down to resume his sermon: but in vain he could not concentrate his thoughts. nor would an idea enter his brain, so he sat idly scratching his pen on the paper, till at last with a gesture of impatience, he pushed back his chair, got up, shook himself, took his hat and went out for a walk. He got as far as the gate when an idea seemed to strike him, He came back, hung up his hat, and went in search of his wife. For a long time they were closeted together, until time for tea. When tea was ready, Miss Nellie came down equipped for the lecture. After they were fairly seated at the table, Mrs. Lowell said: "My dear sir, will you have some tea?"

"In half a jiffy, madam."

Nellie looked up, but her father took no notice.

"Really this cake is quite stunning," went on the doctor as solemn as a judge. Just then his napkin fell to the floor.

"Gracious, I am condumbfounded," ejaculated the Doctor getting a little wrong. Nellie gazed at her father in perfect amazement.

"My dear, this sauce is staving. Where did you buy it?"

"I made it," said his wife, coolly.

"Oh, well it's all the same in German."

Nellie dropped her knife and fork.

"You must give me some money for the butcher to-morrow," said Mrs Lowell.

"You'll have to spell ability first," growled the Doctor savagely,

Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his nose a tremendous blow. "There," said he, "how is that for high?" "I know how it is myself," meekly replied his wife. The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation was too much for Nellie. She burst into tears and left the room.

The sage Doctor nodded his head wisely to his wife, and when she had got out of hearing, exclaimed "there, wife, I guess we shall hear no more slang phrases from her.

The next day the good Doctor called his daughter into his study and said to her:—"My dear girl, don't you see how very foolish all these phrases are? They mean nothing, but are exceedingly injurious to those who use them. By ever so sparing a use, ones speech gets so corrupted that a person often makes use of one of these expressions at times which afterwards he would be sorry to remember. They sound very silly to a listener. and often the very usage of them leads to something worse. It is bad enough to hear boys use them sometimes, but a girl is expected to be too refined and ladylike to sully her lips by such expressions. The use of them is simply a bad habit, but bad habits, like cuts in the bark of a tree, grow and widen with age, if they once get firm hold are hard to get rid of, Then there is a great deal in companionship. If we keep company and are intimate with those who use bad language, we are apt to make use of it ourselves. 'Persons are known by the company they keep.' When you see a person using these slang phrases, you may be sure that such persons know not what is called 'good society.' Such expressions as 'By gorry,' 'By darn,' are not only foolish, but wicked. For do not the Scriptures say, 'Swear not at all, neither by the heaven nor by the earth; but let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' There my daughter," said the Doctor, "we have made quiut a sermon of it, so let us have no more slang phrases."

* * *

OUR COLONIAL DEMOCRACY.—Another most fortunate circumstance in the early history of the country was the substantial equality of the early settlers. They nearly all belonged to that industrious middle class which is the strength of a nation. A few servants came with the more opulent of the colonists, and a few younger branches or near connections of noble families established themselves both in the Northern and Southern settlements, but not enough to have any sensible influence either on the spirit or the destinies of the land. It was fixed well nigh a century before the Revolution that if such an event should happen, and the colonies become self governing, there could be no strife of orders to add complexity to the struggle with the mother country.

Still, again, it deserves notice that the slowness with which population and wealth increased during a century and a half, contributed to the steadiness, the simplicity of manners, and sobriety of judgment of the people. The colonies went into the war of independence with a population of less than three millions. There were no towns containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants at the peace in 1783. There were no centres of business in the last century such as now exist. Merchants in some of the smaller villages of the Eastern States imported their goods directly from England; as, indeed, it was the custom in parts of the South for the planters of a district to receive their annual supplies from the old countries and send back their tobacco and other commodities in the same vessel. In regard to social distinctions, it may be said that they were more marked than now. Certain families, here and there, had a pre-eminence conceded to them, which rather grew out of old ancestral respectability than out of wealth, which was acknowledged willingly and accepted without pride. In a few large places a style prevailed which wanted the show and expense of our times, but approached nearer to the style of true gentlemanly living. This was a tradition from the usages of the upper middle class in England, which was as natural, as much expected from persons of a certain standing as plain living was from the mass of the people. In those families, however, who set the mode, thrift, domestic economy, a training of the daughters for housekeeping, are believed to have prevailed which are now passing away. As there was slow growth with no perceptible change, steady habits grew up in political as well as in social life. Take the colony of Connecticut for an example. Three Wylyses of the same family were Secretaries of State in succession all the time from 1712 to 1810, and the middle one of the three for sixty-one years. One member of what is now called the House of Representatives was elected by his town to serve seventy-two Legislatures in succession, that is—since there were two annual elections, through a period of thirty-six years. It was comparatively rare for a minister to leave his parish until death called him away. Capital accumulated so slowly, and families were in general so large, that strict economy, the parent of many civic virtues, was almost a necessity. Men were free, and felt themselves to be equal, but marks of respect were voluntarily rendered to persons in public stations. When on Sunday the service was over, the minister and his family went out of church first, the congregation all rising, and in some places bowed until they had passed through the aisle. The display in dress was very small, but if the thick brocades which are now shown here and there as having belonged to a grandmother or a great-grandmother afford a criterion for judgment, materials were chosen which would last a life time, while the ordinary household garb was very simple. It habits such as particulars like these show to have existed did indeed prevail, they mark a character contented with the present, averse to innovation, neither anxious nor speculative—the best possible character for hardening and toughening a people in preparation for future struggles. And here again, our good fortune in having had no aristocratic class in the proper sense of the term may be referred to as another cause of simplicity of manners. For if there had been but a moderate number of noble families with large incomes and domains distributed through the colonies, their mode of living and of dressing would have been the ideal, and would have made many dissatisfied with their moderate means.—T. D. WOOLSEY in *Harper's for October*.

* * *

WHY MR. LANDIS WAS NOT REMOVED.—President Grant has not only a nice appreciation of humor, but on occasion is apt at repartee. During his recent vacation at Long Branch he was called to Washington on public business, and while there was handed for signature several commissions of postmasters. There were also presented to him a number of petitions, among them one from citizens of Vineland, New Jersey, for the removal of Mr. Landis from the postmastership. Mr. L., it will be remembered, is the gentleman who in an informal and impromptu manner "promoted" a small globe of lead into the brain of Mr. Carruth, the editor of the Vineland paper. The President asked, "Is there any irregularity in Mr. Landis's accounts?"

"Not any," replied the pleasant-voiced Postmaster-General.

"Is the office well conducted?'

"No complaint on that score."

"Intemperate habits?"

"Nothing of the kind charged."

"What is the objection?"

"The petitioners say he is rather obnoxious, and that a change would be satisfactory."

"Well," replied the President, with the slightest possible twinkle at the P. M. G. "he doesn't appear to have done anything but shoot an editor, and I don't see how I can remove him on that."

The papers,remain on file in the archieves of the republic.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for October*.

* * *

A TOO GALLANT CONDUCTOR.—Conductor B—— is always very polite to the ladies. All conductors are polite to ladies, particularly so provided they are young and handsome. Miss C—— was handed on board at the station as carefully as though she was "glass—to be handled with care." An extra seat was turned over on the shady side of the car, and the conductor took a seat by her side to do the agreeable, having met Miss C—— on the train before. Presently, as matters were going along nicely, an old man in his shirt sleeves half threw himself into the seat in front, which the conductor had unlocked and turned over for the benefit of the parties more immediately concerned. Mr. B. spoke up sharply: "Go away from here." But the old mad didn't go. Conductor says, still more sharply, "Go away, or I'll make you." But still no go, while a vacant, provoking smile sat upon the face of the intruder. Whereupon Conductor B—— grasped the old farmer by the nape of the neck. At the same time the young lady grasped the arm of the conductor, exclaiming, "Please don't, Mr. B——. This is my father."

Ever since Conductor B—— always asks young ladies if they are travelling alone.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's for October*.

* * *

☞ A drunken fellow strayed into a camp meeting tent recently, and sitting near the stage, fell asleep. He suddenly awakened, and as he opened his dewy optics and saw the eccentric and extraordinary movements, he gave a prodigious leap into the air, swung his arms frantically, and in agony exclaimed:—"Great Cæsar, I've got 'em again."

☞ Col. Fred. Grant, during a recent visit to Leavenworth, Kan., entered a barber's shop to get shaved, and during the operation was entertained by the barber, who did not know his customer's name, with a lively and pointed discourse on the evils of "Grantism."

James Buel & Co.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
STEAM ENGINES,
Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing,
and all kinds of Machine work.
130 MAIN STREET.
J. BUEL. 75 J. R. FLINT

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere at
WM. WOODBERRY,
74 Opposite Common, Woburn.

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Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
G. F. JONES, 1 Proprietor

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

HAVE YOU
HEART DISEASE?
If so, why not try
DR. GRAVES'
HEART REGULATOR
It Has Cured Thousands,
Why Not Cure You?
Enclose a one cent stamp, for a circular of testimonials of cures to the sole Agent, FRANK E. INGALS, Concord, N. H. 144
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

WILLIAM SLATER,
Plain and Decorative
Sign Painter,
149 Main Street, Woburn.

C. E. COOPER,
(Successor to C. S. Adkins), dealer in
BOOKS, PERIODICALS, DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, &c.
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PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 92
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

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Gas Fitter and Plumber,
BASEMENT OF NEW POST OFFICE,
Corner of Walnut and Main Street
WOBURN MASS. 98

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street. Woburn, Mass. 89

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 93

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 78
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store. 129 Main Street.

Hiram Childs
Setter of all kinds of Granite Work
Particular at ention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and sattsfaction guaranteed.
Residence, High street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. 11

Chas. A Smith,
DRY GOODS.
77
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

SEDGEWICK INSTITUTE,
For young boys, beautifully situated in Southern Berkshire, it combines unusual advantages for mental and physical culture with the home influences of a Christian family. JAMES BIRD, A. M., Principal, Great Barrington, Mass. 197

PRIVATE SCHOOL!
MISS PARSONS, Winchester, (near the Post Office), will reopen her class in the English branches, French and Latin, Sept. 16th, 1875; and will also give private lessons if desired. 152

STRAW MATTINGS.
A large line of Straw Mattings just received and for sale at the lowest prices, by 10
WM. WOODBERRY.

The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges,
The Best Ranges in the Market, at
C. M. STROUTS,
Stoves Stored for the Season.
22 Tin Roofing promptly attended to.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Main Street, Woburn.
LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.
☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 138

The Greatest
COMBINATION
Of the Age!
Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:
Style,
Grace,
Elegance
AND A GOOD FIT,
Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at
A. GRANT'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.
P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order. 63

NEW STORE.
No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.
W. I. GOODS.
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,
And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.
Saturday, July 24
I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123
J. W. KNIGHTS.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 56
Meat and Vegetable Market.

Soles's Market.
E. O. Soles,
Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.
where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.
E. O. SOLES, 68
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
ALL SIZES, at 60 STROUT'S.

Board Furnished
By the day or week at Saloon *189 Main Street.* Rooms connected.
Parties catered for at short notice.
Remember we sell the French Aerated Bread, fresh from the bakery every day.
159 J. H. NASON.

WOOD FOR SALE.
WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.
July 16th, 1875.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 7
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
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Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS, 45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block 76
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J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD and LUMBER
Of all kinds.
No. 96 MAIN ST.,
Nearly opposite the Depot, Woburn.
35

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, JR. 72

G. R. GAGE & Co.,
MERCHANT
TAILORS
And Dealers in
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
171 Main Street,
59 *Woburn.*

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST., 9
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LUMBER!
EASTERN, WESTERN,
—AND—
NORTHERN LUMBER,
—AND—
BUILDING MATERIALS
of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand and delivered promptly, at shortest notice at the *Lowest Cash Prices.*
Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.
Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.
Lumber Yard, Prospect St., opp. Railroad Freight Yard.

J. C. WHITCHER
Carpenter and Builder,
WOBURN, MASS.
hop and House corner Mt. Pleasant and Prospect treets. 90

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
66 L. THOMPSON, Jr.

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Will make the season for a limited number Mares at
WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,
WOBURN, MASS.
For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.
Board for Horses
At all seasons of the year. 48

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Incorporated 1819, Of HARTFORD, CONN
Cash Assets, over $6,000,000.
B. T. H. PORTER, AGENT, Woburn, Mass.
Over Savings Bank.
Office hours.—8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M. 38

Porcelains,
All sizes, at 99 STROUT'S.

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FUNERAL AND FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
Railroad st., near corner of Main
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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.
Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.
87 *Residence, East Street, near Green.*

Musical.

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN,
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 5

Pianos & Organs
TO RENT.
The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand
PIANOS and ORGANS
To Let on Reasonable Terms.
O. GREEN,
No. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN, 51 MASS.

F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St. Soles' Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn P. O., will be promptly attended to. 69

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WILLIAM WINN,
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Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 97

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AUCTIONEER
—AND— 70
Real Estate Broker,
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass

CHARLES BOUTWELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
Residence, Bedford St.,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
Sales of Personal and Real Estate promptly attended to. 80

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JOHN R. CARTER
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Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c. Also attention given to
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Streets surveyed and graded.
☞ All work guaranteed to be accurate. ☜
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All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to. 62

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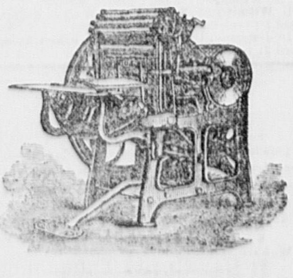
AT THE
88



JOURNAL OFFICE

Party Wagon.
The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.
Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. M. ELLIS & CO.
142

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875. NO. 2.

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CONSERVATORIES!
J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORISTS,
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Selected Flowering and Climbing
HOUSE PLANTS!
BEAUTIFUL
Hanging Baskets!
CHOICE
FERNERIES, &c.
FRESH
CUT FLOWERS!
AND ELEGANT
Floral Designs
ON HAND AND TO ORDER. 146

S. W. TWOMBLY & SONS,
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At the Seed Store of D. T. Curtis & Co.,
161 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON, - - 79 - MASS.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
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Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 4

Professional Cards.

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OFFICE: 110 MAIN ST.
(Formerly occupied by Dr. Wolgamott.)
WOBURN. 148

Dr. Ephraim Cutter,
13 Temple St., Boston.
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, 9 A. M., 12 M.
Residence 10 Roseland Street, Cambridge Mass.
N. B.—Dr. A. Ricketson, occupying my late residence in Woburn is recommended as my successor. E. C.
Sept. 7, 1875. 185

Arthur Ricketson, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOBURN.
Residence at Dr. Cutter's house, cor. Pleasant and Bennett streets, office hours 8 to 9 A. M., 1½ to 2½ and 7 to 8 P. M. 192

REMOVAL.
B. R. HARMON, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
AND SURGEON,
PLEASANT ST., 2 doors West of Bennett St.
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
☞Particular attention paid to Surgery. 82

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn. 58
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

Dr. FRED F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
62 Myrtle Street, - - Boston.

KNAPP & ADAMS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Rooms 21, 26 and 27 Barrister's Hall,
No. 7 Court Square, Boston. 50
O. S. KNAPP, CHAS. D. ADAMS.
Residence, Somerville. Residence, Woburn.
Evening Office,—172 Main Street, 7 to 9 o'clock.

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Counsellor at Law,
16 And NOTARY PUBLIC.
Offices: { Woburn, Mass., and
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Dentistry.
PRICES REDUCED!
Owing to the dull season, all operations in Dentistry will be performed at one-third of the former price, so as to suit the times. Teeth filled, cleansed and extracted. Artificial teeth inserted from one to entire set.
ALL WORK WARRANTED. 212
Dr. B. T. Prescott,
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79 No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 73
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St

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Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 100

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HEART DISEASE?
If so, why not try
DR. GRAVES'
HEART REGULATOR
It Has Cured Thousands,
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Enclose a one cent stamp, for a circular of testimonials of cures to the sole Agent, FRANK E. INGALS, Concord, N. H. 144
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block 76 L. THOMPSON, JR.

Poetry.

WHO CAN TELL?

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin—
How do we know?
Many like sepulchres are foul within,
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow;
And many may be pure we think not so,—
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win,
How do we know?

How can we tell who wandered more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self righteousness! Ah, well,
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials are not few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem;
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help and pity too!
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day!
God help us all!
We cannot walk alone the perfect way,
Evil allures us, tempts us and we fall;
We are but human, and our power is small.
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads, but each hath need to pray
God help us all!

Selected.

THE OAK CLOSET.

Margaret Grey was in some sort an upper servant in the household of Judge Wallace. The Judge lived in a handsome house in the suburbs of a little country village of Thorndale.

Margaret was left an orphan at an early age, and the Judge and his wife had taken her into their house to save her from being thrown upon the charity of the town.

They had done their part well for her. They had two children of their own—Alice and Algernon, twins—and Margaret had enjoyed every advantage of education in common with the brother and sister.

As she grew older and began to realize how much she owed the Judge and his wife, she felt a desire to be able in some way to make them a return for their kindness, and as she was a strong, active girl, she soon became very useful about the domestic affairs of the household. Mrs. Wallace was a feeble woman, and very willingly resigned some of the cares and burdens to Margaret, and in due course of time the young girl came to be trusted and depended upon, until by the time she was twenty, she was really at the head of the establishment, although Mrs. Wallace still did the honors in her quiet and ladylike manner, and poured the tea and coffee at the head of the table.

Alice had married early and gone to the far West with her husband. Algernon was finishing his medical studies at a German University, and only the Judge and his wife and Margaret—besides the man and woman servant, who had been with them for years, remained at home.

Some unfortunate speculations, largely indulged in when the Judge was young, had encumbered the old estate with a mortgage, and this it was the Judge's ambition to discharge. He wanted to leave the place totally free from debt to his son Algernon.

The strictest economy had been practiced for years in the household with this end in view, and at last the Judge held in his hand the money with which to liquidate the claim.

It was late on Saturday night when he brought it home, and said to his wife, as he swung the little black leather trunk containing it before her eyes:—

"Well, Annie, at last we are to be free from debt. There are eight thousand dollars in that trunk, and on Monday I shall pay Jones in full, and we shall burn the abominable mortgage together, you and I, Annie. It will be the happiest day of my life."

"But if anything should happen, William," said Mrs. Wallace, nervously. "Do put the money in some safe place. It has cost us dear enough to scrape it together."

The Judge bent down and patted the little woman on the head.

"I am going to put it in the little oak closet, Annie. It has a spring lock, and if by chance a burglar should enter the house, he would never dream of finding anything of any value in that little stifled up closet at the head of the garret stairs."

And with a light heart the Judge went off to deposit his treasure.

Margaret was sitting in the room darning the Judge's stockings when the conversation took place, and of course she heard where the money was to be placed, though at the time she gave little attention to it.

The next day John and Susan, the two servants, had a holiday to visit a married daughter of theirs who resided fifteen or twenty miles away, and as it was in November and the days were short, they would not return till Monday night.

And some time after they set out there came an imperative message to the Judge from his sister, saying that she was very ill, and desired to see him without delay. Her home was in Shelby, eight or ten miles off, and of course he lost no time in obeying the summons. He took his wife with him, leaving Margaret alone in the house.

"It is barely possible, Margaret, that we remain all night. It looks very much like a storm, and in that case we shall certainly stay. And if so, you had better get Sallie Turner to stay with you for company."

But though Margaret would have liked Sallie's company well enough, she at once decided not to ask for it. Sallie's brother would be sure to come along, and the less she saw of Willie Turner the better she was pleased. Willie was an honest, industrious sort of fellow, and he was Margaret's most devoted admirer. But with the usual inconsistency of her sex, she utterly refused to see what was best for her.

The afternoon wore slowly away. Margaret read a little, and drummed a few tunes on the old fashioned piano, played with the black and white kitten, and held the old cat curled up in her lap like a sleepy caterpillar, and at last it was sunset—time to milk the cows, and shut the barn doors for the night.

It was evident enough that there was a storm brewing, for the north and west were dark and gloomy with ominous black clouds, and the west winds sighed drearily in the pine woods back of the house. And indeed, before Margaret had done up the chores in the barn, the first great drops of frozen rain began to fall, and by the time she had eaten her supper and strained the milk, the storm had set in in good earnest.

She closed and barred the door, the windows were already fastened, drew the shutters, and piled the fireplace full of dry hickory.

The kitten had gone to sleep in a corner, and the old cat sat on the hearth, blinking her eyes at the cheerful blaze.

Margaret read a little and dreamed a great deal, as girls of her age are prone to do when left to themselves. She made a very pretty picture, if only there had been some one to see her.

Her soft brown hair was unbound, and fell rippling to her waist, her fair round face was tinted as delicately pink as the inside of a sea shell, her brown eyes were dreamy and full of languor, and her red lips were sweet and womanly enough for any true lover to find his rarest happiness in kissing.

Slowly at length the old coffin shaped clock in the corner struck ten. Margaret started up. She had not thought it was so late. The evening had gone off much quicker than she expected it would. It was not so dreadful to stay alone, after all, she said to herself.

She opened the shutter and peered out into the night. It was dark as Erebus, and the wind and rain beat against the pane in a perfect torrent. The Judge would not think of returning on such a night.

"Well, Tommy," she said to the cat, "I guess you and I and Kittie will go to bed. We must be up betimes in the morning, you know, since there are none but us to do the chores."

As she spoke, she stooped to stroke Tommy, but to her infinite surprise, she saw that the animal's paw and tail were erect, her eyes had changed to a glassy green of rage and terror, and with slow and panther-like tread, she was making her way toward the door which opened upon the cellar stairway.

And while she gazed, Margaret saw with horror, that the latch was slowly rising, and the next moment the door swung open with an ominous creaking, and a man stepped into the room. He was a short, thickset fellow, with sandy hair and whiskers, and a pale, ferocious-looking blue eye, set far back in his head.

"So-ho, my dear," said he, "you are sole proprietor, it appears?"

For a moment Margaret's heart stood still within her, but she was naturally brave, and she was proud as well, and would not let this man see that she feared him.

"I have that honor," she answered coolly "who are you, and what do you want?"

"I trust you will excuse me if I neglect to introduce myself," said the man, with much courtesy. "As for my business, I am quite happy to inform you about that. I want the eight thousand dollars that the Judge brought from Ridgely last night, and I depend on you to point it out to me."

The indignant blood rushed into Margaret's face, and she answered him sharply:—

"I will die before I will do as you ask!"

"You shall have your choice."

He produced a pistol, which he deliberately cocked and pointed it at her head.

"Show me where the tin is, or I will blow your brains out."

Like lightning a varied train of thought passed through the head of the girl; in that one instant of time she thought of a score of plans to evade the rascal, and as soon as entertained, discarded them as impracticable.

There she was alone and helpless, a weak girl almost a mile from any other human habitation, and in a storm it was by no means likely that any one would be passing from whom she could claim any assistance.

For a moment she thought of risking everything to escape by the outer door, and trusting in the darkness and her knowledge of the way, to attempt to reach Mr. Turner's for protection.

But the man seemed to divine her thought, for he stepped between her and the door.

"No, my beauty, you can't play that game on me," he said, with a sardonic smile. "And now I'll give you just three minutes to decide what you'll do. If you will show me where the money is I swear not to harm you; if you refuse, I swear to kill you, and trust to luck for finding it without your help."

He took out his watch and stood regarding it and Margaret alternately. As she stood there faint and giddy with fear, a new idea penetrated Margaret's brain, and she was in just that state of desperation which stops at no sacrifice however great. Come life or death, she must save the money for which her friends had toiled so long and earnestly and the loss of which would involve them in ruin. As she thought, she saw a way to it, though it would compass her destruction.

"You may put up your pistol," she said calmly; "I will show you where the money is concealed."

"That's sensible, my dear. It's not often that sense and a pretty face go together; but you're an exception. Come, be lively now."

She took a candle from the table, selected one of a bunch of keys from a basket hanging on the wall, and bade him follow her.

She led him up the stairs to the door of the oak closet, applied the key, and, opening the door, pointed to a black box in the further corner of the closet.

"You will find what you seek there."

She stepped back for him to enter, but he seized her by the wrist and pulled her along with him.

"I know your game," he said. You would get me into that close hole, and then lock the door on me. Take out that key and fling it down stairs, and then come in with me. I shan't eat you."

She obeyed him literally, and as they stood together in the stifling place, which was scarcely large enough to contain them, Margaret, with the hand which the man had left free, seized on the door and pulled it to.

It shut with a sharp click—shut and locked at the same time.

A fierce oath burst from the lips of the burglar.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Hell and furies, I shall suffocate! Open the door, or I will shoot you!"

"Do as you please," said Margaret, defiantly. "The door has a spring lock, and can be opened only from the outside. And unless some one comes to our release, we shall remain here until we die, which will be only for a few hours at the most."

"You she-devil! Why did you do this?" he demanded, hoarse with rage. "Don't you know that you will die too?"

"Certainly; but I prefer death to the ruin of my best friends. If we die here—and we shall without a doubt—the money will be saved."

The oaths, the threats, the curses of the man were fearful, but Margaret felt no fear. Something above and beyond herself sustained her, and she was happy in the consciousness that her life would purchase the old home for her kind benefactors.

The close, torpid air weighed upon her like lead; already had the wretch who was her companion, sank stupefied to the floor. All her past life came up before her—she remembered things long forgotten—she saw faces dead and buried—she heard voices mute beneath the grave-clods, and then life and sense faded out, and she knew no more.

Judge Wallace found his sister better, but the storm coming on, it was deemed better to remain all night, and early the next morning set out for home accompanied by his wife.

Arrived in sight of the house, he was surprised to see the shutters still closed, and the chimney giving out no smoke of welcome.

At the gate a young man was tying a horse, and the Judge exclaimed to his wife:

"Bless my soul, Annie—that's Algernon! There's no mistaking him. He is home a month earlier than we expected him. But I greatly fear there's something amiss with Mag. She's an early riser and the shutters are yet closed!"

He whipped up his horse and soon had his long absent son by the hand. The first warm greeting over, the Judge rapped at the fastened door, but eliciting no response, his alarm increased, and after shouting for Margaret at the top of his voice, and receiving no response, with Algernon's help, he burst open the door and entered the kitchen.

Every thing was as she had left it the night before, and black brands covered the hearth. The chamber door stood suggestively open. Father and son ascended the stairs, and half way up the Judge stumbled upon the key of the oak closet.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed; "the key to the closet where I left that money! I greatly fear something has befallen Margaret!"

He found the closet door locked, and to their repeated knockings there came no response from within.

Algernon applied the key, and the open door revealed a fearful sight.

With frightfully distorted, purple face, the robber lay on the floor stone dead, and a little removed from him, pale and quiet, lay Margaret.

Algernon bore her down stairs and into the open air, but it was very long before she gave any sign or token of life. And it was a week before she was able to give a detailed account of what happened during that night of horror in the oak closet.

But she had saved the money, and the son undertook to pay the debt of gratitude owed by the father. And before the winter was over, Algernon married Margaret, and together they lived on the homestead, and on stormy nights they tell the children the story of the oak closet.

* * *

☞ A Paris correspondent relates a funny adventure of an old soldier of the first empire, who had just died there. His name was Roussel, and he was a young private in 1807, when the French took Rugen, a small island in the Baltic. It was occupied by a detachment of Davoust's corps, when orders came to evacuate it without a moment's delay. The companies got away with such haste that they forgot Roussel, who was doing sentinel duty upon an outpost. Entirely unaware that his companions had embarked, he waited several hours for the relief guard, and only left his post when pressed by hunger, to find that he was the only Frenchman on the island. "Ah!" he cried, "I am set down as a deserter—dishonored forever!" and the wretched sentinel began to cry like a child. A man living near was touched by this distress, and took Roussel home with him, lodged and fed him, and after a time bestowed upon him his daughter's hand. The forgotten soldier lived very happily there for five years, during which time a daughter had been born. But one day Roussel was thrown into a great state of excitement by the sight of a French flag flying from the mast head of a frigate. He imagined that they had sent to search for him, and that his time had come. He would certainly be tried for deserting in time of war, and be shot. But a sudden idea gave him courage. Running home he put on his uniform, seized his gun, and taking up his old post, began to march up and down his beat. "Qui vive!" he cried, as the French boat came near the shore. "Qui vive, yourself," was the response. "Sentinel," replied Roussel. "Since when?" "Since five years ago." An explanation took place on shore, and the deserter *malgre lui* was taken off the island. Davoust laughed very heartily when he heard of the adventure, and had a conge made out in due form and delivered to the soldier. He also procured some employment for him, the war being then over, and the Government gave him a sum of money for his daughter. In after years he brought his family to France, and seems to have prospered in his labors.

* * *

A PATIENT ELEPHANT. "Tell my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Mr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to a similar disease in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!"—*Life of Bishop Wilson.*

☞ A lad at Newburg has become insane on the subject of burglars, having read so many accounts of their performances along the Hudson.

* * *

☞ A Kentucky farmer has recovered $2000 from the owner of a dog which destroyed a valuable flock of sheep. The verdict was rendered for the full amount claimed.

THE BABY'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

It was in a third class carriage. She was a pleasant faced young woman, going, I think, for the first time after her marriage, to visit her parents in her old home, to show them their two fine grandchildren. At least this was the little history I built up for her in my own brain, from a word or two that I heard between her and the young husband at the station, as he put her into the carriage with an affectionate farewell. The youngest child was an infant about three or four months old—very quiet and good; the other was a pretty, restless little girl of three, who could not be still a single minute, and kept the careful mother busy by her wants and questions and childish prattle, and soon talked to us in such a natural, coquettish, condescending way, that we were quite in love with the charming little lassie.

When we had been traveling together for two or three hours, and began to feel quite like old acquaintances, while the train was going at full speed, the mother half rose from her seat to place the little girl, who had left her place, again on the opposite seat. How it happened I never understood; it was one of those accidents which seem impossible, but just as she stood half erect, holding her sleeping babe upon one arm, and her little frolicsome maiden somewhat awkwardly on the other, the little girl made one of her sudden, quick motions, and in an instant was gone from our eyes.

What a moment! The poor mother stood rigid and fixed, her arm still bent, as though around her child, gazing with wide open, fixed eyes at the place whence she vanished. She seemed literally suddenly turned to stone. With the rest of us the case was almost the same. How long this lasted I do not know; doubtless it seemed much longer than it really was. Then the young mother came to herself, and made a sudden movement as if she would spring through the window after her vanished darling, now far away. I caught her fast and held her, while the kind young lady who sat opposite to me took the baby from her arms, and we all began to talk together, no one listening to the other, about what was to be done for her. Somehow we managed in our excitement to do all that was possible. The guard came, the train was stopped, and the mother, without speaking to one of us or even looking at us, left the train, supporting herself on one arm of the sympathizing guard, while he held the still sleeping baby fast in the other.

Of course the train must go with increased speed to make up for the moment of delay, so there was no chance for us to see more of the poor bereaved mother. "Telegraph to us at the next station," said one of the railroad functionaries to the guard. "Yes, yes, be sure to do it immediately," cried a dozen voices, for in some mysterious way the news of the accident had run through the train as if by electricity, and a long row of sympathizing faces watched from the carriage the disappearing forms of the mother and the guard.

"It will take her half an hour to reach the spot, and it is just thirty-five minutes now to the next station," said the stout gentleman in the corner, taking out his watch and holding it open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. He had struck me as one of the most selfish and disagreeable old gentlemen possible, scarcely answering a polite question from a neighbor, and in the shortest and gruffest manner possible; he had seemed completely absorbed by his newspaper and his snuff box, not having noticed the little fairy in any way except now and then to glance at her now and then with a savage expression as her clear, childish laugh had disturbed his reading. Now his whole soul seemed to be fixed on the watch before him, and he "chided the tardy flight of time," again and again, in words more forcible than ornamental.

There was a young, would-be dandy in one corner; light, straw colored gloves, and infant moustache, and an eye glass stuck in one eye, seemed to be, in his opinion, tokens of vast superiority over the other travellers; and he spoke very little except occasionally to make some supercilious remark, or ask some question about third class travelling, apparently to produce on us the impression that he was a young nobleman or prince, perhaps, in disguise, seeing for himself how ordinary mortals fared. What a change had come over him now! The eyeglass hung dangling hither and thither, with the kid gloves of which he had been so dainty, he had grasped the dusty facing of the door, and was straining his gaze first backward until the poor mother could no longer be seen, and then forward to the next station where news was to meet us.

Now at last we are there. The train halts, and one of the guards runs quickly into the little office over which "Telegraph" is painted. Everybody who can possibly get his or her head out of the window on that side, thrusts it out. There is a moment of intense suspense. Here comes the guard again with a despatch in his hand—he stands about midway between the ends of the train, and begins to read it out in his clear, official tones:—

"Child perfectly sound; alighted on a pile of straw in a field, not two feet from a stone wall."

Then what a scene! Every man at the train windows has his hat off in a moment and is waving it and cheering as if he would split his throat. Every woman is buried in her pocket handkerchief crying and laughing together. The stout old egotist and the vain young dandy have thrown their arms around each other, and are embracing with that heartiness that belongs to the sons of the Vaterland, although they never met before this morning. The stiff old maid in the corner has shaken my hands in both hers so many times that I feel they are quite sore.

All the inhabitants of the little village came running around the train: "Who is it? Where is he?" they ask in bewildered excitement at the sight of ours. But all the kaisers and kronprinzes in Europe put together, could not have aroused the flood of feeling that surged through that train. It was sympathy with a sentiment far older than royalty—older than the kings to whom loyalty is due—which was stirring every heart. It was sympathy with a mother's love!

* * *

TOUGHENED GLASS.—It is evident that the report of the discovery of "malleable glass" was founded in fact, although not so literally true, or in so radical sense as was at first anticipated by many. The toughened, although not malleable glass, which the ingenious Frenchman, M. de la Bastie, has learned to make has actually made its appearance in this country; and if all that is said of it is true, it should not be long ere it becomes an article of ordinary trade and common use. Samples of glass ware made by the Bastie process have been submitted by M. Bastie's American agents to the Cooper Institute in New York for test, and it is understood that they fully confirm the accounts already given. The new glass is claimed to be from eighty to a hundred times as strong as common glass, while costing only five per cent more—the matter of price being a very important one, if the improvement is to be of general benefit. The proofs of the extraordinary toughness of the glass have been of various kinds, but always highly convincing. It can be broken, but not without applying unusual force. For instance it required a half pound weight falling from a height of six feet to break a piece of the strengthened glass six inches square, set loosely in a wooden frame like a school boy's slate, while a piece of plate glass of the same size was easily broken by a two-ounce weight falling two feet. One peculiarity of the new glass is that when it does break it goes utterly to atoms, the whole mass crumbling at once. But as this can occur only from blows or shocks which it is not likely to receive in practical use, the point is one of scientific interest chiefly. A thin plate of this glass can be thrown across a large room without breaking; and in one instance a small tube of thin twisted glass, placed in a vice, was broken with pincers only after several attempts and much muscular exertion.

* * *

OFFENSIVE PEOPLE.—If to be a good man and a successful man is offensive to the world at large, to be praised is exasperating. No greater unkindness can be done to any man than to praise him much. People generally will stand a moderate compliment paid to a neighbor, while they are left to qualify it, or to admit it as a matter of generosity or courtesy; but praise persisted in will ruin the reputation of anybody. There is nothing more offensive to the average human being than persistent laudation bestowed upon another. To hear a man warmly praised is sufficient usually to make us hate him. And it is only necessary to have the praise repeated often enough to make us desire to shoot him. Praise is one of the articles we would like to see distributed a little—not that we want it, but the object of it is not the best man—not if we know ourselves. Virtue is a good thing, temperance is a good thing, genius is not a bad thing altogether; but no man is to be mentioned so many as ten times as having either of them in possession, without making his name a stench and an offense to the nostrils of a sensitive world. The true way of getting along in the world is not to make one's self offensive to one's friends by excellence of character and habits of life, by success, or by doing anything praiseworthy. Let us strike the average as nearly as possible. Let us be good fellows instead of good men, and choke the first man who dares to ascribe to us a single virtue. Let us all keep down and out of sight. All that we do for ourselves, and all that we do for mankind, only feeds hell with slanderers, and so betrays the baseness of human nature that we may well blush to think that we are members of the human race.—*Scribner for October.*

* * *

☞ If you call the Michigan people "Michiganders," isn't an Illinois man an "Illinoyster?"

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The Town Meeting which is called for next Thursday will have to consider a very important question. The appropriation for new roads is practically exhausted, for setting aside money enough to keep the roads in repair during the remainder of the year, there will be nothing left. A call is made for a further appropriation. A call is also made for additional money to support the poor, which will have to be met. We are approaching a winter which bids fair to witness great suffering and hardship. The depression of business bears heavily on all classes, but more especially upon those who depend on their daily labor for their daily bread. This class will be a numerous one this winter, and we shall see with more than ordinary clearness the force of the words "the poor ye have always with you." How to provide for the unfortunate will tax the skill and the judgment of those having the matter in charge, and all must be as charitable as possible. The first call referred to above, if properly met may be made to serve both. The labor on the roads is done by residents of the town under the oversight of the Road Commissioners. If an additional appropriation is made, a careful expenditure of it will give relief to a large number of families who will not have to call on the town for help. If nothing more is done on the roads, then those who are employed there must lie idle, and their families look to the town for aid. We cannot avoid their calls; they must be met, and the question which the voters should consider is—Shall we support our poor by giving them work and encouraging industry, or will we support them in idleness? The wisdom of the former course must be apparent to every one, especially when the work to be done is necessary, and if delayed this year must be proceeded with next spring. A reasonable appropriation could be made, and the number of laborers employed might be arranged with a view to benefit the largest possible number, and the town would be the gainer in a double sense.

◆

GUESS WORK.—George H Conn displays an immence hollow ball in the window of his Insurance Agency, the capacity of which may be guessed by any one, and recorded for ten cents. The amount of the receipts will be divided between the two making the nearest guesses. Mr. Seeley will measure it. This ball was procured in Boston to replace the one which formerly adorned the steeple of the Baptist Church. The Baptist ball was first guessed upon, but during Mr. Conn's absence a measurement of it was had, and he accordingly paid back the guess money, and began again with a new ball.

◆

A COINCIDENCE.—We noticed the following in an exchange:—

John G. Mehiman, of Gloucester has an Irish farthing bearing date of 1723, which he picked up in a seam of the ledge at East Gloucester. On one side is the cut of a reclining maiden with her harp, representing "The Maid of Erin," with the word "Hibernia" over her head. On the obverse is the bust of King George, with the words, "Georgius, Dei Gratia Rex."

We have before us an exact counterpart of the above, date and all, which Mr. N. H. Hyde of this town, residing corner of Salem and Beach streets, found in his garden.

◆

PERSONAL.—Dr G W Wolgamott, for several years a resident physician in Woburn, left town on Monday to take up his residence at Kansas City, Missouri. The Doctor leaves troops of friends in Woburn, who regret his departure. As the train on which were embarked the doctor and his family drew up at Richardson Row, they were surprised to see the workmen of John P Crane & Co., marshaled along the railroad track, and were still more surprised to hear them give three rousing farewell cheers to their departing friend. We wish them a safe journey and a happy life in their Western home.

◆

☞ The Procter Brothers have got so rich publishing the Gloucester *Advertiser*, that they have begun to be public donors. They have offered the city a piece of land on which to build a High School house, giving the authorities 60 days in which to accept the gift, and two years to build the school. Newspaper business pays down on Cape Ann.

◆

LOST.—Mrs George Winn, while in Boston, on Friday last, lost her pocketbook out of her shopping bag. The wallet was a new one, and contained considerable money. Probably the bag became unclasped and the wallet dropped out.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

A large and enthusiastic body of men assembled at Worcester on Wednesday to make nominations for the Democratic party. The addresses were conciliatory, and the management shrewd and careful. Gov. Gaston was re-nominated by acclamation, and Gen. Bartlett assigned the second place in an equally unanimous manner. George H Munroe, the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, was named for Oliver Warner's place. Weston Howland of Fairhaven they selected for treasurer; Senator Verry of Worcester, for Attorney General, and John Fitzgerald of Boston for Auditor. This is a very judicious mixture of Liberal and Democratic elements, but our far seeing managers overlooked the Liberals when it came to choosing delegates to the National Convention. There was a little breeze about the delegate business, Gen. Whitney considering himself a good enough Democrat, and many others having their doubts about him. Through the efforts of Mr. Fitzgerald, the State Central Committee was chosen after the manner of the Republicans, by the delegates from each Senatorial district. Our old friend, A. V. Lynde of Melrose, was the choice of the Six Middlesex.

The resolutions accept the recent amendments to the Federal Constitution as a full, final and permanent adjustment of political controversies incipient to the late war; demand for the Union the support in full vigor of all its Constitutional powers as the supreme authority, utterly repudiating all claim of right by any State to secede from the Union or to nullify its laws; and for each State as equally inviolable the right to govern itself at its sovereign pleasure, subject only to the limitations and obligations of the Federal Constitution; oppose any further issue by the Government of a currency incontrovertible with gold,—the world's recognized measure of values; and favor a speedy return to specie payments as essential to the revival of the commerce, business and credit of the country, and to the welfare of the laboring masses. The fourth and fifth arraign the Republican party for extravagance, corruption, peculation, and half a dozen other crimes and misdemeanors. The sixth declares that the interests of capital and labor are identical, and any attempts to produce antagonism between the two must be injurious to both, and favors such legislation as will secure to both an open field and fair play, and to both equal rights and just rewards under the law. The seventh rejoices in the repeal of the prohibitory law. The eighth opposes any Constitutional amendments which limit or restrict the election of public officers by the people. The ninth takes an honest pride in the policy of reconciliation advocated by them in '72. The tenth endorses the Governor, the eleventh compliments Gen Bartlett, and the twelfth commends the other officers on the ticket. Not a very bad set of resolutions. We expected they would arraign the Republicans, give prohibition a slap, and gush somewhat on what they are and what they expect to do, and the first three we could take without difficulty. They certainly did their convention work well, and set a good example for their Republican neighbors.

◆

FIRE.—Last Saturday evening, about 9 o'clock from some unexplained cause, one of John G Flagg's houses on Broad street, occupied by Peter Sexton, caught fire. The house was on fire, and it was known by several hundred before any one thought to give an alarm, and not till after some of the fire apparatus had started was the gong blown. Hose 1, 5 and 3, and Hook and Ladder truck were present, and Nos. 1 and 5 put on streams. The fire was quickly put out, but the inside of the building, and the furniture were destroyed Mr. Sexton had a large quantity of valuable books and papers, which together with his furniture and clothing were burned. His sister who had gone to bed was nearly suffocated with the smoke. She was insensible when taken out, but soon recovered consciousness. Mr Sexton estimates his loss at $600, on which there was $350 insurance at Conn's agency, The loss on the house was about $200.

◆

ACCIDENT,—On Saturday afternoon of last week, a young man named Carpenter, a currier, in the employ of P. W. Kinney, while working outside the shop, accidentally stepped on a board with a rusty nail in it, the nail entering his foot and almost coming through at the instep, making a very painful wound.

◆

MIDDLESEX CLUB.—The members of the Middlesex Club have elected the following officers; President, Hon George O Brastow of Somerville; Vice Presidents, Col. Daniel Needham of Groton; A S Tyler of Lowell; Secretary, Charles H Taylor; Treasurer, Thomas J Marsh Jr, of Tewksbury.

◆

SELECTMEN.—The Selectmen met Monday evening, Cummings, Hart and Carter, absent. Munroe in the chair. Geo. Brown was appointed policeman *vice* Winship resigned. The town warrant was drawn up and signed.

☞ Post 33, G A R, have voted to attend divine service at the Unitarian Church, on the evening of Sunday, November 21. Rev. Mr. Barnes is preparing a special discourse for the occasion.

NARROW ESCAPE.—While unloading some lumber on Wednesday Mr John F Parker, narrowly escapep breaking his legs, by the fall of the pile of lumber. As it was he was severely bruised.

◆

S. S. CONVENTION.—The Woburn Sunday School Convention meets at Billerica next Tuesday. The exercises will undoubtedly be very interesting.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The caucus of the Republicans of Woburn was called to order at Burbank Hall, Thursday evening by Jacob Brown, chairman of the Town Committee. G M Champney was elected chairman, and W F Davis secretary. On motion of Nathan Wyman it was voted to ballot for five delegates to the State Convention, and the ballot resulted as follows:—

Whole number	48
W T Grammer	40
John Cummings	37
Jacob Brown	35
Charles S Converse	35
A V Haynes	33
E E Thompson	13
W R Putnam	12
G F Jones	12
B E Bond	11
W F Davis	1
Nathan Wyman	1
E N Blake	1

A committee of five, consisting of G W M Hall, E F Wyer, S A Grammer, C S Converse, E N Blake, were sent out to nominate five delegates to each of the other conventions. During their absence it was voted to empower each delegation chosen by this caucus to fill vacancies occurring in its ranks. Remarks were offered by Col Grammer, G M Champney, N Wyman and others. The committee reported for

Councillor Convention,—L G Richardson, L W Cooper, E J Mann, G M Buchanan, J B McDonald.

County Convention,—G F Jones, J R Kendall, W Ellard, J Buck Jr, E F Wyer.

Senatorial Convention,—J G Pollard, C A Smith, E E Thompson, E N Blake, J W Johnson.

The report was adopted.

J L Parker, E W Champney, and N Wyman, were appointed a committee to nominate a Town Committee. They reported Jacob Brown, E F Wyer, G F Jones, W F Davis, J W Johnson, and their report was adopted.

It is understood that the State delegation is favorable to Rice, but they go to Worcester unpledged, and will cast their votes for the best man for the party.

◆

BASE BALL.—The third and last of the Grand Army games was played at East Woburn last Wednesday afternoon, and the champion belt was carried home by the Stoneham Post. Very bad errors in the third and seventh innings enabled Post 75 to run their score up to a high figure. J W Johnson, Esq., served as umpire. The Stoneham post had Frank Murphy pitching, and George Young behind the bat. In the second inning the latter got a severe blow on the lip from a foul ball. There was a large crowd in attendance, and during the game Strout took the pictures of the players. The following is the score:—

POST 33.	O.	R.	POST 75.	O.	R.
Wheelock, 1stb	4	0	Young, c.	1	5
Reynolds, r. f.	3	1	Murphy, p.	2	5
Nason, 2db	2	0	Marden, s. s.	1	4
Devlin, c. f.	5	0	W. Hayes, 1st b	2	1
Gleason, p.	4	1	Dane, 2d b	6	0
Parker, s. s.	1	3	J. Hayes 3d b	4	1
Berthrong, c.	1	3	Seaver, l. f.	5	2
Persons, 3db	5	0	Tay, c. f.	3	3
Pettengill, l. f.	2	2	Lawrence, r. f.	3	2
	27	10		27	23

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—
Post 75,	2	3	6	0	2	0	7	0	3—23
Post 33,	1	3	1	0	0	3	0	0	2—10

The games between Picked Nines from Woburn and Stoneham are off. The Woburn Nine named this Saturday and Winn's field, but the Stoneham men have sent word that they are to play elsewhere to day, so the game will have to be put off for the season. It is thought here that the fact of our Nine claiming the right to name the ground was the reason of the Stoneham Nine having another engagement. It does look as if Stoneham was a little afraid of Winn's field.

The Nine which had been selected to play with the Stoneham Picked Nine was challenged by a Nine selected by J H Nason to play on Winn's field last Tuesday. The game commenced at 4:14 and continued two hours. E E Taylor umpired the first four innings, and Ephraim Cutter Jr, the remainder. The following is the score:

NASON'S.	1b	O	R	BERTHRONG'S.	1b	O	R
Richardson, c.	4	2	4	Bennett, p.	5	2	5
Connolly, p.	4	2	1	McKenna, 3 b.	3	4	2
Wood, 1 b.	4	3	0	Berthrong, c.	6	2	4
Nason, 2 b.	2	5	0	L. Bond, s. s.	5	2	4
Hartshorn, 3 b.	3	•2	2	D. Bond, 2 b.	4	3	3
Shaw, r. f.	3	3	1	Jones, 1 b.	4	4	2
Robbins, l. f.	1	4	1	Farrell, l. f.	4	2	3
Johnson, c. f.	2	4	1	Pettengill, r. f.	3	4	2
Hale, s. s.	4	2	2	DeLoreia, c. f.	3	4	1
	27	27	12		37	27	26

The Emmetts played the Stoneham Actives last Saturday at Stoneham and were defeated, 7 to 20.

Russell & Johnson's Nine played Simonds's Nine on the Wyoming grounds last Saturday and were beaten 13 to 19. The Russell and Johnson Nine then challenged the Simonds Nine to three games but it was declined.

The J. Cummings Nine play the J. P. Crane Nine on Winn's field Saturday afternoon.

◆

MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual exhibition of this society held in Boston this week, John Cummings made 13 entries and secured eight prizes, as follows:—For second best sweet corn, $3; best three varieties tomatoes, $5; best peck of Brownell's Beauty potatoes, $3; best peck Bresee's Prolific potatoes, $3; second best Marblehead Squashes $3; best three specimens Drumhead Cabbages $4; best single do., $3; Savoy Cabbages, best three specimens $4; in all $28.00.

◆

GRAPES.—Mr John Brauer, who has frequently exhibited his skill as a gardener, exhibits a potted grape vine of the Hartford variety in Wyman and Bennet's store, and a Delaware in F A Hartwell's. Both vines grew from slips this spring, and are in full bearing.

◆

FREE LECTURE.—Father McKenna will deliver a free lecture in the Catholic Church, Sunday evening, Oct, 10, on "Father Matthew and his Work."

THE CENSUS.

The enumerators have completed the census and industrial statistic work for this town, and as it has been a subject of universal comment both by the press and the people generally, in some cases being approved and in others fiercely denounced, I take the liberty to say that my own opinion, which agrees with that of all the enumerators I have seen is, that the position we have held for the past few months is the best school for studying human nature that the country affords.

In this work we met the people at their homes or places of business, of course engaged in their various avocations, and not expecting the call of an official who would take more or less of their time, and in addition to that, as some exclaimed, investigate private affairs closer than they had the right to do.

And here comes the test, for very many cases, I take pleasure in bearing witness, that we were received in that spirit of obedience to law as it stands, whatever their opinion might be as to the justice of it, and that friendly welcome and willing reply to all questions applicable to them, which made our labors comparatively easy and certainly pleasant.

For this course on the part of many on whom duty obliged us to call, and that sometimes when they were very busy in other labors, and with the recollection that the kindness of some did not end with the completion of our business, but extended to a hearty welcome to their well filled tables and in some cases an easy conveyance to other points, thus freeing us from travelling on foot, I should do injustice to my own feelings and prove ungrateful to them in not returning thanks for all favors received.

Thus far I have given the sunny side view, and happy should I be if this were the only one; but this, like most other things has two sides, and they vary. And here I am forced to believe that for bringing out in their full strength the traits of the stubborn indifference, opposition and negligence in the discharge of known duty, nothing has yet probably been devised that will compare with census work.

True some of this prominent display of these virtues which some seem to possess to an unlimited extent, might be owing to two causes—one a dislike of the law, which, whether approved or not, should be obeyed by every honest, well meaning citizen as long as it holds a place on our statutes; and the other ignorance of its real character, and the value it might be to the State if properly complied with. The obstacles placed in our way by, I am pleased to say, a small portion of our population, added to our labors, caused delay in completing, and consequently added to the expense of an undertaking, to which, if not approved by the people, common sense would dictate they should have extended every assistance in their power for its early completion.

In this review of the work, with thanks to those who have in any way aided us, and in kindness to all, I hope that the census man of the future will find his labors lightened and his work facilitated by the aid of a more general education among the people, and more willingness on the part of some than now exists to comply with the requirements of laws as long as they are in force.

I. D. STEARNS.

◆

POLICE COURT.—For week ending Sept. 24. Barney Callahan, assault and battery on Bridget Callahan, fined $5 and costs, and recognized in the sum of $100 to keep the peace for six months. Committed to House of Correction for non payment. John Doherty, single drunk, $3 and costs; John Nash, drunk, $5 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non payment. Edward Doorley, single drunk, sent to House of Correction for three months. James Rogers, for pasturing horse on Plympton street, $10 and costs.

◆

ACCIDENTS.—On Wednesday last, Henry Taylor caught his hand in a greasing machine, tearing his thumb and wrist in a severe manner.

Susan Riley, employed at Simonds' shop, cut her hand severely on Friday morning, nearly severing the forefinger from the hand.

John Scanlan jammed both feet quite badly while assisting in moving a small building on Wednesday evening.

A boy named O'Connell had a finger injured badly in a brushing machine at Simonds's shop this week.

Ellen Howe, living on Everett St, fell down stairs on Saturday last and broke a rib.

◆

CONCORD CATTLE SHOW.—The 81st exhibition of the old Middlesex Society will be held next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. From this vicinity E O Soles enters Jenny Smith and Nellie S; W E Carter of Burlington, enters his roan, and N H Marion, of the same town has made an entry. The show bids fair to be a good one. Gov Gaston will be there on Wednesday. G F Jones will start the "Commonwealth" for Concord at 7 1-2 o'clock, Wednesday and Thursday mornings carrying passengers for one dollar. If the weather is favorable there will probably be a large delegation from Woburn.

◆

WEDDING CALL.—The Mishawum Club made their wedding call on Mr William F Davis, at his residence Railroad street, last Wednesday evening. The usual festivities occurred. In accordance with a custom which has prevailed since the foundation of the club, the next Benedict is selected by lot from the bachelors of the club, and the lot generally falls where it belongs. This time the lucky bachelor was Herbert J Richardson.

◆

SMASHED.—One of Jones's carryalls was badly smashed by a tip over on Thursday. The name of the party who was driving, we did not learn.

A NOVELTY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—We call attention to the advertisement in to-days paper of Mr J W Turner, of Woburn, whose photograph gallery is at 47 Hanover St., Boston. For low price his gallery is unexcelled, and for fine work it ranks with the best, and more than all by an invention of his own, he enables customers to preserve the negatives at home, which every one who has ever suffered the disappointment of the loss of a negative by the carelessness of the operator, will appreciate. The unusually low prices which Mr Turner offers will be in force but one month, and our readers had better avail themselves of them. When beautiful photographs can be had for 75 cents a dozen, the former price being $4.00, the opportunity should not be allowed to pass. When in Boston drop in at Turners and examine his specimens of photographic art.

◆

FRATERNAL.—A special train from Lowell, Tuesday evening, brought some Celtic societies of that city to pay a fraternal visit to members of the order in Woburn. The meeting was held in Dever's Building, and at a late hour the Lowell friends departed, with an interchange of cheers at the depot.

◆

North Woburn.

LECTURES.—An effort is to be made to provide a course of lectures here this coming winter. The Library Committee of North Woburn, have called a meeting for Monday evening next, in the hall over the Post Office, when it is hoped a good number will be present, and arrangements made whereby some entertainments can be provided for the people of this section the coming winter.

☞ The alarm of the fire on Broad street on Saturday evening last, was not heard in this part of the town, consequently Hose 2 did not respond.

◆

New Publications.

Scribner for October, has a design by John LaFarge, N A, accompanying the ballad of "Jessamine," by George Parsons Lathrop. Major Powell, the well-known Western explorer, gives in this number an account of "An Overland trip to the Grand Canon" of the Colorado, the descent of which he has already described in that Magazine. In the present article he tells the tragic fate of the small band who left the main party during the former expedition. Major Powell introduces a curious Indian story in the course of his narrative. Mr Francis Gerry Fairfield prints a remarkable study of Poe, under the title of "A Mad Man of Letters," L L L writes, "Recollections of Liszt and Von Bulow;" Edmund Clarence Stedman concludes what he has to say about "Minor Victorian Poets," prior to the publication of this series in book form by Osgood. "Some Vegetable Eccentricities" are described by Byron D Halstead (the illustrations of this paper are noticeable); Mr Frank R Stockton condenses, "with variations," the story of "Pierrot, Warrior and Statesman;" Mrs Walker tells about "The Winthrop-Drury Affair;" Dr Holland continues his "Story of Sevenoaks;" Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" appears in its condensed form, but occupies more space than usual; and there is a "Plea for Slippers" by an anonymous writer. The poets of the number besides Mr Lathrop are Susan Coolidge, R K, Mary L Ritter, William Motherwell (a posthumous poem by the author of "Jeanie Morrison"), H H. Kate Carlisle, Mary E Bradley, George A Baker, Jr, and R W G. Dr Holland, in Topics of the Times," discusses "Church-Debts," "Offensive People," "A Word for the Women," and "The Slow Times." The Old Cabinet is concerned with "How Badly we Do It;" Home and Society, Culture and Progress, The World.s Work, and Bric-a-Brac have their usual variety.

St Nicholas for October closes the second volume of this charming magazine, and brings to its readers some thirty interesting articles, the majority of them beautifully illustrated. The frontispiece is a very fine wood cut by Granville Perkins, representing a battle at sea between the American frigate "Essex," and an English ship "Phœbe," during the war of 1812, which contest is also described in the opening article. The latter is devoted to a very clear and intereating review of the cruise of Captain David Porter's vessel, on board of which our late Rear Admiral Farragut first distinguished himself for his bravery when a boy of twelve. Ella Rodman Church contributes an article entitled "Some Queer Animals," and describing the Dragon, Basilisk, Harpy, Phœnix, Roc, and other similar mythological creatures. Following close upon this is a very natural, as well as amusing story by Mrs. Sarah Winter Kellogg, under the title of "How it went"—a very suggestive one, when applied, as we discover it to be, to the manner in which a winter's earnings glided from the hands and pockets of two merry youngsters. We also find among the stories a quaint little fable by Mrs. Diaz, another amusing episode in the fortunes of Lucretia P. Hale's comical "Peterkin" family, and the capital story of "Jenny Paine's Hat," by Mrs. Branch. Descriptive articles also are not lacking, and if the young reader prefers solid information to fiction, he will find something to his taste in the well illustrated descriptions of "The Frigate Bird," and of a hunt for horses on the Western plains. "Lord Cornwallis's Day," too, is an interesting account of a somewhat novel celebration in a Massachusetts village of an anniversary of that general's famous surrender. The poetry of the number is furnished by "H. H." Edgar Fawcett, Fannie Percival, Mary A Lathbury, and Mrs. Carnay, author of "Little Drops of Water," and "Deal Gently with the Erring." The close of the two serials will no doubt be somewhat unwelcome to the readers of the magazine, to whom "The Young Surveyor," and the "Eight Cousins" must have come to seem like real personages. But the satisfactory and pleasant ending of each story will do much to lessen the sense of loss at parting company with these old friends. "Jack" is particularly bright this month, and we beg good people who want to laugh, to read his "Crooked Story."

The Nursery for October is at hand. The delights of the seashore, something about Carlo the dog, and Dennis the pig, the unmotherly hen, Roly-poly, and a score of others, are well told and finely illustrated. New subscribers for 1876 whose names and money are sent before November first to J L Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, will receive the last three numbers free. A special agent is wanted in every town.

Peters Household Melodies, No 10 contains—The Crape on the door, Shadows of Long Ago, Maid of Avondale, Angel voices sweetly singing, Katie's sleeping 'neath the Lindens, Maggie McKay, Jennie the Flower of the Dell, and When I say my Little Prayer. J L Peters, 843 Broadway, N Y.

◆

Winchester.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republicans held their caucus in Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening. The meeting was called to order by C O Billings Esq, and further organized by the choice of F H Nourse as chairman, and C O Billings, secretary. A committee of three retired and nominated the following list of delegates to the different conventions:—

State,—A B Coffin, F H Nourse, C O Billings.

Senatorial,— Warren Johnson, I S Palmer, D W Kimball.

County and Councillor,—J R Cobb, C Pressy, H A Emerson.

The delegates elected to the State Convention were uninstructed as to whom to vote for, but are opposed to Loring. After remarks from A B Coffin, Esq, the meeting adjourned.

HIGHWAYS—Workmen have commenced lowering the grade of Main street a foot from the front of Mr Tyler's estate to the bottom of the hill, and raising up the lower part, and widening portions of the same.

Great dissatisfaction is expressed in regard to the manner in which the stone curb is placed around the common. It is said not to be laid at a proper grade, and presents a very unsightly appearance.

BUILDING OPERATIONS.—D N Skillings is building a house upon a new street leading from Central to the railroad, which is already leased to a Mr Bangs, brother of the one living near by, for a term of five years. The same gentleman is building another house on Washington street near the corner of Pleasant. Several other houses are in process of erection in different parts of the town.

☞ On Wednesday evening, as R W Hanson was driving a team heavily loaded with lumber on the street near his stable, one of the wheels sunk into a soft place caused by the water trench. He had to unload before he could get out.

TIP OVER.—Chas M Wendall run into a ditch which had been left near Black Horse hill on Monday evening. His team was tipped over, and the horse ran a short distance. Mr. W. escaped with a few bruises.

COFFEE PARTY.—A coffee party was held at the residence of J C Mason Esq, on Thursday evening. About 100 were present, and the company were entertained with singing by an eminent vocalist from out of town.

OMITTED.—The names of D N Skillings and Josiah Locke were accidentally omitted from the list of delegates to the State Convention, held at Worcester on Wednesday.

TOWN REPRESENTATIVE.—Under the agreement entered into between this town and Arlington, the candidate for Representative for the next two years will belong to the latter town, so that the citizens here will not need to quarrel over the result.

LIBRARIANS.—Misses Hattie Pond and Edith Mead have been appointed Librarians at the Town Library in place of the Misses Fletchers resigned in consequence of their leaving town.

BRUISED.—Last Tuesday Mr John S Richardson to avoid the charge of a mad steer at Brighton, threw himself upon the ground and was cut on the arm by a projecting stone.

SOLD.—The old depot has been sold to F O Prince, Esq, for $250. He will move it to land near his residence, and fit it up as a stable and billiard room.

BURGLARY.—The residence of James H Prince was forcibly entered last Sunday (the family being away at Hyannis) but nothing of any value was taken.

ACCIDENT.—While examining a new kind of door spring at Whitney's shop on Wednesday, Mr. P. Waldmyer broke the third finger of his left haed,

NEW HOUSE.—A new house for the flag man at the crossing is being put up near the old one, which will be more ornamental than the other.

MOVED.—The band stand was moved Tuesday evening, nearer the depot. It will be moved back again as soon as the grading is completed.

G. A. R.—Commander Moseley tendered his resignation at the last meeting of the Post. He leaves for California next Monday.

☞ Thompson's photograph saloon came from Woburn on Tuesday, and located on Main street near Stone's Block.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—James F Dwinell has purchased the Morse estate on Main street adjoining his own, for $1,500.

◆

Wilmington.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.—This question may appear out of place, if not out of reason, especially at the present time of tramp excitement. Nevertheless I wish to pen a few thoughts for immediate consideration relative to our neighbors.

The word neighbor in the acceptation is a meaningless one; it only points to our adjacent dwellers, and this is the only sense mankind will practically accept.

This is a sad truth—who can deny it? After the lapse of centuries, together with all the ecclesiastical endeavors to cultivate a nearer relationship, we may reasonably conclude no advance has been made towards that high ideal of Christian living and acting, that is so much talked about, and so little said. If this cast a reflection upon our religious teachers, I cannot help it, because legitimate fruits will appear. We cannot expect figs from thistle seed, neither any spiritual advances by the present system of religious teaching. Self is the God in almost every household, and polytheism is well nigh universal.

The old adage, believe every man a rogue until he proves himself otherwise is a fruit from a selfish vine. An insatiable greed for wealth or power is another fruit grown from the same soil, and many other native productions might be mentioned all which receive tender and assiduous care, and nowhere do we find these fruits more numerous and fair, than in the state of Massachusetts. If our churches had been taught by the spirit instead of the letter, there would be less robbing between Jerusalem and Jericho, yea more, a man might travel from Wilmington to Woburn without fear of falling among thieves. But alas! How is it now. And what prospect of finding Samaritans.

The outlook for the future is sad in the extreme. The rolling events are increasing in numbers as well as proportions, their descending nature gives an increased velocity, and where in the future will lie the ruins (of this willing to be deceived people) you may predict.

There can be no mistaking the signs of the times. Events are too palpable to pass unnoticed. This country is filling out its first century of existence in a manner which promises very little in comparison with the ardent hopes of a hundred years ago. The public mind is fairly demoralized. The true principles of justice and honor have been buried beneath the rotten schemes to defraud (our should be neighbors) for the purpose of getting rich without rendering an honest equivalent. Corruption has forced itself into every department of public life. Our public political gatherings saturated with its vileness, seeking only the slice from the public loaf. Our religious teachers are uneasy with a moderate salary and a moderate horse, often charging their hearers with penuriousness, consequently, humility and brotherly kindness go to the wall, for the time, to enable them to guage one another for a few more dollars to quiet their discontented pastor. Is it a wonder the people are discontented and uneasy. And yet they do not know where to lay the blame or seek relief. They only feel and know that all is wrong.

The trouble with us all is we have lived almost wholly to ourselves; we have no neighbors whose wounds we might heal by the aid of human kindness, whose heart might be made glad by our charitableness. To do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is the only key that will unlock the doors to moral difficulties.

Try it friends, and prove it for yourselves.

N.

FAIR AND CATTLE SHOW.—Next Friday, October 1, the first annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Farmer's and Mechanic's Club of Wilmington will be held. Premiums to the amount of $140 will be offered for fruit, vegetables, seed grain, bread, butter, flowers, works of art and pictures, mechanical productions, household manufactures and needle work, prepared fruits, pickles and honey, working oxen, milch cows, heifers and heifer calves, herds of cattle, horses, swine, sheep, poultry and plowing match. Allen Sheldon is President and Superintendent, Henry Sheldon and J A Shepard, vice presidents; O C Buck, treasurer; E M Nichols, secretary; Horace Sheldon, John Owens, C F Harris, W S Marsh, D R Upton, executive committee; Mrs A P Pearson, Mrs L C Eames, Mrs Otis Carter, Mrs Samuel Nichols, Mrs John T Wilde, Mrs Jonathan Carter, Mrs T D Bond, Mrs W H Carter, Miss Susan E Carter, Mrs J K Pearson, Mrs J L Carter, Miss Caroline Buck, dinner committee. Dinner will be served at two o'clock, tickets 50 cents; admission to the hall ten cents. The North Reading Band will furnish the music, and if the weather is fair, which all hope for, the first Wilmington fair will be a great success.

◆

Reading.

DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Wm. A. Thompson, pastor of the Old South Church in this town, died on Friday, of typhoid dysentery, at the age of 34 years. He was formerly pastor of the church in Conway, Mass, and was settled in Reading in 1872. He was greatly esteemed, not only by his own people, but throughout the town. His funeral took place Sunday afternoon, at the Old South.

The pulpit and choir were draped in black. Some vases of beautiful flowers were placed upon the pulpit, and suspended from it was a white dove above a beautiful cross and anchor resting on a floral pillow, on which was worked in flowers the word "Rest." Upon the coffin were three wreaths of flowers. The funeral services began at 2 P M. The pall-bearers were the Superintendents of the six Sunday Schools in town. The ministers of the town occupied places in the pulpit. The services opened with "Nearer My God to Thee," by a male quartette. Prayer by the Rev Mr Ewer of the Baptist Church, and reading of the Scriptures by the Rev Mr Gardiner of the Presbyterian Church followed. The funeral sermon was pronounced by the Rev Mr Gould. He began by saying that if he consulted his own feelings, he far rather would be among the mourners—be one to be consoled— than in the pulpit. He then spoke of the deceased—of his gentle, loving disposition, his moral courage, and broad views and courteous deference to the opinions of others, while firm in upholding religion. The preacher asked, "Is this life cut short in the noon day, like unto a broken shaft? No: he had done his work here; he was promoted to a higher position, a nobler work." The preacher closed with a touching reference to the bereaved family. Generous tributes to Mr Thompson's memory were paid by the Rev Messrs Hatch, Wilcox, Gardiner and Ewer.

◆

LAY PREACHERS.—God does seem, just now, to be raising up a set of lay preachers; prophets and singers and zealous women, who arrest the attention of people of all classes, and even compel the most ungodly newspaper for the time to stop its cursing and swearing, and fall in the wake of a revival meeting I see a great deal in this class of "Evangelists" that is distasteful; a good deal that seems to me crude and untrue in their opinions and now and then, the spiritual swagger that even the best man suddenly shot up from the obscurity of a church basement prayer-meeting to the companionship of the mightiest of the earth, can hardly avoid. But God has not asked my advice about the method of waking up the American people this year. I know all that can be said about the vulgarity and bigotry and fanaticism of many of the revival preachers; but they and their methods are reason, religion, and refinement incarnate in contrast with the folly, sensuality and craziness of the worldliness and sin that ravage the most fashionable and cultured circles of the land. And to me the spectacle of a wide awake and stalwart revivalist, charging pell mell into the ranks of hypocrisy and sin, hitting a sinner whereever he sees him, and sometimes mistaking a saint for a sinner, is far more refreshing than majestic, droning respectability, smothered in pulpit lawn, or the conceit of a theological student, just out of the swaddling clothes of the schools, who would put the gospel of Christ out of doors, and make a new religion out of the effervescence of his own innermost consciousness. True, I do not look for the highest spiritual results from the labors of this class of men. But I do believe that under God, they will arouse many of the desperately wicked and careless, and, better yet, will shame our half dead churches and sectarian clergy out of that wretched narrowness and pettiness of operation that is steadily driving the people from their ministrations. I cannot say how much the spirit of God intends to do this year in spite of us. I am very confident however, that it will be far better for us all, especially for us who claim to be church men and Christian believers, if we fall into line at once, ready at the call of God to go forward in a new crusade for the coming of his kingdom in these United States.—*Mayo.*

THE REASON.—The Lynn *Reporter*, speaking of the difference between bonds and greenbacks, says:—

The government, under the lead of men who have an eye to the main chance, is and has been for a long time doing all it can to increase the value of its bonds, and decrease the value of its greenbacks How so? some may ask. By paying out its gold and buying up its bonds not due, instead of reserving that gold to redeem its greenbacks with. There is a strong ring of gold speculators who as completely control the financial affairs of this government as if they held the treasury itself. When they want gold the government sells it and recalls its bonds; when they think there is as much gold in the market as they can conveniently handle, the government "holds up" a while. That is the way it looks at any rate. One thing we may rest assured of. Greenbacks will never be worth much more than they are now until this class of men are "squelched," and that will never be until we have another panic like that of 1873, only twice as severe and lasting twice as long. At that time greenbacks rose to about ninety-four, and would have remained so if the gold gamblers had not rallied and combined to help one another. Those who talk about our "repudiated currency" have an object in view, and it is not a patriotic, but a personal one. If the currency of the nation is good for nothing, neither are the bonds. Both are worthless, or both are good—and the latter is the fact. Even the bonds which are payable, principal and interest, in currency, are worth as much as gold to-day. It is not because greenbacks are not really worth as much as a gold dollar, but because a powerful ring *say* they are not, that keeps them where they are. Let it once be thoroughly believed that the promises to pay of the government are good for their face as they are, and one great source of profit to a large class of men is gone forever. Is it to be wondered at then, that they mean to compass heaven and earth rather than such a consummation should be reached?

☞ Elizur Wright offers himself by circular to the voters of the 2d Middlesex district as a candidate for senator, with special reference to the modification of the insurance laws. That district would be fortunate in having so good a representative. The wholesome bill he advocated last year to incorporate the "Family Bank" was passed by a strong vote in the house, but defeated in the senate by the life insurance and savings bank interest. Mr. Wright is a man of first rate ability, and one of the highest authorities in life insurance.

☞ A writer in one of our standard medical journals, says: "I was cured of dropsy in one month by using Hunt's Remedy." *Hunt's Remedy* cures all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

LYON'S KATHAIRON prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray, renews its growth, and gives strength and vigor. It is delightfully perfumed, and makes a splendid dressing. It is the cheapest and most desirable Hair tonic ever produced. Used by the elite. Price only fifty cents.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Orange, Sept. 8, William M. son of Eugene and Sarah I. Westcott, aged 11 months and 13 days

In Woburn, Sept 21, Elizabeth J. Trott, aged 82 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, Sept. 20, Peter F., son of Thomas and Margaret Kelly, aged 1 year 2 months.

In Winchester, Sept. 20, James, son of James and Mary Flynn, aged 5 months.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The regular meeting of the Woburn High School Graduates Association will be held on Friday evening, Oct 1, at eight o'clock.

227 V. B. ROBINSON, Secretary.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son, Herbert E. Penney, his time during the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

EPHRAIM B. PENNEY.

Woburn, Sept. 15, 1875. 208

Special Notices.

To the Citizens of Woburn.

The Committee of arrangements of the Ninth annual Re-union of the 39th Regt. to be held at Woburn, Oct. 6th, 1875, would respectfully solicit donations of pastry, cake, fruit and flowers for the banquet to be given in honor of the Regt. Such contributions may be left with Col. Cyrus Tay, at Lyceum Hall, in the forenoon of that day.

226 Per order of the Committee.

A CARD.

The thanks of John Cummings' Hose 3, is hereby tendered to Mr. Charles H. Buss, for his liberal supply of soda and cigars, on the evening of Sept. 18th.

J. W. ELLARD, Foreman.

T. F. TAYLOR, Clerk. 225

Photographers.

☞ GO TO

TURNER'S,

47 Hanover St.,

BOSTON.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS!

Only $1.00 per doz.

FORMER PRICE $4.00

A Club of Twenty

Only 75 cts. per doz.

Best Quality.

I take this way to introduce my "Patent Negative Preserver Box." Patented June 16th, 1874 and Arpil 27th, 1875. By which means the glass plate, with the form on, is preserved at home, ready at any time to print more photographs, for a much less price than any photographer could where he keeps the negative on the old plan. These pictures are gauranteed to equal any now in the city or country. My facilities are so great owing to the capacity of my buildings, superior artists and my new system of doing business, enabling me to make the above low prices.

JAS. W. TURNER,

Photographer,

47 Hanover St.

BOSTON.

N. B.—Former prices resumed in thirty days from Oct. 1st, 1875. This will give the inhabitants of Woburn ample time to have the best quality of work done at cost—an opportunity never before offered. 221

THE WOBURN

Photograph

GALLERY,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets

204 (Over Dodge's Jewelry Store.)

Is the old established Gallery in Woburn, where *first-class* work is made as reasonable as at any other establishment in this country. Call and examine prices and specimens and "know how 't's yourself." Don't forget the place. Over Dodge's Jewelry store, corner Main and Railroad streets, Woburn Centre.

H. E. STROUT.

NEW

Photograph Gallery,

139 1-2 Main Street, Woburn,

Opposite the Congregational Church.

Best card Pictures from $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per dozen. Best cabinet cards $4.00 per dozen. Also large Photos to frame $2.00 to $5.00 for first picture. Special attention given to copying and enlarging old Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes and Photographs.

N. B.—Club Pictures. Eleven Tickets for $10, to families living near neighbors can make a saving by calling at my Gallery, 139½ Main street, Woburn. Please call and examine specimens.

H. S. DUNSHEE, Artist.

N. B.—Mrs. Dunshee, artist in Ladies Hair Dressing, in constant attendance. Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. 195

LAUNDRY.

The undersigned, Agent for Chelsea Dye-House and Laundry, will receive Collars and Cuffs to be Laundered equal to the original style, for 3 cents each.

This Laundry has purchased the exclusive right to use the Collar and Cuff Machine, patented by T. S. Wiles & Co., of Troy, which give them the original shape and finish of new goods.

The scale of prices of all kinds of work done at this Laundry and Dye-House, may be seen at the Store of the undersigned.

J. W. HAMMOND,

181 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

The Eighty-first

ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE

Middlesex Agricultural Society

To be holden at

Concord, Sept. 28, 29, and 30, 1875.

FIRST DAY.

At 11.15 A. M., Trial of Working Oxen and Farm Horses.

At 11.30 A. M., trial of Horses on the track.

At 2 P. M., Plowing Match.

At 3 P. M., race for Horses which have never beaten 2.50.

SECOND DAY.

At 9.30 A. M., Reception of His Excellency, Gov. Gaston, and Staff, by the Concord Artillery.

At 10 A. M., trial of Stallions on the track.

At 2.30 P. M., Wagon race for Horses owned in Middlesex County, which have never beaten 2.55; owners to drive.

At 3 P. M., race for Horses which have never beaten 2.40.

THIRD DAY.

At 10 A. M., show of Stallions on the track.

At 11.30 A. M., race for Colts under six years of age, raised in Middlesex County by members of the Society.

At 1.30 P. M., race for horses which have never beaten three minutes.

At 2 P. M., race for horses which have never beaten 2.29.

Music by the American Band of Boston.

Admission each day, 50 Cts. Children under twelve, 25 cents. 215

To Let.

House to Let.

A house of 12 rooms on Minot street, with bathroom and Horn Pond water.

APPLY TO G. PARKS.

NORTH WOBURN, SEPT. 25, 1875. 224

Two Tenements to let on Park St. One of 4 rooms, $7 a month; one of 7 rooms, $9 a month. Horn Pond Water in both. Inquire of MARTIN ELLIS. 222

TO LET.

A tenement, corner of Railroad and Auburn Sts., 8 rooms, Horn Pond Water, gas, etc.

228 Inquire of C. P. POLLARD.

Fortunate

is the man who buys Teas and Coffees at

SMITH'S.

A fine lot just arrived of choice

Formosa and Japan

TEAS.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Pure Coffees and Spices

AT LOW PRICES.

Woburn Tea Store,

154 Main St. Opp. the Common.

Sole agent for FLEISHMAN'S Compressed Yeast best in the world. Grocers supplied.

BARGAINS

—IN—

DRY GOODS.

Beautiful Shades in Brown and Steel Colors.

DEBEGES 25 CENTS.

Stylish Plaids for Ladies Suits, 37½ cents.

Desirable Shades of Greys in Arlington Popline.

Beautiful Patterns Tycoon Reps.

Blankets $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00.

Bargains in Felt Skirts, 75 cents.

Bargains in Bleached and Brown Cottons at 10c.

Men's Undershirts, 37, 50, 75 cents.

F. S. BURGESS.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST., 9

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

For Sale.

One pair of grey horses, 7 and 8 years old, sound and kind. Weigh together about 2400 lbs., good workers, and fair drivers, single or double.

Address, J. NEWMAN & SON.

213 Winchester, Mass.

Everybody Surprised

and inquiring how can such a fine Imported Cigar be sold for

Five Cents, or Six for a Quarter.

The demand doubles itself every day and is still supplied at 201

BRACKETT'S,

199 Main Street, 3rd door above P. O.

ALEX. BROWN

Would inform the people of Woburn and vicinity that he is still prepared to furnish and apply DOOR STRIPS. RUBBER MOULDINGS for doors and windows. Door Bells, Plates and Numbers, Door and Window Screens, &c. Orders received at No. 30 Mt Pleasant street, or at the store of J. S. Brown, Woburn. 218

DITSON & CO'S

School Music Books

Constitute a perfect series, providing in the best manner for every class in every school, Academy and Seminary.

American School Music Readers. In 3 Books, of which Book I. (35 cents) is admirably arranged for Primary School. Book II. (50 cents) and Book III. (50 cents) for Grammar and younger High School or Academy classes. Compiled by L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.

Cheerful Voices (50 cents, by L. O. EMERSON, is a capital collection of School Songs for Common Schools.

The High School Choir, ($1.00 by L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN, is fully equal to their last book. THE HOUR OF SINGING, which for some years has been the standard book. The present work, like the other, is for HIGH SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, and SEMINARIES.

The National Hymn and Tune Book, (40 cents) furnishes the best collection of Sacred Music extant for opening and closing schools.

Any book sent, post paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 216

C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway N. Y.

Legal Advertisements.

WINCHESTER, Sept. 6th, 1875.

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of Middlesex County.

GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned, the Selectmen of the Town of Winchester respectfully represent that the southerly end of Bacon street at the junction of Grove street is narrow and crooked, and needs widening to correspond to the width of the street as laid out, 49½ feet.

And we do petition your honorable board to widen and straighten the same from the bridge over the stream to the junction of Grove street.

SAM'L S. HOLTON, } Selectmen
ALBERT AYER, } of
J. F. STONE, } Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Selectmen's Room, in Winchester, on Friday, the 22d day of October next, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the Woburn *Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and Order thereon. Attest,

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

A true copy. Attest,

210 E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Cynthia H. Richards, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Daniel H. Richards, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

207 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS,

To the Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abigail Reed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Lucius C. Chase of Boston, who prays that letters testementary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of Sept. instant, at 9 o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at said Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this 8th day of Sept., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

191 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Moses F. Winn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charles Nichols, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September inst., at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

193 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS,

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Mary W. Brown, late of Woburn, in said county deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nathan Wyman, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of October next at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed in Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Benjamin Fiske, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Parker L. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September inst., at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn *Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

194 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS. SEPTEMBER 2d, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the ninth day of October next at four o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main Street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in law or equity that Joseph B. Kelley of Cambridge, in said County, had on the 21st day of July last, when the same was seized and taken on this execution, in and to the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Cambridge, being lot No. 14 on a plan of building lots in Cambridge, formerly owned by Hon. Wm. Winthrop, by W. A. Washburn & Co., surveyors, dated April, 1858, and recorded in the Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, and bounded Northeasterly by Mt. Auburn street, forty feet; Northwesterly by a street laid down on said plan forty feet wide, now called Athens street, there measuring 120 feet; Southwesterly by lot No. 19 on said plan, 40 feet; Southeasterly by lot No. 15 on said plan, 120 feet, containing 4800 square feet, being the same premises conveyed to Joseph B. Kelley by Betsey Pratt, by deed dated October 16th, 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1184, Fol. 237.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled MORSE BRO'S., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

EAGEN'S PATENT

IMPROVED

CONCRETE

FOR PAVING

Crossings, Side Walks, Drive Ways, Cellar Bottoms, &c.

Also ASPHALTUM ROOFING

Furnished on favorable terms by

JOHN R. FURBUSH,

43 Mt. Pleasant St., Woburn.

NEW BAKERY!

Dearborn & Estabrook

PRACTICAL BAKERS!

219 Main St. Woburn,

Keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of

Bread, Crackers, Cake, Pastry, &c

Also, Fresh Bread made from the ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL.

Beans Baked and Brown Bread furnished Sunday mornings from 5.30 to 9.30.

A Bread Cart runs from the New Bakery every day.

Orders from Picnics or Parties promptly filled.

The attention of the public is invited to our

Elastic Bandage Department,

consisting of a complete assortment of Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps, Anklets, Belts, &c., for the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak Joints, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs, Abdominal Weakness or Tumors.

Our Elastic Fabrics

are made from the best material by skilled workmen. In special cases complete measurements will be taken and suitable Bandages will be manufactured promptly to order.

Hill's Drug Store.

To Concord Cattle Show.

THE NEW BARGE

"Commonwealth"

Will be run between Woburn and Concord to the Cattle Show, September 29th and 30th, leaving Woburn each day at 7½ A. M.

ROUND TRIP $1.00.

G. F. JONES,
187 Proprietor.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS. SEPTEMBER 15th, 1875.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Wednesday, the twentieth day of October next, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, in Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that David Leahey of Winchester, in said County, had on the thirty-first day of July last, the time when the same was attached on *mesne process* to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in said Winchester, viz:—Two certain lots of land being lots numbered 17 and 18 on a plan belonging to Joseph Stone, and drawn by Josiah Hovey, in July A. D. 1869, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Commencing on the northwesterly corner of the premises at the corner of two new streets called Cedar street and East Cedar street, the line runs southerly by said East Cedar street one hundred and fifty feet to a stake; thence easterly by lot No. 19 on said plan, one hundred and forty one feet more or less to land of Boston & Lowell Railroad corporation; thence northerly by land of said Corporation one hundred and fifty feet to a stake; thence westerly by lot numbered 16 on said plan, and by said Cedar street, one hundred and thirty-nine feet more or less to the point of beginning, and containing about twenty thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine square feet, being the same premises described and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1097, Page 92.

HORACE COLLAMORE.
Deputy Sheriff.

"PAPETERIES."

All the New and Nice Styles, and Assorted Tints, 24 sheets of Paper, and 24 Envelopes in a

Pretty Box

For twelve cents and upwards.

With a full line of

Books, Stationery,

Newspapers, Periodicals, &c

—AT—

Horton's Bookstore,

195 Main St., Woburn.

Next door to Post Office.

William M. Killion,

Having purchased the business of William Connor, is prepared to do.

Carriage and Sign

PAINTING

In the best manner, promptly and on reasonable terms. A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

Shop on Everett Street,

Over Pollard's Blacksmith Shop. 211

FOR every variety of JOB PRINTING don't fail to call at the Woburn Journal Office.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD.

DEALER IN

Hard and Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

Also a large Assortment of all kinds of

Steam Coal constantly on hand.

WOOD SAWING BY STEAM

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood & Coal Yard, No. 93 Main St.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood.

36 JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
93 Main Street, Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 37

HARRY SWIFT, Jr.,

Cracker, Bread, Cake and Pastry

BAKER,

Railroad Street, - - Woburn.

Parties and Picnics supplied at short notice. 214

BROWN BREAD AND BEANS

Sundays from 5 to 10 A. M., and 4 to 5 P. M.

Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

On and after Monday, July 12th, 1875, passenger trains will leave Boston for—
Concord & Manchester, 7, 8 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P.M
Greenfield, Wilton & Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P.M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 9.45, 10 A. M.. 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, 7 P. M
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.15, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmingt'n, 7, 7.45, 10, 11 a.m., 2.15, 2.30, 4, 5.45, 7 pm
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
Stoneham (Branch), 7.45, 10, A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, P. M.
East Woburn, 7.45, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7. 9, 11.45 A. M., 3.58†, 5, 5.47,† 8.45† P. M.
Lowell, 6.25, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*. 9.30* A. M., 12.15* 2.15, 4.25†,* 5.30*, 9.15*† P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00 P. M.
Wilmington, 6.46, 7.28, 8.13 10.00, 11.28, A. M., 1.43, 2.43, 5.28, 6.02, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 6.54, 7.39 10.11, A.M., 2.54, 6.12 P. M.
Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 6.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 2.45, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.02, 7.02, 7.41, 9.02, 10.17 A. M., 1.17, 2.56, 5.02, 6.32 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.38, 8.20 9.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P.M.
Winchester, 6.08, 7.08, 7.46, 7.57, 8.28, 9.08, 10.23 11.43, A.M., 1.23, 1.58, 3.01, 4.08, 5.08, 5.43, 6.38, 8.33‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Stops at East Cambridge only, to leave passengers. 40 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

CHARLES K. CONN & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

COAL for Domestic and Factory purposes,

Wood, Lime, Cement and Hay.

WOOD SAWED.

☞ *OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.*

Office: 113 Main St., Ellis' Railroad Store Building, Woburn, Mass.

24

NEW

BLACKSMITH SHOP!

The undersigned would announce to his friends and the public that he will open his shop Sept. 6, on

BROAD STREET,

where he hopes to receive a share of the public patronage, in

Horse Shoeing, Carriage Repairs,

and General Blacksmith Work.

Special attenton given to **Repairing Springs.**

C. B. STEVENS.

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

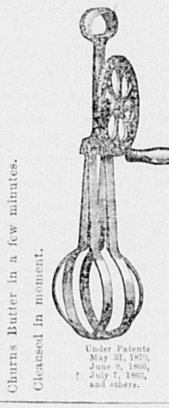
made to order, or repaired, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, JR. 72

Dover Egg Beater.

FAMILY SIZE.



Beats the whites of Eggs *thoroughly* in 10 seconds.
Mixes and prepares Batter without labor.
Six eggs can be made to fill a quart.
Churns Butter in a few minutes.
Cleansed in moment.

Both flat beaters or floats revolve and interlace each other.
It never spatters.
No rivets or joints to get loose.
Buy it of your Tin Smith, Grocer, Hardware or Crockery dealer. Return it and get your mobey if you are not *delighted* with it.

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN residing in Winchester, who desires to learn Engineering and Land Surveying.

Apply to

J. O. GOODWIN,
26 Richardson's Block, from 7 to 9 P. M

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 156

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED!

By one of the largest Life Insurance Companies in the country, a few energetic men to act as Agents in New England. Only those desired who will personally solicit business and not depend upon the efforts of sub-agents for satisfactory results. To such parties liberal inducements will be offered. Address Post Office Box 2655, New York City.

$3 SAMPLE FREE and big pay to male and female everywhere Address THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT Trade Mark Patented

Trifling with Biliousness Wont Do. In this way chronic disease is brought on. A disordered liver is the consequence of a foul stomach and obstructed bowels, and the very best preparation in existence to put them in perfect order and keep them so, is

Tarrant's Effervescent Aperient,

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SHUN DRUG POISONS.

MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS!

Volta's Electro Belts and Bands are indorsed by the most eminent physicians in the world for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, kidney disease, aches, pains, nervous disorders, fits, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and other chronicle diseases of the chest, head, liver, stomach, kidneys and blood. Book with full particulars free by **Volta Belt Co., Cincinnati, O.**

TEAS. —The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to Robert Wells, 43 Vesey st., N. Y., P.O. Box 1287

TO INVENTORS **No Charges** for obtaining Patents unless successful. Pamphlet *free*. C. A. SHAW, 110 Tremont Street, Boston.

$77 A WEEK guaranted to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

TRAMPS. TRAMPS.

Gentlemen, do not leave your wives and children unprotected, when you can procure a servant that is the burglars' terror. You can always buy a good **DOG** at **G. Walton's,** the oldest and largest Dog Repository in the United States. Mange Cure $1 per bottle. Flea Soap 50 cts., per cake; sure cure and no bad smell. Sure cure for Worms in Dog, 50 cts. and $1. Fancy Pigeons bought and sold. Send by Express for Soap or Mange Cure, or send 3-cent stamp for information.

G. WALTON, 121 Haverhill St., Boston.

$510,000. ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. Distributed every fifteen days.

1 prize....$100,000 | 1 prize..............$50,000
2 prizes....$25,000 each....................50,000
854 prizes, amounting to.......................310,000

Whole tickets, $20; quarters, $5; twentieths, $1.
Circulars of information free. Prizes cashed.

A. DONAU & CO., Bankers.

Post-office Box 3089. 21 Park Row, New York.

Royal Saxon and Brunswick Government Lotteries contantly on hand.

BED-TIME.

The old clock on the mantle
  Has chimed the hour of eight
Papa has issued orders,
  The children must not wait.

Mamma, in spite of protest,
  Enforces the command;
She captures both the rebels,
  Holds one in either hand.

These tyrants of the household,
  That rule with dreadful power,
Their sceptre yield at bed-time;
  The clock has chimed the hour.

She leads them through the parlor,
  And gently up the stairs;
The mystery of undressing
  Is followed now by prayers.

When all the rites are over,
  The last good-night is said,
Mamma pulls up the cover
  And tucks the boys in bed.

Then comes an hour of quiet
  Unknown throughout the day;
The leaders of the riot
  Are snugly packed away.

The racket and the hubbub
  Will soon break out again—
Stop till the beams of daylight
  Wake up these little men.

The elders of the household
  Have now a chance of peace;
The restless feet are quiet,
  The prattling voices cease.

Mamma will linger near them,
  She never minds their noise;
The wondrous light of mother love
  Shines down upon the boys.

Harper's Weekly.

"COUNTRY JOURNALISM."

Henry Watterson, the talented editor of the Louisville sprightly *Courier-Journal*, recently delivered an address before the Tennessee Press Association, in which he truly remarks that with too many the profession of "country journalism" is made a mere "make-shift," having no code of professional ethics, laughing at itself, and accepting the coarsest familiarities with a grotesque shrug which invites contempt. Holding itself cheaply, it is cheaply held, despite its clatter of pots and pans, the poor blazonry of its unbelief. Any man may put on a dress coat, may regale himself with a ruffled shirt, may stick a rose where a button ought to be, and may set up for a fine gentleman, just as every man may vociferate and swagger without these visible symbols of superior quality, donned so often by thrifty fools or worthless charlatans to hide the mental and moral nakedness within. If we would be respected we must set the example and respect ourselves.

The trials of journalism are thus considered:—Of all public men, the journalist makes most private enemies. He is habitually giving offenses of a negative description by refusing to comply with the many impudent, unreasonable and preposterous demands which are made upon him by all sorts of people every day We forgive an insult sooner than a slight; and when an editor has wounded the vanity of the respectable contributor who asked the insertion of a communication, or disappointed the self-love of the ambitious politician who expects half a column of panegyric and gets only a line or two of faint praise, he may be sure that he will be remembered long after his fierce assaults upon the enemy have been forgotten. Journalism is an intellectual outpost; the journalist is a vidette, who, subjected to the fire of the regular line in front, may be picked off any moment by the sharp-shooters, or surprised from the rear, or otherwise molested on account of his position. * * The journalist is usually a weak candidate for office on this account. He may be the most distinguished member of the community, admired for his brilliancy and his courage; but let him offer himself as an aspirant for votes—that is, let him throw away his professional armor and weapons, and sink to the level of ordinary men, and to the common uses of the hustings and the ballot-box, and he will encounter a multitude of adversaries and obstacles additional to those which beset the out-and-out politician. The public is more exacting in his case because it thinks he has an advantage in his newspaper, whereas it is a disadvantage; whilst the people he has affronted in one way and another feel that at length they have him upon an equal footing with themselves, and are glad of an opportunity to pay back the full score.

☞ At a short distance from Albany, New York, lived two young lawyers, Freddy Brown and Tom Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening, and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary.

One evening, when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows: "Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer, who has but little beside his profession to depend upon, and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered, "I think I could, Freddy."

"Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "there's Tom Hall, who's going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him!"

☞ An Iowa girl desired to attend Barnum's Hippodrome, which exhibited in Marshaltown, Iowa, last week, but was disappointed and could not go. Because of this she took her life with a dose of strychnine. Gone to meet Donaldson.

☞ There are two times in a man's life when he eagerly scans the newspaper—once, when he has been in an awful scrape and, again, when he is looking for a puff. —*Ex.*

☞ Standing upon one of the wharves of Marblehead, we saw two schooners sail for the grand banks of Newfoundland on a fishing trip. We saw the men hoist the sails, and set them to catch the summer breeze, and heard the merry voices of the crews as they blended in the cheery song while hoisting the anchors and getting under way. It seemed as though there was a chasm commencing between them and their homes, which each moment was widening. Perchance the adieus had been said, and the partings, although supposed to last only a few months, would prove to be forever. Slowly the vessels glided down the little harbor and out to sea, and soon were lost to sight.

Who can foretell the dangers that may await them, or whether all will float on as safely as in the home harbor? What storms may arise, or what hidden reefs or rocks may lie along their pathway as they cross the deep? Perhaps the stout oaken vessels may receive the death-stroke that will send them to the bottom, or the prayers and fond hopes of the loved ones at home may bring them as proudly back to the safe anchorage as they have just now trustingly and hopingly left it.

The dangers that lie along the path of the fisherman are not a few, nor are they far between. The frequent storms, incident to our rough and rocky shores, are ever and anon occurring; and, alas, too frequently we have to record the loss of many a stout ship and her gallant crew! In the winter months these dangers are greater than in the summer. 'Tis with dread that our fishing crews approach our rocky shores in the fall and winter months, and were it not for the attractions of the cozy homes and warm firesides of those they love would the hardy sons of old ocean be tempted to brave the tempestuous regions of the north during winter.—*Peabody Press.*

☞ "Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how,"

"And how's how?" inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," said old Hurricane, very sententiously, "Scotch snuff.—Bring a little of it so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure—sometimes a legend of his loves. As he proceeds, the "natives" get interested— one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape, my friend whips them out, peppers 'em, and swallows 'em."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. I wish we had a bushel of the bivalves here now; they'd open easy."

☞ Mr. Slusher, the largest man ever born in Tennessee, died at Greenville last Friday. He was but nineteen years of age, and had he not been bent by an attack of the rheumatism, would have been nine feet high. His boot was 18 inches long, and one of his hands was about the size of four ordinary ones. His head measured about 14 inches and his chest 7 1 2 feet in circumference. His coffin was 8 1 2 feet long, 28 inches wide and 2 1 2 feet deep.

☞ The custom of placing crape on the door of a house when there has been a death, had its origin in the ancient heraldic customs of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is as old as the time of Henry 1. of England, who reigned from A. D. 1100 to 1135. Even at that early period hatchments (armorial ensigns) were placed in front of houses when the nobility and gentry died. These hatchments were of a diamond shape and contained the family quartered and covered with sable, and in such a manner that what branch of the family was dead, whether old or young, married or single.

"HURRAH".—Who can tell the meaning of "hurrah?" Jack used it just now a little thoughtlessly, considering its true sense. The pretty schoolma'am says it originated among Eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry, from the belief that all who died in battle went to heaven.

"To Paradise!" (*hurrag!*) men shouted to one another, by way of encouragement in the thickest of the fight; and so, in time, came our word "hurrah!" which means almost anything you choose, so that it be of good cheer.—*St. Nicholas for Oct.*

☞ Babies are born and old men die in the midst of thunder and driving rain precisely as though the skies were blue and the sun shone over holiday-makers; and the wet clay and rotted sod gives room to tired men and women to lie down beneath them, and their sleep is quite as deep there as in warm earth and below whispering clover.—*Tribune.*

☞ "I haven't eaten a mouthful in two days," said a tramp, "and my wife and three children are starving at home," "I would give you something," the philanthropist replied, "but I have nothing smaller than a five-dollar bill." "I will change it for you," said the tramp.

☞ The three wonders of the world at present, says an exchange, are: How fluff accumulates in vest pockets, where pins go to, and why when a man comes out of a saloon, he looks one way and goes the other.

☞ The Duluth woman who put the kerosene can on the stove hearth while she went out to trade with a peddler, is now keeping house in a barn kindly loaned for the occasion.

THE

Woburn Journal

JOB PRINTING

DEPARTMENT

is well supplied with every convenience for the prompt execution of

First-Class Work.

Having recently replaced our old Steam Engine with a

New Steam Engine

Built in Woburn by

JAMES BUEL & Co.,

We have the power to turn off rapidly the work of the office. In these days the slow movements of hand and foot power are not suited to the work printers are called on to perform, and we invite attention to the fact that this is the **ONLY**

Steam Power Printing Office

IN WOBURN.

A SPECIALTY IS MADE OF

Pamphlet Work,

and our specimens of

TOWN REPORTS,
ADDRESSES,
CLASS DAY EXERCISES,
SERMONS,
CATALOGUES, &c.

Will compare favorably with any produced in the State.

BILL HEADS,
BLANK WORK,
MERCANTILE PRINTING,

And every variety of

FINE JOB WORK

is executed at this office. To do this we employ a

GUERNSEY POWER PRESS,

on which we print newspapers and

Mammoth Posters.

For Placards and Auction Bills we have a superior

ADAMS HAND PRESS,

And for smaller work a

HALF MEDIUM GLOBE

AND

EIGHTH MEDIUM GLOBE,

both of superior workmanship and fitted for steam. We have an endless variety of TYPE of all styles and sizes, and can turn out any kind of work that can be done on movable type.

Customers are invited to examine our

SPECIMEN BOOK.

Don't go to Boston for work when you can get i done at home

Better,
Cheaper
and Quicker.

JOHN L. PARKER,

Steam Power Printer

204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Provisions and Groceries.

NEW STORE.

No. 129 MAIN STREET,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.

W. I. GOODS.
GROCERIES,
WOODEN WARE,

And an assortment usually found in a First-Class Grocery.

Saturday, July 24

I shall be glad to see any and all who may feel disposed to give me a call.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a share in the future. 123

J. W. KNIGHTS.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 56
Meat and Vegetable Market.

Soles's Market.

E. O. Soles,

Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store

Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.

where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.

E. O. SOLES, 68
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

Cheap Butter Store.
Cheapest place in Woburn to buy
Butter, Cheese, Tea and Coffee,
AT F. H. CLARRIDGE'S 27
Butter & Tea Store, 190 Main St. Woburn

Woburn Fish Market.
No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.

I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.
31 J. L. SHAY.

Coal, Wood and Lumber.

J. E. LITTLEFIELD & SONS,

DEALERS IN

COAL,

WOOD and LUMBER

Of all kinds.

No. 96 MAIN ST.,

Nearly opposite the Depot, } Woburn.

35

LUMBER!
EASTERN, WESTERN,
—AND—
NORTHERN LUMBER,
—AND—
BUILDING MATERIALS

of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand and delivered promptly, at shortest notice at the *Lowest Cash Prices.*

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.

Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.

Lumber Yard, Prospect St., opp. Railroad Freigh Yard.

J. C. WHITCHER
Carpenter and Builder,
WOBURN, MASS.
hop and House corner Mt. Pleasant and Prospect treets. 90

WOOD FOR SALE.
WHITE BIRCH AND
HARD WOOD TRASH.
WM. H. WINN,
Pleasant Street, Woburn Center.
July 16th, 1875.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings just received and for sale at the lowest prices, by 10

WM. WOODBERRY.

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 89

Clothing and Dry Goods.

The Greatest
COMBINATION
Of the Age!

Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:

Style,
Grace,
Elegance

AND A GOOD FIT,

Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained **ONLY** at

A. GRANT'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.

P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order. 63

G. R. GAGE & Co.,
MERCHANT
TAILORS
And Dealers in
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
171 Main Street,
59 ***Woburn.***

Chas. A Smith,
DRY GOODS.
77
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere at
WM. WOODBERRY,
74 Opposite Common, Woburn.

Plumbers and Gas Fitters.

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 92
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

T. V. Sullivan,
Gas Fitter and Plumber,
BASEMENT OF NEW POST OFFICE,
Corner of Walnut and Main Street
WOBURN MASS. 98

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 97

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER
—AND— 70
Real Estate Broker,
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass

D. C. SISSON & CO.
AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS,
Real Estate and Mortgage Brokers
Offices: { 174 Main Street, - Woburn,
22 School Street, - Boston.
OFFICE HOURS IN WOBURN, FROM 8 to 9 A. M., AND 7 to 9 P. M.

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING an PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
66 **L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges,
The Best Ranges in the Market, at
C. M. STROUTS,
Stoves Stored for the Season.
29 Tin Roofing promptly attended to.

AETNA INSURANCE Co.
Incorporated 1819. Of HARTFORD, CONN
Cash Assets, over $6,000,000.
B. T. H. PORTER, AGENT, Woburn, Mass.
Over Savings Bank.
Office hours.—8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M. 38

SEDGEWICK INSTITUTE,
For young boys, beautifully situated in Southern Berkshire, it combines unusual advantages for mental and physical culture with the home influences of a Christian family. JAMES BIRD, A. M., Principal, Great Barrington, Mass. 197

AND NOW COMES
THE SEASON FOR
CHILDREN'S
CARRIAGES,
(New Style Canopy Top,)
AFGHANS & MATS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
Wheelbarrows,
HOOPS, MARBLES,
BASE BALLS & BATS, 45
SELLING AT
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

Stables and Expressing.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding
STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
G. F. JONES, 1 Proprietor

A. WINN & Son,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
PARK ST., WINCHESTER.
Bundle hay and Straw constantly on hand.
"Queen of Winchester" barge for pleasure parties.
Depot Carriage at all the trains. 103
Boston Daily Express.
Boston Offices: 174 Washington St., 91 Kilby St

R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Cutler.)
Express and Job Wagon.
Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.

Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co.'s Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 67

Party Wagon.

The subscribers have fitted up a party wagon which they will let with two or four horses on reasonable terms.
M. ELLIS & CO.
Woburn, Aug. 5, 1875. 142

Pasturing for Horses

Parties wishing to have horses pastured can be accommodated by the subscriber at the well-known "Marion Farm," Burlington, Mass. The pasture is excellent and water plenty and good.
137 GEORGE A. TIDD.

Hotels and Restaurants.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Main Street, Woburn.
LEE HAMMOND, . . Proprietor.

☞ This old established House having recently been refitted, containing 50 light and airy rooms, and a commodious dancing hall, is now open to the public. Boarders will also find good accommodations. Special attention given to transient parties. Hacks connect with all trains. 138

Dining Saloon.

The undersigned would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will open a Dining Saloon at

150 Main Street,

On Wednesday, Sept. 15th.

Meals served at all hours in a first-class manner.

Call and see our "Bill of Fare."

198 J. C. CHURCHILL.

Board Furnished
By the day or week at Saloon *189 Main Street.* Rooms connected.
Parties catered for at short notice.
Remember we sell the French Aerated Bread, fresh from the bakery every day.
159 J. H. NASON.

To Let with Board,
A pleasant front room, in a small family in centre of town. Address Box 1064, Woburn P. O. 188

Civil Engineering.

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c. Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING. 6
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and all other times when not engaged on outside work.

J. O. GOODWIN
Civil Engineer
—AND—
Surveyor.
Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for
WATERWORKS, SEWERAGE & DRAINAGE,
Streets surveyed and graded.
☞ All work guaranteed to be accurate. ☜
Office,---Richardson's Block,
Winchester.
Office hours from 7 to 9 P. M., Tuesdays and Thursdays, and every day when not at work outside.
All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to. 62

Funeral Undertaker.

L. H. ALLEN,

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
Railroad st., near corner of Main
WOBURN.

CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.
87 *Residence, East Street, near Green.*

Musical.

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN,
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 5

Pianos & Organs
TO RENT.

The subscriber will keep on hand New and Second-hand

PIANOS and ORGANS

To Let on Reasonable Terms.

O. GREEN,
No. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN, 51 MASS.

F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St. Soles' Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn P. O., will be promptly attended to. 69

Business Cards.

GEORGE H. CONN,
INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 174 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - - - - - MASS.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER
Walnut St., Woburn. { Near Main Street.
☞ Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 91

WILLIAM SLATER,
Plain and Decorative
Sign Painter,
149 Main Street, Woburn.

C. E. COOPER,
(Successor to C. S. Adkins), dealer in
BOOKS, PERIODICALS,
DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, &c.
156 Main Street, - Woburn, Mass

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 93

Hiram Childs
Setter of all kinds of Granite Work
Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Residence, High street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. 11

James Buel & Co.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
STEAM ENGINES,
Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing,
and all kinds of Machine work.
130 MAIN STREET.
J. BUEL. 75 J. R. FLINT

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 78
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 7
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed